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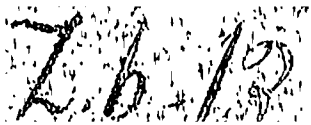

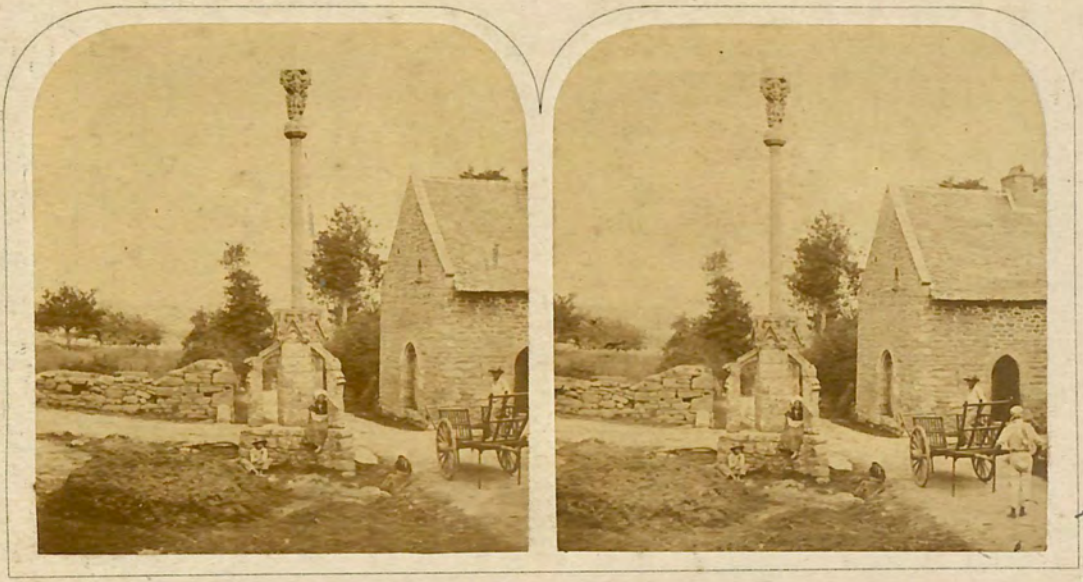

N°90. THE CROSS OF Sᵗ ESPRIT NEAR DINAN (p.296)

NARRATIVE

OF A

WALKING TOUR IN BRITTANY.

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ac

BY

JOHN MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, F.S.A.

ACCOMPANIED BY

Notes of a Photographic Expedition

BY

LOVELL REEVE, F.L.S.

LONDON:
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JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, PRINTER,
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PREFACE.

THE season is approaching when those who have been bearing their part for the last six months in the exhausting contests of busy English life, will have to determine where to spend their summer holiday. Soon the great metropolis of industry will have become pestilential, and her denizens will have discovered that they have had enough of it for *one* year. Members of Parliament, lawyers, clergymen, doctors, editors, and those hard-worked people, the clerks in the Civil Service, will all be making a rush to get away, and dispersing themselves in every direction, from the common centre, like the contents of an exploding shell.

But *work* of some kind or other has become so necessary to an Englishman, that his very relaxation consists rather in the vicissitudes of labour, than in the total cessation from it. We cannot, like the Italians, sit from morning till night enjoying the luxury of mere vacuity or the mild excitement of playing at dominoes. We must be up and doing. If our *brain* has been at work for nine months of the year, our idea of a holiday is to work our *muscles* for the remaining three.

It is not always easy, however, to find appropriate work for the muscles. Field sports are the best; but they do not come at exactly the right time, or they are unattainable.

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."—

which may be freely translated,—'It is not every man that can rent a moor in the Highlands.'

The question comes, then, to this, How is a man let loose from an office, or released from behind a stiff white cravat, for six weeks, to rest one class of faculties by exercising another? He cannot dig. He resolves to travel.

It is wonderful how like we English of the nineteenth century are to our forefathers of the fourteenth, in all essential particulars. One of our old poets, who lived when Edward III. reigned as gloriously in merry England as Queen Victoria does now, thus sung of the Englishman's annual excursion:—

"Whan that Aprille with his schowres swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathud every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
When Zephirus eek with his swete breeth,
Enspirud hath in every holte and heeth,
The tendre croppes, and the yonge Sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours ironne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open yhe,—
So priketh hem Nature in here corages—
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages."

The long vacation has been deferred since then by a couple of months; but the summer pilgrimage is still one of the institutions of the country. The ostensible plea for gadding in the fourteenth century was devotion; it is *now* art, or health,

or classical or biblical research. But in all cases the real object was and is—change and amusement. Some sooner, some later, some for a month, some for three months, but all Englishmen, for a time, must leave the scene of their labours, to enjoy fresh air, exercise, and immunity from the postman's knock. By the end of June Mr. Murray will have "put on" half-a-dozen additional shopmen to serve out his Handbooks; railway companies will have advertised facilities for locomotion at prices fabulously low; and the British tradesman, from Piccadilly to St. Paul's, quick-sighted to provide a supply for every demand, will have hung out knapsacks of every form and material at his door.

Chiefly for the benefit of that large body who, it is presumed, become the purchasers of the said knapsacks, this narrative of a five weeks' pedestrian tour is published. It was jotted down as the writer sat on a bank to rest, or waited in the *salle-à-manger* of the inn till the *potage* was served; and it may, perhaps, seem to bear unmistakable marks of the minute and desultory mode of its composition. But in this very minuteness of personal detail consists, it is believed, its utility. Here the reader has a particular account of *how* a man encumbered with a knapsack, managed to explore an interesting district of considerable extent within the limited time of five weeks. He will be able to judge of the advantages and disadvantages of the mode of travelling adopted, and of the country selected, almost as well as if he had himself experienced them. And if the narrative conveys to his mind the same impression which the walk it describes did to the writer's, he will be led to conclude that the ancient Celtic province of Brittany—in its easy accessibility, in the beauty of

its natural scenery, in its historical and poetic associations, in the abundance of its Celtic and medieval remains, in its quaint traditional manners and picturesque costumes—possesses unrivalled attractions for the jaded Englishman whose time and means are limited, and who yet pants to escape for awhile from dingy brick walls, dark offices, briefs, ledgers, turnpike-roads, or Mrs. Grundy.

Hutton Parsonage,
May 1st, 1859.

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Jugon
Corbourg
Broons
Hede
St. Jouan de l'Isle
S. Aubin d'Aubigné
Montauban
S. Méen
Montfort sur Meu
RENNES
Chateaugiron
Janzé
Guichen
Mordelles
Josselin
Ploermel
Guer
Maure
le Sel
Malestroit
Bain
Pipriac
Pougeray
Rochefort
Derval
Questembert
Allaire
Redon
Guémené
Noyay
Muzillac
la Roche Bernard
S. Gildas des Bois
Blain
Pont Château
Berbignac
Merdrignac
la Trinité Porhoet
Mauron
Plelan
Lamballe R.
Rance R.
Ille et Vilaine
Nantes
Brest

A WALKING TOUR IN BRITTANY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONTAIGNE'S REASON FOR TRAVELLING.—SEVERAL MODES OF LOCOMOTION COMPARED.—WALKING PREFERRED.—ATTRACTIONS OF BRITTANY.—PLAN OF PROCEEDING.—STEREOSCOPIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

When I am thrown into close companionship with a fellow-traveller, I always begin by forming a theory of his occupations and object in travelling. Having settled this in my own mind, I think I have some grounds for determining whether to respond to any advances he may make, or to pull my travelling-cap over my eyes, and shut myself up with my own thoughts. Now my reader, if I am so fortunate as to obtain one, has to make up his mind to be my fellow-traveller for five weeks. He will be called upon to sympathize with me in prosperity and adversity, in shine and shower, in picturesque scenes and in tame, in bad inns and in good. He must watch with me the joyous peasants of Finisterre gathering in the harvest, among rows of apple-trees loaded with rosy fruit, or beating out the grain in the homestead with measured stroke, or dressed in all the splendour of their traditional costume, threading the mazes of the *ronde* as their forefathers did in the days of Chaucer and Froissart. He must traverse with me the savage plains of Morbihan, bristling with the monumental granite of the Druids, and rough with entrenchments

where Cæsar's legionaries pitched their tents. We must pace together the dim mysterious cloisters of the medieval cathedral, and climb the purple mountain, and penetrate the hollow bridle-road, and linger beside the brown rocky stream, the sculptured well, the wayside cross, the grotesque Calvary, and the ruined donjon, which a Du Guesclin held against a Talbot or a Talbot against a Du Guesclin. We must rest together on the farmer's settle, and the bench of the village inn, while the tailor plays the biniou, or the white-capped peasant-girl sings the plaintive *sône* of her country, or relates the Celtic fairy-tale or the medieval legend. We must mingle our regrets when our only fare is a *gigot* which has helped to carry the patriarch of that flock of white-eyebrowed goats which we passed in the morning, across the rocky hills of Finisterre, and rejoice together when a talented *chef* exhausts all the resources of his art to serve us with a refreshing *potage*, a delicate *fricandeau à l'oseille*, or a savoury *canard aux olives*. Seeing, then, that I must make such large demands upon my reader's sympathies, I think it but fair to tell him at once the private history and objects of my tour. He can then the more readily make up his mind either to throw down the book and decline the pleasure of my company, or to be my fellow-traveller till the last page closes at once our pilgrimage and our acquaintance, and restores us to the dull realities of earnest English life.

It happens that I inhabit a county notorious even in England for its murky atmosphere. It is haunted by the demons of ague and low fever. You may see them at nightfall creeping stealthily up from the ponds and marshes. When the east wind blows they take courage, and ride upon it in broad daylight, flapping their yellow mantles, and breathing fetid blight and mildew over garden and cornfield. They fill your nose and eyes and mouth, and choke you. But their deadly influence is not confined to trees, plants, and the bodies of men. They insinuate themselves into the veins of the peasant, and make his blood dull and thick, and send him to the alehouse to enliven it. They generate sulky and envious fancies in

his brain, and teach him to speak in curses and ribaldry. They turn the heart of the wife against the husband and of the mother against the child, and whisper deadly things about arsenic, and burial-clubs, and witchcraft, and all sorts of malignant deviltry and superstition. They fill the heads of squires with dreams about protection, and their cellars with the blackest of port-wine.

I had passed some years in this English Bœotia, and it was beginning to tell upon me physically and mentally. Little things and little people were gradually assuming an alarming importance in my mind, and I felt with dismay that I was in danger of insensibly falling into narrow prejudices. The nature of my occupations did not supply an adequate counterpoise to these depressing influences. To listen to the monotonous whine and snuffle of the children in the National School as they read the sublime words of inspiration, or repeat that excellent moral poem of Dr. Watts's about the "little busy bee;" to be all attention while an old woman recounts the history of each particular pain and ache which racks her limbs; to endeavour, Sunday after Sunday, to adapt the principles of Christianity to the dull and unpractised understandings of a peasantry to whom any but the merest colloquial English is an unknown tongue; and to sit by and keep the peace at vestry meetings while rival farmers wrangle over rates and road-making: these are not enlivening, though they are useful and salutary occupations.

It happened that, last spring, I took up a volume of Montaigne's Essays by way of driving my mind into another channel of thought. The first passage I alighted upon was the following: "C'est pitié d'estre en lieu où tout ce que vous veoyez vous embesogne et vous concerne: et me semble jouïr plus gayement les plaisirs d'une maison estrangiere, et y apporter le goust plus libre et pur. Diogènes respondit, selon moy, à celuy qui luy demanda quelle sorte de vin il trouvait le meilleur: 'L'estrangier,' feit-il." "That is what I want," I exclaimed; "I will fly for awhile from the gossip of a country village and the demon of ague who broods over my

English Bœotia, and taste a little of this 'vin estrangier' which was equally grateful to Diogenes and Montaigne, to the ancient Cynic and the modern Epicurean. Here is an invitation to Devonshire. No: that is not change enough. I will go up the Rhine! No: that route is too much crowded with cockney tourists. Besides, fine scenery is not sufficient. I want to see fine scenery, if possible, and a social system different from what I am accustomed to, as well. Brittany is the place. It is within easy reach; and, even making allowance for some romance in M. Emile Souvestre's sketch, it must retain much of the character of former ages and of a bygone civilization. Its language, different in genius and formation from that of the rest of France, is a guarantee that it has resisted influences from without. Here, then, I shall see towns, castles, cottages, churches, remaining pretty much as they were when Froissart wrote, and a people retaining the dress, the language, the feelings, and the beliefs which prevailed when our Edward III. was their sovereign."

Brittany offered some other advantages of a more material and prosaic character. It combined the seemingly contradictory qualities of being easily accessible to an Englishman, and comparatively little frequented or even known. Cheapness also formed an important element in its recommendation. For a couple of pounds I should get beyond the reach of English habits and English prices, and return at the end of four or five weeks, after having spent about one-third of the sum which a similar tour in Scotland, Wales, or Ireland would have cost me.

In Brittany, therefore, I determined to make my five weeks' pilgrimage. But the question still remained, how it was to be performed. To travel in one of the slow diligences from town to town, and to make excursions on foot in their several neighbourhoods, was one plan which occurred to me. Another was to hire a carriage, and to get over the ground at the rate of about ten leagues or thirty miles a day, stopping at any places worth seeing on the road.

Both these plans I rejected. The time spent in a diligence

is one of unmitigated suffering. You are stifled with dust, or fat people who dislike fresh air, or you are driven to a state bordering on desperation by nurses and children, besides suffering that peculiarly painful sort of impatience known as "the fidgets," and produced by being placed in an uncomfortable position, while you feel that you are shut up and that no effort of yours can relieve you.

The plan of a hired carriage shares most of these disadvantages, besides the additional one of placing you almost at the mercy of a drunken and insolent driver. For the drivers of hired carriages form an exception to the general sobriety and civility of the Bretons. They are fully equal to the worst of our cab-drivers, and a complaint before a magistrate is apt to cause you more delay than the whole affair is worth.

The only remaining plan was to travel on foot, and this I determined to adopt. It has many advantages for one of tolerably robust constitution, and who can put up with rough accommodation on an emergency. In walking from town to town I believed that I should both see the country at my leisure, and have opportunities of observing the manners of the people. For, somehow or other, a walking traveller, in stopping at inns and cottages to rest, and in talking to casual companions of the road, obtains an insight into the inner life of a people which can scarcely be got in the *coupé*, or even on the *banquette* of a diligence. He can stop without inconvenience to observe any object, however trifling, which catches his eye, and he thus sees things for the sake of which he would not have taken the trouble to get out of his carriage. A friend, who is himself a noted pedestrian, and who hunts a pack of beagles on foot, gave me all the necessary information as to my outfit. This consisted of a suit of stout grey tweed, a light cap, a pair of moderately strong French elastic boots, a light waterproof paletôt, and a waterproof knapsack, containing shirts, spare trousers, slippers, and dressing materials; a pocket telescope, a note-book, an ink-bottle, writing materials, mariner's compass, and hazel-handled umbrella completed my equipment. There was only one thing I regretted not taking

with me, and that was a second pair of shoes. The stiffness arising from wet, or the least wrinkle in the leather of the *chaussure*, is sufficient to cause great suffering, and to lay you up hopelessly. A pair of new shoes bought on your journey will not do. New shoes always hurt the feet in a long walk. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, to take with you a pair of shoes which have been worn for some time. They occupy much room in your knapsack, and add considerably to its weight; but to keep the feet in perfect walking condition is the first object of the pedestrian, and to this he must sacrifice every other consideration.

While I was thinking over my scheme and making my preparations, I happened to mention it one day to my neighbour Mr. Lovell Reeve, who was amusing himself in our village with photography. It immediately occurred to him that an account of my walk, illustrated with stereoscopic views, might prove interesting; and after much consideration as to the best mode of carrying out the idea, we finally adopted the following plan. He himself, accompanied by a professional photographer, travelled in a hired carriage, stopping at the principal towns, and making stereographs of any object of interest to be met with on the road, while I took the same, or nearly the same route on foot. It so happened that we occasionally met in the course of our trip, but we were quite independent of each other. I was not bound to wait while the process of photography was going forward, nor was he obliged to follow me through the bye-ways in which I wished to study objects not coming within the range of the camera. The result of our labours in our several distinct departments is now in the reader's hands.*

I cannot help feeling that this explanation is due to the

* Our apparatus consisted of a small double-lens landscape camera, by Ross, a black tent, about four feet square and seven feet high, fitted with table and sink, the whole folding up into a moderate-sized portmanteau, and two boxes of chemicals, one for use and the other for store, with a third box, containing in a small compass a gross of glasses, comprised in six inner boxes of two dozen each. It was decided to confine our operations to the wet collodion process, and to defer varnishing the plates until our return home. Great care was

public for publishing a book on a subject so trite as a holiday tour in a province of France, particularly as that province has already been in part described by Mr. Robert Bell in his charming 'Wayside Pictures,' and more fully by Mr. Weld. I frankly confess, that in my opinion my narrative was not of sufficient importance to justify its publication by itself, and it now ventures to show itself in print only as a friend and assistant of its more attractive colleagues, the stereographs. Whatever may be said of its literary merits, it must be acknowledged to be the best-illustrated book that has ever yet appeared.

As far as I am personally concerned, I can truly say that my walk in Brittany has fully answered my original purpose. It has dissipated many prejudices, and furnished me with a stock of physical and mental vigour sufficient to enable me to face the demon of ague and the small cares of a remote parish, I trust, for the next two years to come. To conclude, I cannot but express a philanthropic hope, that my narrative, with the help of my colleagues the stereographs, may induce persons labouring under similar evils to adopt a remedy which I have found agreeable and efficacious.

....

necessary so to economize our hours of travelling, as to have the fairest weather and the best description of light at our disposal while at work with the camera. The first thing to be observed on entering a town or village, was the position the sun would be in, with respect to the objects selected, at the time we should be prepared to photograph them, the points of view to be taken, and the most effective arrangement of foreground; the next consideration was to select a place for our tent in the nearest proximity to two or more views together. The result was, that we visited thirty towns and villages within the space of thirty days, pitching our tent about a hundred times, during which period my active photographer, Mr. Taylor, could not have taken fewer than two hundred pictures, from which the present ninety have been selected for publication. Our evenings were fully occupied in looking over the day's harvest, clearing away the day's disorder, and preparing plates and chemicals for the next day's work, though I fear I contributed little myself in this respect.—*L. R.*

CHAPTER II.

ST. MALO.—DINARD.

RABELAIS'S REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—FRENCH AND ENGLISH STEAM-BOATS.—THE ROCKS OF BRITTANY AND 'THE FRANKELEYNE'S TALE.'—CHATEAUBRIAND'S TOMB.—PASSPORTS.—ADVENTURES OF MY KNAPSACK AT THE DOUANE.—CHATEAUBRIAND'S BIRTHPLACE.—ORIGIN OF ST. MALO, AND ITS FILIBUSTERING CELEBRITY.—THE CATHEDRAL.—DUGUAY-TROUIN.—ANTIQUE SEWERS.—THE RAMPARTS.—"DUCHESS ANNE'S COACH."—ST. MALOUIN WORTHIES.—DINARD.—WAYSIDE CROSS AND ANGELUS BELL.—INTERIOR OF A WAYSIDE INN.—FOOD OF THE PEASANTRY.—PLANCOËT.

On Monday evening, the 9th of August, I booked myself at the Waterloo station for Jersey, and reached Southampton at midnight, just in time to embark in the steamer. The joyous Abbé of Meudon tells us that "Les Thalassiens . . . firent de leurs maisons force viande et vinage apporter. Tous beurent à eux; ils beurent à tous. Ce fut la cause pourquoi personne de l'assemblée oncques par la marine ne rendit sa gorge, et n'eut perturbation d'estomac ne de tête."* Having followed the example of the Thalassians, I received the like benefit, and was therefore in a condition next morning thoroughly to enjoy the sail among the picturesque rocks and islets of the Channel group. There was not so much wind as to produce a disagreeable motion, and yet there was enough to make every little wave dance and break into a tiny line of foam, showing, as it were, a row of white teeth, an effect so happily called by the poet the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*—the incessant laugh of the sea. Its merriment now fortunately harmonized with my feelings on this, the first of my holidays. Arrived at

* Rabelais, 'Pantagruel,' livre iv. chap. 1.

St. Helier's we found the French packet awaiting us; and as I stepped carelessly and lightly into the boat which was to effect our transfer, and observed the desperate anxiety of those who travelled in more dignified and encumbered style, I congratulated myself, for the first time in my life, on the fewness of the things which I possessed.

I seated myself on a joint-stool on the deck of the 'Venus,' of St. Malo, and felt as if I was already in a foreign country. In the boat which I had just left there reigned a sort of decorous stillness. Men talked to each other, but it was in a subdued tone, and as if they were preoccupied with important affairs of their own. Here, on the contrary, they all seemed as if they were members of the same society out on a party of pleasure. To be on the quarter-deck implied a certain relation with all others under the same circumstances, and every one seemed to think himself bound to contribute to the general entertainment. The stewardess, in an elegant toilette, pirouetted from the companion-ladder with a basin in her hand for a lady who was consigned to temporary silence by the inexorable waves. On her return, after having settled this little matter, she exchanged a word and a laugh with the sailor at the wheel, and playfully passed her arm within that of the steward. On one of the benches sat a pair, seemingly newly married, or about shortly to be so. The gentleman's right hand tenderly grasped the lady's; his left encircled her waist; while their eyes spoke unutterable things, save only when they were obliged to turn their faces for awhile over the vessel's side. Three French gentlemen had placed themselves opposite three English ladies whose faces I could not see, and talked and laughed incessantly. I concluded, from their assiduity, that the ladies must be both young and handsome; but on moving to a position from which I could observe them, I was amazed to find that they were decidedly the reverse. This wonderful flow of talk, therefore, must have proceeded, on the part of the gentlemen, from the pure love of conversation and the laudable desire to make themselves agreeable. In another part of the vessel some young men, returning from the

Imperial fêtes at Cherbourg, had got hold of a sottish Englishman, whom they were plying with brandy and cigars. The fun was to clap him on the back, and laugh at his drunken attempts to talk French, and this, together with their own tricks and antics, gathered round them a large circle of spectators, for whose amusement they were content to make fools of themselves with unabated good-humour for the rest of the voyage, their wit consisting chiefly in uttering sentences of broken English which they had picked up during their visit to Jersey. The contrast between our national character and that of the French is something strangely palpable: it is, in fact, the difference between people who live in society and people who live in the family.

The Bay of St. Malo, like most of those on this coast, is very beautiful, owing to the bold and rugged forms of the granite, which is the geological formation of Brittany. The great rocks, assuming all sorts of quaint and monstrous shapes, put me in mind of Dorigen's complaint, in Chaucer's "Frankeleyne's Tale,"—

> "Another time wold sche sitte and thinke,
> And kaste hir eye dounward fro the brinke,
> And whan sche sawh the grisly rokkes blake,
> For verray fere so wolde hire herte qwake,
> That on hire feet sche myhte nouht hir sustene.
> Than wolde sche sit adoun upon the grene,
> And pitously into the see beholde,
> And seyn right thus, with careful sikes colde:
> Eterne God, that thorugh thy purveance
> Ledest this world by certein governance,
> In idel, as men sein, ye nothinge make,
> But, Lord, this grisely fendely rokkes blake,
> That semen rather a foule confusioun
> Of werke, than any faire creacioun
> Of suche a parfit wise God and stable,
> Why han ye wrouht this werke unresonable?"

Here were the very "grisely rokkes blake" which filled Dorigen with apprehensions for the safety of her husband on his return from Arthur's wars in Great Britain to his native Armorica, and which were made to disappear by the art of the "Clerke of Orleaunce."

We were obliged to steam about the bay for a full hour, till there was water enough to come up to the pier, and I thus had an excellent opportunity of observing its rugged islands and headlands, all frowning with grim bastions armed with artillery. On one of the cliffs of the rocky island of Grandbay, Châteaubriand's tomb, consisting of a flat slab surrounded by an iron railing, was pointed out to me. It struck me as being odd that Châteaubriand, who did more perhaps than any other man in France to turn the tide in favour of Catholic Christianity, should have wished his bones to rest by themselves on a rocky islet far from a church, in a spot unblessed by a Bishop, and unprotected, even by a cemetery company. But I observed that abroad people stand less upon the outward circumstances of religion than in England.

When, the tide permitting, we steamed up to the pier, the fact that we were no longer in England was forcibly recalled to my recollection. There were soldiers in red peg-top trousers; policemen with cocked hats like those of staff-officers; women in white caps of fantastic shape; and, above all, there was a machine of most ancient shape, covered with equally ancient dirt, and attached by ropes to a lean white horse, with a ring of bells on his monstrous collar. This was a cab. A less agreeable memento that I was within the jurisdiction of a paternal government was administered to me in the shape of a demand for my passport from a Commissary of Police with a "cocked hat" by his side.

The next point was to get my little knapsack through the custom-house, and this proved a matter of no small difficulty. All the passengers by the boat rushed simultaneously to the small room where the ceremony of examination was gone through, and an officer distributed tickets to each, to ensure the first come being first served. But I soon perceived that there was some talisman by which the last on the list might be the first. All the arrangements were as bad and vexatious as could well be devised. There was only one narrow passage both for ingress and egress; and when the crowd of eager travellers pressed inconveniently upon the soldier on guard

at the door, he ever and anon cleared the passage with fixed bayonet. There was no classification of passengers according to the amount of their luggage as in our custom-houses; and my knapsack had to wait till several large families had had trunks, portmanteaux, and bonnet-boxes innumerable submitted to the scrutiny of the officers. When at length I was admitted, the officer merely asked me, laughing at the ridiculous disproportion of my knapsack to its predecessors, whether I had anything to declare; and on my answering in the negative, put his hand theatrically on his heart, and, looking me in the face, exclaimed, "Parole d'honneur!" I replied in the same mock-heroic vein, but could not help adding, "Why didn't you say that at first?"

I was not yet entitled, however, to seek out my hotel and get my dinner, of which by this time—about five o'clock—I felt the want. My passport had yet to be *visé*; but this ceremony being gone through, I proceeded at length to the Hôtel de France, the place of Châteaubriand's birth. Stereograph No. 1 gives the front, looking down the street by which you enter the town.* I was just in time for the *table d'hôte*, which was rather a scramble, from the sudden influx of visitors in consequence of the fêtes. The waiters were women in the costume of the peasantry. After dinner some of the guests

* On leaving the Hôtel de France the first morning after landing at St. Malo, we crossed the corner of the Place Châteaubriand, seen in our stereograph No. 1, and pitched our tent beneath the trees before the castle. The mysterious character of our operations soon attracted a crowd of *gamins*, and the complex fishing-rod-like frame of our tent was the signal for a host of inquiries. One lad, seeing the shining leather case out of which we had taken it, inquired, "Faites-vous des bottes, Monsieur?" and another observed to a bystander that we were going to take portraits, and was anxious to know at how many sous "la pièce." Generally, the first impression among the crowd was that we were preparing for some performance. On more than one occasion I heard it remarked among the expectant *gamins*, "Quelle comédie fait-il?" In the stereograph before us, a portion of the Hôtel de France is seen in the centre, the entrance to the *salon*, on the ground floor, being open. On the left of the *salon* is a black board, with a small bill upon it, announcing the tidal hours of departure of the steam-packet 'Rance' for Dinan. On the right is a soldier of the garrison, and a female knitting. Behind them, on the wall, are two *affiches*, in which the principal word, "Isles," may be read with the lens. Above these is a square lamp, with 'Hôtel de France' painted some-

adjourned to the courtyard to drink their *café noir* and Cognac at little tables fixed there for the purpose. See stereograph No. 2.

After a short stroll about the town, I retired to my somewhat dilapidated and antique-looking bedchamber, up a noble broad staircase, and was awakened at five by the clatter of carriages arriving and departing, and the loud talk of ostlers and horse-boys in the courtyard below. To sleep was impossible, even if I had not felt anxious to look about; I therefore got up, and proceeded to examine the town.

Like most of the Breton cities, St. Malo owes its existence to a monastery. In the sixth century, a hermit named Aaron built a chapel on the summit of a rock near a place called Aleth, one of the six capitals of Armorica mentioned by Cæsar, and now called St. Servan. Among the disciples who flocked round Aaron for instruction was a young Scotchman, by name Maclou. The chronicler evidently makes a mistake here. The name should be spelt M'Leod. The saint, no doubt, belonged to the distinguished family which afterwards produced the celebrated Mrs. M'Leod, the inventor of the well-known country-dance. The harsh name of Maclou, or M'Leod, suitable enough for northern mouths, became softened into "Malo" in the south. M'Leod, or Malo, then, after having governed the people of Aleth for many years as

what imperfectly upon it. On the left of the picture may be seen the bureau, or office of the Messageries. On one side of the window, over the word "Bureau" may be read, "Entreprise Dromer, départ pour Rennes tous les matins;" and on the other, "Service des Maîtres de Poste, départ pour Granville tous les matins." On the shutter of the door may be distinctly read, "Avranches, Caen, Granville." Other names of places in larger characters speak for themselves. In the foreground are some members of the St. Malo shoe-brigade, who played about our tent in rather disagreeable proximity, and made a valiant rush into the road whenever a picture was to be taken. Of the two soldiers standing together, the one on the right was a very intelligent fellow, and chatted for the space of an hour with a good understanding of the chemistry and process of photography. The other soldier, with a huge imperial beard, will be disappointed, should this picture ever meet his eye, to find it so unfortunately in shadow. He was a merry fellow. Drawing his hand down his beard, as I was looking round the little knot of soldiers for a subject, he remarked to a miserable-looking, close-cropped comrade standing by, "*Tu* es trop laid!"—*L. R.*

their Bishop, died and was counted as a saint; and the monastery he had founded, and the town which sprang up in its vicinity, were named after him, St. Malo. It was a strong military position, being built upon a precipitous rock almost surrounded by the sea, and became a place of refuge for the inhabitants of the neighbouring country from the invasions of marauding Danes and Normans. Later, it was noted for its commercial activity, and its extensive marine, both trading and piratical. The corsairs and privateers of St. Malo were well known and much dreaded in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Of these palmy days of trading and filibustering prosperity, the large and handsome houses, with high-peaked roofs and *portes-cochères*, preserve a melancholy record. A very fine row of them may be seen running parallel with the rampart behind the gate of St. Vincent.

But to return to my narrative. Passing up some narrow and precipitous, but picturesque streets, I came suddenly upon the cathedral.* Externally it is a hideous building, in the most meagre pseudo-classic style; but on entering I was agreeably surprised to find that the interior was ancient. The choir, which is separated from the nave by a low screen of ironwork, has recently been restored. The *triforia* or galleries are very light and graceful, and there is some good stained glass in the east window; but the high altar is wretchedly tawdry. It is in the shape of an Egyptian sarcophagus, and on it are placed great, tall, ugly candlesticks, and vases of artificial flowers. A canopy supported by Corinthian pillars with gilt capitals, surmounted by a statue of the Virgin and infant Jesus, in theatrical attitudes, overhangs it. At the back are oak

* There was nothing of architectural interest in the Cathedral to require a near view of it, so the camera was carried up to the ramparts to command a bird's-eye view, over the parapet wall, of the Grande Rue with the Cathedral tower at the end. Stereograph No. 3. It will be seen by the clock that the time of taking the picture was ten minutes past two. The only definable objects in the foreground are on the right side of the street, where may be observed the lamp of the 'Café National' and some pots of flowers at the window of the house adjoining.—*L. R.*

*miserere*s for the clergy. The massive pillars of the nave have a solemn and grand effect; but it is much impaired by the large unmullioned windows of the aisles, and the staring modern chapels. In one of these chapels a priest was saying Mass when I entered, and, scattered about, some kneeling on chairs, some on the floor, was a large congregation of men and women. In several of the other chapels I observed persons "bidding their beads," or engaged in silent devotion. The baptistery is separated from the rest of the church by an iron railing, and the font is an Egyptian sarcophagus, like the altar. This is a favourite form with modern French architects, but it is not easy to see its appropriateness.

Near the cathedral are the halles, or markets. The supply of fruit was abundant, but not remarkable as to quality. Here I entered a bookseller's shop, for the purpose of replacing, if possible, my travelling-map of Brittany which I had lost in the crowd at Southampton; and I obtained for two francs, the same map, in a cover, for which I had given three and sixpence in London without one. I also saw portable spring ink-bottles for one franc, which answered the purpose quite as well as one for which I had given five shillings a week before in Cornhill. Most things cost in Brittany at least one-half less than in London; I should therefore advise all travellers to take as little with them from England as possible.

Still ascending from the cathedral, I reached the Grand' Place, where a company of soldiers were at drill. In the centre the St. Malouins have erected a statue to their fellow-townsman Duguay-Trouin. This distinguished person commenced life as a student for the priesthood, proceeded as a professional gambler, and died Lieutenant-General of the French navy, in the reign of Louis XIV. His most celebrated exploit was the taking of Rio Janeiro from the Spaniards.

As I passed on through some fine old streets, composed of monasteries now turned into barracks, and the splendid but now dilapidated houses of the opulent traders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, I observed a mode of drainage which is curious. I commend it to the attention of the

Commissioners of Sewers: if it were adopted in London, it would at any rate solve the Thames problem. It is this:—Beneath a window in each flat is placed a sink, into which the inhabitants empty their sewage. This is carried off by a pipe which runs from the top to the bottom of the house, and is deposited on the pavement, where it is left to shift for itself, This plan has the merit of being at least simple. I was astonished also to observe that a town like St. Malo was dependent for light on an occasional oil-lamp.

Having carefully picked my way through the offscourings of the lofty houses on either side of me, I got through a door in the town wall, and up a flight of steps, on to the rampart, where a delicious sea-breeze and a lovely view made up to me for the sights and smells which had just overpowered my senses. The morning was lovely, and the sea, sky, and distant headlands of the brightest turquoise-blue. In the foreground was the bay, dotted with rugged islets. Directly in front was the Pointe du Décole, crowned with woods, among which the white villas sparkled in the morning sun, and far out to the sea stretched Cap Fréhel.

A passage protected by low walls of solid masonry, runs along the top of the ramparts, and, though of course constructed for military purposes, affords a delightful promenade for pleasure-seekers. As I proceeded along it, Dinard, a fashionable suburb on the opposite shore of the Rance, its neat villas peeping out from among the trees, appeared in sight; and still further towards the bottom of the bay, St. Servan. The promenade terminated with two massive round towers which protect the gate of St. Vincent.*

From the gate of St. Vincent I regained the street by a

* After taking our picture of the Grande Rue, the end of which street is seen in the stereograph I have now to describe, No. 4, the camera was carried along the ramparts and turned towards the fine machicolated west tower of the Gate of St. Vincent. In the centre is seen a flight of steps descending to the street, and, looking over the parapet, under strict orders not to move, is a lounger, in the blue calico dress of the country, who had been engaged to carry our apparatus. Over the shop-windows below may be seen—'4 Nations' 'Papiers Peints,' etc.—*L. R.*

staircase, and on my way to the hotel, passed by the frowning castle which forms the principal entrance to the city. It consists of four great round towers, and a fortified building, which, projecting somewhat like a pole from a carriage, has caused the castle to be called "The Duchess Anne's Coach." The traditional account of its origin is as follows:—

The Duchess one day requested permission of the Bishop, who was also the feudal sovereign of St. Malo, to build a carriage in his town. His Lordship politely acceded to her request; but the carriage turned out to be this carriage-shaped castle, which he had the mortification to see gradually rising to dominate and overawe his episcopal city. He remonstrated; but all the satisfaction he received was to behold inscribed in Gothic characters on one of the obnoxious towers: "Quin quen groine, ainsi soit-il; c'est mon plaisir,"—"Whosoever may grumble at it, so let it be; it is my pleasure." This sentiment found little favour at the Revolution; and the authorities, with that childish desire to consign the memorials of former times to oblivion, which marked all their proceedings, tried to efface it. But the characters may still be traced on a block of granite.

St. Malo has produced many men whose names are famous in the history of France. Besides Duguay-Trouin and Châteaubriand, she claims to be the birthplace of La Bourdonnais, the early antagonist of Clive in India, and Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada. Their portraits may be seen in the mayoralty-house.

It was now ten o'clock, and after my morning walk on the ramparts I was quite prepared for the substantial breakfast at the *table d'hôte*. The *chef* seemed to me to be a little corrupted by English tastes, but nevertheless his fried soles, cutlets, *rognons sautés*, potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel*, and *omelette aux fines herbes* were meritorious. Fortified with these and half a bottle of Bordeaux, I started on my first day's walk at about eleven, intending to leave Dinan till my return, and to push on next day for Lamballe and St. Brieuc. Mr. Reeve and his photographer had pitched their tent in

the square before the castle, and I left them busily engaged in taking stereographs. They purposed to ascend the Rance to Dinan in the steamboat, which was to start at four o'clock.*

A steam ferry-boat carried me across the mouth of the Rance to Dinard, a pretty neat town much frequented by the English, whose pleasure-boats I observed moored under the cliff. I stopped for a moment on the top of the hill which overhangs it, to enjoy the lovely prospect of the bay with its islands, and the buildings of St. Malo clustering, like various-coloured crustacea, on the opposite rocks. Here, for the first time, I saw one of the roadside crosses for which Brittany is celebrated. It was of stone, about fifteen feet high, raised on steps, and quite unornamented. At the same moment the *Angelus* bell rang out from the tower of a neighbouring church, and a peasant woman, in picturesque medieval costume, knelt down to say her prayers. Here was a characteristic scene, and I accepted it as a good omen for the novelty and interest of the rest of my walk.

Passing through Ploubalay, an uninteresting village, I stopped a few minutes at the bourg or hamlet of Trégon to rest and drink a mug of cider, at a house which I concluded to be an inn, from the bush of mistletoe which hung above the door. Outside it looked forbidding enough, being built of dark granite blocks, and surrounded by uneven ground and dung-hills. On entering, I found that the floor was the bare earth; but down the middle were two massive polished tables of chestnut, with neat benches beside them; and round the walls were tiers of what are called *lits-clos*, that is, closed beds, neatly polished, and ornamented with bright brasswork.

* Before leaving St. Malo we could not resist taking a picture, No. 2, of the pretty inner courtyard of the Hôtel de France. The doorway on the right of the stereograph is the entrance to the *salle-à-manger*. The figures on ornamental brackets over the door of the bureau, are those of the eminent Breton sailor and soldier, Jacques Cartier and Jean Bart, and the mailed knight round the corner is Arthur de Bretagne. The name of the plaster hero behind the tree on the left is lost to posterity. In the yard are two Englishmen enjoying *al fresco* their first bottle of *vin ordinaire*, whilst the serving-maid with her cornucopia-like cap is passing with a coffee-cup. This,

They resembled the berths in a ship, except that they had two sliding doors which met in the middle. At the top was a carved railing to admit air when the sliding doors were closed. In the daytime these doors are drawn back, and I could see that the bedclothes and curtains, which were tastefully festooned in graceful folds, were of snowy whiteness. Altogether the *lits-clos* looked by no means uninviting. They admit quite as much air as a four-post bed with the curtains drawn, and are much more conducive to decency and self-respect than the open pallets with which the small rooms in our cottages are crowded.

I was anxious to become acquainted with the manners of the peasantry, and therefore took my seat on a bench at the common table, where two men were drinking their cider with the host. One was a tall, light-haired, blue-eyed man in a blouse, and looked like a Norman horse-dealer. The other had the aquiline nose, dark piercing eyes, and oval face of the Breton. The hostess, a stalwart dame in blue petticoat, black stockings, coloured apron pinned across her bosom, and snow-white cap, was at the fire preparing the noonday meal. From an earthenware pot she poured upon a griddle, under which blazed a fire of dry gorse, some batter, which she smoothed out with a wooden spoon until it was of about the thickness of a pancake. After turning it with a flat shovel till it was sufficiently browned on both sides, she placed it on a dish, which was soon heaped with a smoking pile of cakes. The Norman told me that they were called *galettes*, and that they were made of the flour of *sarrasin*, or buckwheat, or, as it is commonly called by the peasantry, *blé noir*. The hostess had placed basins of milk on the table for all the guests, who now

however, was an after-thought. Our agreeable landlady, Madame Blancard, desirous of making the picture one of historical interest, had placed the little heir to this picturesque estate in the arms of the *femme de salle*. But photographers have an especial aversion to babies. Many a charming picture has been spoiled in deference to the feelings of an anxious mother; and Madame politely retired to the background, where her infant being in shadow has unfortunately too much the appearance of a piccaninny. On the left of her, some ladies, and at the window above, a gentleman, are watching my photographer, whilst I am away keeping guard over the tent in the Place.—*L. R.*

proceeded to break their galettes into them. I had the curiosity to taste the mixture, and found it excellent. The galette itself is rather insipid; but when mixed with the rich milk of this country, it assumes a nutty flavour, and must be very nourishing. It is still better when spread, smoking hot, with butter, and then much resembles a crumpet.

With us buckwheat is used almost exclusively for feeding pheasants, and I was therefore puzzled to make out what was done with the immense fields of it which I had seen in the course of my morning's walk. I now understood that it formed the principal food of the peasantry.

The first conclusion that we should come to on hearing that the Bretons live upon buckwheat which they cook for themselves, is that they must be less civilized than the English peasantry, who live upon wheaten bread which they buy at a baker's. The inference does not seem to me to be just. The expertness with which the Breton peasant can turn all the fruits of the earth to account, and the elegant and refined taste he displays in varying and rendering his meals palatable, are surely qualities which raise him in the scale of civilization. A man who has no higher idea of a meal than as a mode of filling himself with bread or boiled pork, is nearly allied to the savage who will scarcely take the trouble of cooking what he has taken in hunting. Our want of expertness and our apathy in respect to the preparation of food have been shown to be very prejudicial to the health of our soldiers in time of peace, and to have cost us some thousands of valuable lives in the Crimean war. Among the many things upon which we may justly pride ourselves as a nation, our mode of feeding can certainly not be counted.

My Norman friend went on to tell me, that further south, in all the *maisons de joie*,—which I suppose meant houses of entertainment,—it is the custom for two servants to stand, one at each side of the fireplace, on every Tuesday and Friday, making *gaufres* for all comers. He explained to me what gaufres were, by holding up the tips of his fingers and blowing an imaginary gaufre off them into the air. This was to

signify its lightness. The word *gaufre* is, in fact, "wafer," as *Gaultier*, in English, becomes 'Walter,' *garde*, 'ward,' and so with most words beginning with *w*. This is a very elegant custom, and is no doubt handed down by tradition from times before our modern civilization had produced that extraordinary, but steadily progressive, degradation of the lower orders which fills our philanthropists in England with dismay. A people who can enjoy such a very innocent pleasure as this, cannot be either miserable or vicious. Fancy our farmers, shop-keepers, artisans, and labourers, stepping into the airy kitchen of the village inn as they passed, to taste a wafer! These *gaufres*, or wafers, were much eaten in England in former times. Absolon, in Chaucer's 'Milleres Tale,' sends them to Alisoun:—

> "And sent hire pyment, meth, and spiced ale,
> And *wafres pypyng hoot out of the gleede*."

Another elegant and refined custom prevails among the lower orders in Brittany, which is well worthy of imitation. In every inn and farmhouse a bright copper vessel, filled with water, is attached to the wall in some conspicuous and convenient place. To this vessel is attached a pipe, through which, on its being turned outward, runs a small stream of water. Every one, on entering the house, lets this flow upon his hands into a basin placed beneath it; you are thus always sure of having clean water to wash your hands, without the trouble of calling for it or of going to a bedchamber.

In old pictures, Albert Dürer's for instance, I have observed that persons are represented as washing their hands by having water passed over them. I found it a very refreshing mode of performing the operation.

The village churches which I passed in this day's walk had all a neglected and ruinous appearance. They are generally larger than those in England, but much plainer in their construction, being often without porch or aisles. On entering them, therefore, the eye is not attracted by those mysterious perspectives among pillars and arches which impart to many even of our village churches such a charm as works of art.

The walk from Ploubalay was, however, interesting. The country is richly cultivated, and the peasants were either in the fields or threshing in their homesteads. Every here and there a tidal stream runs up among the cornfields and farm-houses, and gentlemen's mansions are thickly scattered about. One of the latter, I observed, had a large new chapel attached to it, with a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin over the western gable: it was by way of being Gothic.

On reaching Plancoët, at about six o'clock, I was in despair at seeing nothing like an hotel. I at last made up my mind to enter a very poor inn, where I became the sole occupant of a large bedroom with four good beds in it. The hostess was sulky and disagreeable; but she sent out for a leg of lamb for my dinner. This proved indeed to be not much larger or fatter or tenderer than the drumstick of a turkey-cock. The wine too was execrable. And for this wretched fare I had to pay more than a good dinner would have cost me at the Hôtel de France at St. Malo.

While waiting till dinner was served, I got into conversation with two blouse-clad men who were drinking their cider in the kitchen; and one of them pointed out to me, on my travelling-map, the exact route I ought to follow in order to visit some places which I told him I was desirous of seeing. This gave me a favourable idea of the general education and intelligence of the people. There are not many labourers in England who could make use of a travelling-map.

CHAPTER III.

LAMBALLE.—ST. BRIEUC.

FARMING.—BRETON PEASANTS THRESHING.—THRESHING-MACHINES.—LAMBALLE, THE "CITY OF NOBLES."—ROMANTIC STORY OF A CHOUAN CHIEF AND HIS MISTRESS.—FINE FORMS OF COMMON POTTERY.—COLPORTAGE.—CATHEDRAL.—THE HARAS.—FRENCH GROOMS AND GROOM-LANGUAGE.—IMPERIAL CONDESCENSION.—ST. BRIEUC.—ITS ORIGIN AND PRESENT CONDITION.—PASSPORTS AND GENDARMES.—A BRIOCHIN DOGBERRY.—A MUNICIPAL MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.

From Plancoët I ought to have visited the castle of La Hunaudaye, which lies between it and Dinan; but being impatient to get into the more remote and characteristic parts of Brittany, I pushed on at once to Lamballe. The road lay through a rich country, divided into small fields, which were surrounded by thickly planted hedgerows of oak, elm, and chestnut. The prevailing crops were wheat, buckwheat, barley, a little hemp, potatoes (all black with disease), and gorse. I class gorse among the crops, because it is regularly sown, sometimes in rows between the corn, as winter food for horses. The whole population was abroad, either reaping, or threshing out, on their temporary floors, the corn which had been already harvested. The reapers seemed to me to do their work in an easy, amateur-like fashion, very unlike the desperate haste of our harvest-men. I could not ascertain whether they worked by the day or by the piece; I should think the former, by their manner. The threshing was done with a will, and was very pretty. Several sheaves were first shaken out and carefully arranged with the ears upwards. The threshers, among whom

were quite as many women as men, then placed themselves in two rows facing each other, and struck the corn alternately, keeping such perfect time that the flails of each row came down at the very same instant, and the stroke sounded as if it were delivered by one flail. How they avoided knocking each other's brains out was the mystery. I never saw time so perfectly kept, except by the crew of an Oxford or Cambridge boat. It was a very pretty sight to see the peasant women at work in their neat costumes, consisting of short black or dark-blue woollen petticoats, red aprons, black or blue stockings, smart shoes, and snow-white caps. The exercise diffused a brilliant glow over their cheeks, and the action displayed their fine forms to great advantage. Whether it is that nature has been bountiful to the Breton *paysannes*, or that black stockings are becoming, I cannot determine; but I could not help thinking that their ankles were unusually neat and well formed.

During my morning's walk I observed that machines, turned by horses, had in many cases taken the place of these interesting bands of human threshers. A threshing-machine is not so pleasing an object as a bevy of *paysannes* in becoming costume; but it forms by no means a disagreeable addition to the rural scene. Its hum, like that of a monster swarm of bees, is moreover associated in the mind with the pleasant idea of skilful industry.

I arrived at Lamballe towards noon, and was struck by the beauty of its situation. The ground has been rising gradually for some time; and at length, after ascending a steep hill, you see the valley of the Gouessant before you, stretching far away to your left. You descend along the side of the hill, which rises into a cliff to your right; and up this cliff creeps the town, capped by the fine old church of "Our Lady." It stands upon the very edge of the precipice, and its grey walls and pointed gables so harmonize with the granite rocks from which it rises, that the eye can scarcely distinguish the line where the work of nature ends and the work of art begins.

Lamballe is believed to have been the capital of the Armo-

rican tribe of the Ambiliates mentioned by Cæsar. In the ninth century it was destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt by the Counts of Penthièvre, one of the most powerful families of Brittany, who made it their principal residence. In 1626 the castle was dismantled by Richelieu, as a punishment to the Count of that time for having taken part against him in his great political contest with the feudal nobility. It has now quite disappeared, its site being occupied by a pretty promenade planted with trees.

Lamballe is known as the "City of Nobles." It can still boast of some handsome houses with picturesque towers at the angles, and of several fine churches, one of which is now used as a stable. From it the unhappy princess who accompanied Marie-Antoinette to the scaffold, and whose bleeding head was held up to be an object of ribald jests to the Parisian rabble, took her title. Considering all this, it is not wonderful that its inhabitants were not enamoured of the new *régime*, and Lamballe was accordingly the head-quarters of the *Chouannerie* during the civil wars of the first Revolution. A gentleman of the name of Boishardy, young, handsome, and brave, raised the loyal peasantry of the neighbourhood, and became their chief. He was always accompanied by a young lady, his mistress, who, dressed in the costume of a peasant-boy, became one of his most useful and dauntless emissaries, carrying intelligence from band to band of Royalists, through the very lines of the Republican army. One morning he quitted the retreat where they had passed the night together, and, returning to say a parting word, was surprised, and fell pierced by many bullets. His mistress long survived him, and was fond of relating the particulars of her wanderings, hardships, and hair-breadth escapes in company with her gallant lover.

It was market-day when I arrived at Lamballe, and the *table d'hôte* was rather earlier than usual, for the accommodation of visitors from the country. The company seemed to me to belong to a higher class than those I had generally met with at *tables d'hôte*, and were probably country gentlemen.

Having fortified myself with an excellent dinner, I set forth to climb the steep hill on which stands the Church of Our Lady. My way lay through the market-place, in which were exposed for sale new wheat, fruit, wooden shoes, and earthenware. The pots and pans, of which there was a large display, struck me as being of very elegant shape, though of the coarsest materials. With all their wealth and appliances, our potters are generally most unsuccessful in their search after the Beautiful. In their anxiety to produce something new and elaborate, in order to justify placing a high price upon their articles, they have discarded the forms which the common sense and experience of ages had settled upon as the most beautiful and convenient; for, in the useful arts, the beautiful and the convenient always coincide. The consequence is, that while the tables of our millionaires are loaded with expensive monstrosities, the Breton peasant eats his soup and galette from a basin the form of which would have delighted Benvenuto Cellini.

While I was grumbling with myself at the superiority of the French over us in all that relates to the elegance and convenience of life, my attention was attracted by a book-stall, and I saw something which showed me that, in some points, we have no reason to dread a comparison with our neighbours. The books exposed for sale were very good books. There were translations of Sir Walter Scott's novels, the works of Boileau, Bossuet, Molière, Racine, and other French classics, besides some modern novels and topographical books. But upon all was affixed a stamp, with the words, "Ministère de l'Intérieur; Sûreté Générale; Préfecture de Police; Colportage." And so it appears that no books can be hawked about and sold in France unless they have been so fortunate as to obtain the approbation of the Préfet. I thought of the fable of the Wolf and the Watch-dog, and felt thankful that I did not live under a democratic despotism. Our aristocracy, with all its faults, is better than this. I had rather have all the appointments in the Civil Service, from the secretaryship of the Treasury to the postmastership of my village, filled by

Russells and Elliotts and their nominees, than have M. le Préfet showing his zeal by prying into the shelves of my library, and telling me what it was good and what it was not good for me to read.

Having reached the top of the hill, I found myself on the promenade before the cathedral of Our Lady. This is the site of the old castle of the Penthièvres, which has now disappeared, and from it there is a most lovely and extensive view of the neighbouring country.

The church is cruciform, with a square tower rising from the intersection of the nave, choir, and transepts. Down the aisles of both nave and choir are gables, denoting chapels within. Over the chief entrance, facing the promenade, a great square tablet of white stone has lately been let into the wall, and on it are immortalized, in letters of gold, the names of the mayor, prefect, rector, architect, and all those misguided persons who are now busily engaged in spoiling this fine old church. Even in this matter of the tablet, they have contrived to make an egregious blunder; for the letters of gold, at the height at which they are placed, are quite illegible. Did it never occur to these gentlemen, that if the architect who had the merit of originally conceiving and executing a fine work of art like this, did not presume to obtrude his name upon the world, there is a flagrant indecency and want of taste in the parade of the names of persons who have at most aspired to mend it?

On entering, I found that the nave has just been ceiled in wood, intended to be plastered over to represent stone, a barbarism which has been consummated in one of the transepts. Over some of the altars I could discern the remains of fresco painting, and in the east window is some old painted glass. Those which have been "restored" are filled with hideous white glass surrounded by gaudy borders. There is a fine elaborate rood-loft, or rather *jubé*,—that is, a screen with pulpit in the middle, from which the Gospel and Epistle used to be read to the people,—in the arch of the south choir-aisle; but it is surmounted by a wretched pseudo-classical structure

of the last century, to make room for which part of the stone-work of the arch has been cut away. The choir is floored with polished oak, inlaid in patterns, and surrounded by *misereres* or seats for the clergy. Of the taste in which the restoration of this fine church is being carried out, I can only say, that it is as bad as anything I have seen in England. In Brittany, all that is pleasing in taste and manners lingers among the lower orders. Stucco and whitewash and affectation and routine come from above.

Muttering my sentiments respecting ignorant "restorers," I descended the hill to the west, and soon reached a "handsome" gateway, with a porter's lodge on either side. This is the *haràs*, or stud, established by Government for the improvement of the breed of horses in Brittany. A Frenchman cannot breed a foal without the assistance of the paternal Government. On entering the gate, you see a board with "Parlez au concierge" printed on it, and, to your astonishment, the "concierge" appears in the shape of a coquettishly dressed young lady, who answers all questions. Her office must be no sinecure in spring. The quadrangle is laid out in grass-plats and gravel-walks, and the stables run down either side. At the entrance of each you see a groom, dressed in the Government uniform, who politely accompanies you round the establishment, and tells you the history and performances of each horse.

The stables are lofty and well ventilated, but the horses are all tied up in stalls considerably lower than those in use in England for working horses. Among a lot of big-headed, loose-jointed, leggy, shallow-carcased Norman and Breton carriage-horses, I recognized at once a Yorkshire grey, with his clean, bony, flat legs, straight back, deep carcase, and fine shoulder. The cart-horses were particularly bad, and such as no man in England would breed from. They would be laughed at at Woodbridge fair. I could not help wondering why the paternal Government, if it must interfere, does not take the trouble of obtaining the best horses. A few Suffolk chestnuts, such as might be bought for from three to five

hundred pounds apiece at Woodbridge, would be worth all the variety of three-cornered brutes that have been collected together, as if the object were to stock a menagerie with strange specimens of equine nature.

Down the other side of the same stable were the thoroughbred horses, tied up in stalls not four feet high. Some of them were English, and the groom informed me that a miserable cat of a thing, which he called "Monarch," was the winner of this year's Derby! One old cat-hammed Arab, but with the look of the desert about him, had belonged to Abd-el-Kader. I noticed also some barbs with enormous heads, thick jaws, and sides scored with the cicatrices of wounds inflicted by the sharp stirrups of their Moorish riders. Among these a Breton mountaineer cut no bad figure. He was not unlike an Arab, looked hardy and active, and had that intelligent expression in his eyes which may be generally observed in those who must have the said eyes always about them, whether they be natives of the deserts of Africa, the highlands of Scotland and Wales, or the mountains of Brittany.

What most surprised me in this exhibition, was the extraordinary want of spirit in the animals. They were separated by low stalls, as I have already observed, and the groom, when he wanted them to "go over," gave them a thwack of a wooden pitchfork on the croupe; but they submitted without a kick or a wince, just as an English hard-worked cart-horse might. I was amused, too, with the French groom-language, of which my guide made large use. "Celui-là court comme le diable, 'cr-r-r-ré nom de Dieu! Il a gagné dix prix! Ah! Chameau!!" and then would come down the pitchfork; and the horse who was caressed in this affectionate style, had scarcely the spirit even to lay back his ears. Horses like these in England, treated in such a way, would eat each other, and knock out the groom's brains. The grooming was wretched, and I could see some of the horses eating the straw with which their racks were filled. This may account for their singular want of spirit. A racehorse fed upon straw, is doubtless a different animal from one fed upon hay and oats,

and in a very few generations the quality of the food must tell upon the breed. The English thorough-bred horse has no doubt been made what he is by hundreds of years of English food, grooming, and training; and if the French want to rival us in our breed of horses, they must not feed their sires upon straw, tie them up in stalls, and let them stand with dirty staring coats.

I wished to get on to St. Brieuc the same night, but I had delayed so long, exploring the town, that it was too late to walk; and moreover, a thick drizzling rain which had set in towards the afternoon, would have made walking far from agreeable. I therefore took a lift in a post-cart, and was much amused by the conversation of the driver. He was a little hump-backed man, dressed in a gay uniform to denote that he carried the mail-bags. His accoutrements and harness were all new, in honour, as he informed me, of the Emperor's visit, which supplied, of course, the subject of our conversation. I delighted him by applauding Napoleon III.'s spirit in driving about Paris immediately after the infamous attempt of Orsini. He observed, in a form of speech more expressive than delicate, that it was as if the Emperor had said to the disaffected, "I don't care a farthing for you, or all you can do!" In common with all the lower orders, he was an enthusiastic Imperialist, and declared that if the Parisians should attempt to make a revolution to oust the Emperor, all Brittany would rise and march to Paris to defend him. But the idea which had got the firmest hold of the little man's imagination was that, at the ensuing public ball at Lamballe, at which the Empress, as he said, was to dance with any one who asked her, he, the little hump-backed postboy, would be the favoured one who should tread a measure with her Imperial Majesty before admiring thousands. This was his destiny, as he firmly believed, and he repeated his intention to fulfil it in every form of affirmation, adorned by all the obscene oaths which the French language can supply. I know not whether his dream of temporary greatness was actually realized; but I have no doubt the possibility of it even still supplies my

hump-backed friend with pleasing reveries as he whips his wretched jade along the well-known road.

How easy it is for great people to be popular! A visit to a remote province; a pleasant word to a peasant here, a compliment to a magistrate's wife or daughter there; an appearance of good-natured interest in the peasantry, and a liberal employment of public money on public works, will do more to conciliate the affections of the middle and lower classes than an enlightened policy and salutary laws. Charles II. was one of the most beloved of our Sovereigns, not certainly in consequence of his public or private virtues, but because he was gifted with considerable good sense and good nature, and an exquisite urbanity which did not desert him even in the agonies of death.

The evening was misty, and but little of the country could be seen; but I caught every now and then a glimpse of the sea, and I have no doubt that in fine weather there must be pleasing views along the coast. The land is richly cultivated in a sort of market-garden fashion, and I passed acres of onions and cabbages. These are sent by sea to Nantes, whence the railway takes them to Paris.

I entered St. Brieuc at a little after six, and found it all dressed up with garlands and triumphal arches to welcome the Imperial party, who were to arrive on the 17th and make a couple of days' stay. It is an ancient episcopal city, with which the modern taste for straight lines, uniformity, and plaster, is making sad havoc. Like St. Malo, it owes its existence to its founder's sanctity, of which the odour attracted settlers to the place long after the Saint's death. St. Brioc, or Brieuc, was a native of Great Britain, and a disciple of St. Germain; but whether of St. Germain of Auxerre, who lived in the fifth century, or of St. Germain of Paris, who lived in the sixth, the learned are not agreed. Upon the answer to this question depends, however, the date of the foundation of St. Brieuc. Flying from the face of the pagan Saxons, who were plundering the goods of the Church in our island, Brioc landed on the coast of Armorica, in the territories of a

certain Rigwal, who proved to be his cousin. Rigwal welcomed him, and gave up to him his own house, situated in a forest called the "Double Valley," because there the two valleys of the Gouet and the Gouedic met. Here Brioc built a monastery, and with the numerous disciples who flocked to him, set himself zealously to destroy the remnants of idolatry which still lingered among the people. But while thus zealous for the kingdom of Heaven, the monks were not forgetful of the useful arts of this life. The forests by which the monastery was surrounded were felled, and in their place appeared cornfields and pastures. Where the peasants were before accustomed to grind their corn in rude hand-querns, the Gouet was taught to lend its waters to the service of man, and the abbey mills received the grist of the neighbouring country. The numerous bays along the coast were covered with boats manned by stout monks, who obtained from them abundance of sardines for Fridays and fasting days. The monastery became, in short, a centre of civilization for the neighbouring country, and the nucleus of the town. Brioc introduced the ancient British Rule of the Culdees, which, we are told, had more affinity with Eastern than Western monachism; but in the eighth or ninth century this was exchanged for the Rule of St. Benedict, the founder of monastic life in the Western Church.

The origin of the bishopric is involved in doubt. St. Brioc was not himself a diocesan Bishop, but one of those *Chorepiscopi*, or Bishops without dioceses, who were common in the ancient British Church. They resembled the Bishops *in partibus* of the Roman Catholics, and our Bishops who have retired on pensions. It was not till the ninth century that St. Brieuc became an episcopal see; and soon after, the monks, having become weary of the life in common, transformed themselves into Regular Canons.

The Bishop of St. Brieuc became, in process of time, the feudal sovereign of his diocese; but, as is almost always the case, the temporal dignity of the minister brought no accession of influence to the Church. A lordship like the bishopric

of St. Brieuc, was too valuable a prize to be suffered to fall into the hands of a priest with no recommendation but his zeal and learning: what could he do with it if he had it? And so the bishopric became an appanage of the great feudal families of Brittany, and a comfortable provision for their cadets. The spiritual was merged and absorbed in the temporal function. To this circumstance we may attribute the fact that the cathedral has more the appearance of a fortress than of a church.

In the seventeenth century the cathedral Chapter seems to have done its duty. In 1620 a printing-press was for the first time established in St. Brieuc, and the Bishop, the Chapter, and the city contributed each two hundred livres to set it up. In 1604 a college was founded, and placed under the direction of the Chapter, and in 1664 a seminary.

St. Brieuc was long in accepting revolutionary ideas, and the clergy almost universally refused the oath of fidelity to the new government. On one occasion the Republican troops having lodged some Royalist prisoners in the town, the Chouans of the neighbourhood boldly attacked it, and rescued their comrades. This was on the night of the 4th Brumaire of the year 8.

During the present century the population of St. Brieuc has doubled, and she carries on a considerable export trade in flax, hemp, linseed, tallow, butter and leather. The town of Légué, which is her seaport, sends no fewer than fifty vessels to the cod-fishery of Newfoundland. Though the sea is within two miles of the town, it is entirely hidden by the intervening hills. This is the more to be regretted as there is a beautifully even shore beneath the heights, which are crowned by the picturesque ruins of the castle of Cesson.

Having breakfasted at seven on a basin of *café au lait*, I buckled on my knapsack, and set forward, intending to take another look at the principal parts of the town, which I had visited the evening before. But passing through the Grand' Place, I was stopped by a cocked-hatted gendarme, who demanded my passport. Now it happened that when asked

at St. Malo whither I was going, I had said "to Vannes," because I intended Vannes to be the limit of my tour, after which I should return. The passport was therefore *visé* for Vannes. But now my gendarme took it into his head that having said that I was going to Vannes, it was the duty of the paternal democracy to see that I took the shortest possible road to Vannes. I was therefore marched through the streets, followed by a crowd of naughty little boys, to the police-office, where I was ushered into the presence of the Commissaire de Police, a grim functionary, whose countenance was suggestive of dungeons and thumbscrews. After eyeing me from head to foot, *torvo vultu*, the awful official asked, in a voice which was intended to send my heart into the soles of my shoes, and force the latent conspiracy against the Emperor out of my fingers' ends, "Qui êtes-vous?" This was a staggering question. I could hardly suppose that he meant to ask my name, because he had it before him in the passport. I therefore concluded that he took me for some person of great political consequence, Mazzini or Lord Palmerston perhaps, and anxious, in my modesty, to undeceive him, I replied, "Mon Dieu, Monsieur, je ne suis personne!"—"I am nobody." As I uttered this reply, its resemblance to that which a predecessor in vagabondism had returned to an equally ferocious questioner struck me, and the resemblance of the redoubtable Commissaire to the shaggy-browed Cyclops made me laugh. This still further excited his wrath, and he proceeded with more awe-inspiring severity than ever, to cross-examine me as to the details of my birth, occupation, abode, object in coming to France, etc. When I told him that I was not come to see the Emperor, whom I was, in fact, rather anxious to avoid, and that my only object was to walk through Brittany for my amusement, he evidently discredited my story altogether. His final decision was, that having arrived at St. Brieuc, I might stay there, but that the paternal government would not permit me to leave that interesting town, not even to go to Vannes. I could not help laughing at the man's folly. If I were really a conspirator, to keep me in the town where the

Emperor was about to expose himself in a public ball and progress, was just to favour my design. However, there was the grim "cocked-hat" beside me, eyeing me wistfully, as much as to say, "I should like to have the handcuffing of you." Turning to him, however, I politely asked him whether he would have the goodness to be my guide to the house of the British Consul, a request, the impudence of which evidently took him aback. He complied nevertheless, and I left the presence of old Dogberry.

Our Consul was much amazed at my application to him. My passport was perfectly regular, and he could not make out what the police wanted. There would have been no end to it, if I had had every town I intended to visit placed upon the back of it. All he could do was to advise me to go to the Préfecture, where a polite clerk, after grumbling at the officiousness of *ce bon Commissaire de Police*, in order to make all sure, viséed my passport for Brest, a place which, as it happened, I did not visit at all. Thus had I spent nearly three of the best hours of the morning in going backwards and forwards from one police-office to another, because, forsooth, the paternal government must know beforehand what town in Brittany such a humble individual as I intended to visit.

As I was passing out of the Préfecture, I observed the following advertisement posted up. It struck me as so characteristic of the minute cares of the paternal government, that I transcribed it entire for the reader's amusement.

BAL DE L'EMPEREUR.

L'Administration Municipale, recevant un grand nombre de lettres dans lesquelles on la prie de préciser ce que l'on entend par la toilette de bal indiquée sur les lettres d'invitation; on a l'honneur de prévenir que l'étiquette exigée sera comme suit:—

1°. *Pour les dames* une coiffure-à-cheveux avec perles, ou fleurs, robe décolletée, manches courtes, étoffe légère ou soie, de couleur claire.

2°. *Les dames ne dansantes pas* pourront, de rigueur, porter la robe montante, mais avec manches courtes ou demi-longues. Les coiffures, avec dentelle et fleurs, devront, ainsi que les toilettes, être très-habillées, et rapprocher de la tenue de bal.

3°. *Pour les hommes*, l'habit noir et la cravate blanche sont exigés, excepté pour MM. les Maires en écharpe.

TRANSLATION.

The Municipal Government, having received a great number of letters in which they are entreated to describe the exact thing intended by the "ball-dress" specified in the letters of invitation, it has the honour of announcing that the required *étiquette* is as follows:—

1st. *For ladies*, a head-dress of hair, with pearls or flowers, a low gown, short sleeves, of some light material or silk, of a light colour.

2nd. *Ladies who do not dance* may, if absolutely necessary, wear a high gown, but with short or half-long sleeves. The head-dresses, of lace or flowers, must, as well as the whole dress, be very dressy, and approach as nearly as possible to the ball-dress.

3rd. *For men*, a black coat and white cravat are required, except in the case of Messieurs the Mayors in scarfs.

In a country where the government thinks dress a matter of importance, one is inclined to look for some reason for all this detail. It may possibly be intended to discredit the ancient costume of Brittany, which, together with other monuments of her former independence, may be supposed to be associated with old monarchical and aristocratic traditions. The modest severity of the Breton dress is also perhaps supposed to cast a sort of tacit reproach upon the licentious freedom of the Imperial Court, and it may be on that account regarded with no goodwill. A peasant woman pointed out to me with disgust the inordinately low dress of a certain distinguished personage in a portrait of her which hung on the wall. It may possibly be thought that the best mode of silencing such dangerous criticism is to cut down all the Breton dresses to the Imperial pattern.

CHAPTER IV.

CHÂTELAUDREN.—PLOUAGAT.

"COCKED-HATS" AGAIN.—THE PILLAWER.—"VOULEZ-VOUS VOUS MARIER?"—CHARNEL HOUSES.—NEWSPAPERS FOR THE POOR AT THE EXPENSE OF THE PUBLIC.—THE BRETON SÔNE.—CHATELAUDREN.—A "MAIGRE" BREAKFAST.—FEMALE CURIOSITY.—ROMANTIC STORY OF M. SOUVESTRE'S FATHER.—"THE RIVER OF TEARS."—WASHERWOMEN AND AMPHIBIOUS BOYS.—THE BRETON DANCE.—PLOUAGAT AND ITS PASTOR.

THERE is not much beside the cathedral to see at St. Brieuc, and I was so disgusted at being dragged about from post to pillar, with a troop of naughty little boys at my heels, that I quitted the town as soon as I had got clear of the Préfecture. My course lay due west for Guingamp, and my little pocket-compass saved me the bother of asking my way. The country was quite different from that through which I had passed hitherto. Instead of the level, or slightly undulating plain, cut up into small fields, confined by thick hedgerows and planted with rows of apple-trees, my eye was refreshed with fine abrupt hills and high table-lands covered with heath and gorse stretching far into the distance, and intersected by lovely green valleys, through which wound trout-streams, like silver threads. I had just passed the fine bridge and viaduct which spans the valley of the Gouet, when I descried two of my tormentors the gendarmes, coming on horseback down the road. In France the police seem to reverse the functions which are ascribed to them by high authority. We are told they are ordained for the punishment of evildoers, and for the praise of them that do well. I am sure they were a punishment to me;

and I never yet heard of their praising anybody, or anybody praising them. On coming up to me, the "cocked-hats" pulled up, and the sulkier of them demanded my passport. "Now," I thought, "this tutor whom the paternal government has appointed to look after its children, is going to show his zeal by haling me back to St. Brieuc again!" Meantime his companion, who was a good fellow, began to chat with me about the Crimean war, in which he had served with our soldiers. He had grown so learned, he said, in the English physiognomy, that he had recognized me as being an Englishman at a distance of several hundred yards. The other, who had been pretending all this time to read my passport, now returned it to me, and they both politely wished me good-morning.

My tormentors being gone, I descended the rocky side of the glen, and after drinking a delicious draught of the sparkling water of the Gouet out of my caoutchouc cup, I made up for the necessarily scanty ablutions of the morning in my pie-dish, by a delicious bath, and ascended the hill, armed with fresh strength to pursue my journey and, if necessary, to face the redoubted "cocked-hats."

Here, for the first time, I met with the true Breton of the mountains, so picturesquely described by M. Souvestre. He accosted me, and we walked on together for some distance; but I soon perceived that his French was scarcely intelligible, and that he sang his words in a slow whining tone, somewhat in the manner of the Suffolk and Essex people. He and his pony were both bright-eyed, rugged, lean, wiry, and cunning-looking creatures; and as I saw him scanning me from head to foot with stealthy eyes, I thought that after all, it was just as well that "cocked-hats" occasionally patrolled these lonely roads. He told me he was returning to the Montagnes Noires, after having sold his eggs, rags, and other small fry at St. Brieuc, to be shipped to England. I concluded that he was an individual of the class described by M. Emile Souvestre under the appellation of the "pillawer."

"The pillawer," he observes, "is nothing but a nomadic rag-man. He is a kind of modified gipsy, but is not followed

by his family. He leaves his wife and children in his lair in the mountains, while he traverses the country, and collects the rags which he afterwards sells at the paper-mills. He goes from farm to farm, from cabin to cabin, singing out in a lugubrious tone his cry of 'Pillawer!' which is heard by the women even in the interior of their houses. There is no straw-covered hut concealed amid the thick bushes, no infected den, at the threshold of which his monotonous cry is not heard. It is, in fact, to the humblest dwellings that he comes in preference, for he knows that there he will be sure to find what he seeks. He snuffs misery from far, he follows it by the scent, and seizes it where it lies, with a kind of instinct. He is a familiar spectre who knocks at the doors of the poorest, and his visit seems to be a sort of pledge of their poverty. For this reason he is hated and avoided as an importunate visitor. To the rich his presence seems almost an insult. If he dare to call at an opulent farm-house:

"'Pass on,' says the master, 'we have no rags here.'

"'I will come back another time,' says the pillawer, with a sort of grim irony.

"And he whips his horse, sure of meeting with what he wants not far off, for misery is not difficult to find. But even where he is stopped by those who want to sell him some dirty rags, he is treated with a sort of suspicious contempt. He is seldom permitted to advance to the fire-side. The ware is taken to the threshold, where the bargain is made."

I soon bade my "pillawer" good-morning, for my legs carried me faster than his pony did him. Arrived at the top of the hill, I heard the measured and rapid stroke of a vast number of flails at work. Presently I came upon a joyous company of threshers, and among them many comely women, their cheeks glowing with the exercise, their neat and finely chiselled features set off by their snowy caps, their rounded forms shown to great advantage by their close-fitting bodices and petticoats, and their well-formed ankles by their tightly strained black stockings. There was a good deal of laughing and joking going on; and as I came up, a jolly Breton called

out, "Voulez-vous vous marier? En voici," pointing to the women, "pour choisir." "C'est vrai," I replied, "elles sont belles comme des anges; mais, malheureusement, j'ai une femme chez moi." This elicited a burst of laughter, upon which I doffed my cap respectfully to the pretty paysannes, and passed on.

I found by reference to my map that this was the village of Trémuson. Here for the first time I saw a church which reminded me of one of our village churches; but the figure of M. le Curé, in cassock, bands, and hat, like that worn by our Deans and Bishops only, reminded me that I was not in England, and I rejoiced to think that we of the English clergy are free to roam about our parishes in shooting-jackets and "wide-awakes." On entering the churchyard, I perceived what I had never seen before: it was a charnel-house. Under a lean-to roof, supported by wooden balusters springing from walls of about four feet high, were deposited a quantity of skulls and other human bones. I afterwards found that these charnel-houses or ossuary chapels are general. It appears that when skeletons are thrown up in digging new graves, they are placed in these buildings. They look rather grisly, but they must have a solemnizing and salutary effect upon the persons entering the church. It is useful to look upon the image of death, the "plurima mortis imago," and to be reminded that—

> "The sceptre, learning, physic, must
> All follow this and come to dust."

On mentioning these charnel-houses, after my return, to a gentleman who lives in my neighbourhood, he said that he perfectly remembered such a one as I described, at Harwich. I believe the present Grammar School at Norwich was once a charnel-house.

I did not think it worth while to seek the keys of the church, for peeping in through one of the windows, I saw that there was nothing within but whitewashed walls, pews, and tawdry altars. The Côtes du Nord are certainly behind the rest of Brittany in architectural taste.

Here I observed a curious example of the manner in which the paternal government takes care of its children. It thinks itself bound to provide the quidnuncs of every remote village throughout the vast French empire with newspapers *gratis*. Pasted up on the piers of the churchyard-gate was a *résumé* of all the political and general news of the day,—"By order of" that hard-worked paterfamilias, "Le Ministre de l'Intérieur." Here I had the pleasure of reading the Emperor's speech on drinking the Queen's health, and Prince Albert's reply. It is certainly very pleasant for economical readers to have their newspaper printed and published for them at the expense of the country, particularly if they want to know only one side of every question; but I wonder what the press thinks of it. That Ministre de l'Intérieur must be rather a disagreeable rival to proprietors and editors.

The cottages which I had hitherto met with had been generally built of solid blocks of granite, and may have stood for centuries. Their place was now supplied by mud cabins. All the little boys went barefoot, apparently in preference to wearing shoes; for I observed some peasant women carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, while they placed their pretty white feet fearlessly and firmly on the granite road. The shoes and stockings were kept to be put on before entering a town. The fields were here larger than those I had hitherto passed, and the valleys were all scientifically irrigated. These were of the deepest and richest green, which contrasted deliciously with the yellow stubbles and cornfields, and the white buckwheat. The sun shone brightly, and the whole landscape was alive with the picturesquely attired peasantry. As if to add to the enchantment of this lovely scene, some peasant girl was every now and then heard accompanying her work by singing one of those plaintive sônes which produce so soothing an effect upon the spirits. It must have been one of them that David played to calm the violence of Saul's madness. These melodies proceed by some sequence of notes which is altogether foreign from the rules of modern music, and totally independent of the diatonic scale. They are not

in the minor mode, but the effect is somewhat the same. They never leave off on the key-note; the ear is left unsatisfied, and the effect is most mysterious and poetical. They thus attain the end of all high art, poetry included, which is to excite rather than satisfy the imagination, and to suggest an idea which, like the glittering gem of the Arabian tale, ever eludes the grasp. The lovely weather, the novelty of the scene, and the invigorating effect of my three days' tramp in this pure atmosphere upon my own health and condition, all combined to make this walk of twelve miles from St. Brieuc to Châtelaudren one of the most delightful journeys I had ever taken. How I pitied the unfortunates who are obliged to drive in carriages! With what exultation did I breast the hills, and turn round on their summits to let the breeze fan my cheek! There are, no doubt, persons to whom it is a physical impossibility to walk; but such persons can never know what the pleasure of travelling really is. It is the combination of locomotion and change of scene, with physical exertion and the sense of small difficulties overcome, that gives travelling its true zest; and these conditions are fulfilled only in the case of the pedestrian.

On arriving at the pretty little town of Châtelaudren, I found that I had walked about four leagues in three hours, and felt quite ready for a substantial breakfast. There was, however, a difficulty,—it was Friday. There was no meat in the house; and if there had been, the good people would have dressed it with a very bad grace. I therefore made a virtue of necessity, and was a good Catholic for the nonce. This was a course which I had no reason to regret, for the breakfast was excellent. First came a tureen of *soupe maigre* made with vegetables and butter, with delicious light French roll broken down into it: it was a most refreshing dish. This was succeeded by a fried sole. Then came *haricots verts*, or French beans, *à la maître d'hôtel*, a capital omelette, and a dessert of peaches, apricots, and pears. In the middle of the table there is always placed in Brittany a huge mound of the sweetest fresh butter, to which you help yourself *ad libitum*.

The repast was washed down with some excellent cider; and, for this I paid a franc and a half. I observed that all the members of the household, including the pretty hostess, who was dressed in the costume of the country, with a cap somewhat modified for the purpose of showing a profusion of wavy tresses of golden hair, took occasion, on some pretext or other, to come into the room and to address some remark to me. A walking Englishman was, no doubt, a curiosity. The chambermaid, or female waiter, was a very communicative, clever sort of person, like most of her class in Brittany, and having engaged her to act as guide, I sallied forth to view the town.

Châtelaudren is built in a hollow, and consists of a wide street, with tall houses at either side, terminated by a large church. It has a somewhat deserted appearance, the grass grows in the streets, and one wonders by whom the tall houses are inhabited. M. de Souvestre tells us that its mournful air is to be attributed to a terrible inundation, by which it was destroyed in the year 1773. In one of the principal houses a joyous party were assembled at a fête. At the door stood a young engineer and his betrothed, of whom he was reluctantly taking leave to make a short journey on business connected with his profession. He embraced her tenderly; and having presented her with a rose as a parting gift, he mounted his horse and rode away. On reaching the heights, he was overtaken by a violent storm accompanied by torrents of rain; and on his return next day, found a lake where the night before he had left a flourishing town. The waters of the Leff had burst their barriers and inundated the valley, and nothing was now seen of the house in which he had left his beloved but the tops of the chimneys. When the deluge had subsided, her dead body was found with the rose, which had been her lover's parting gift, in her bosom. This young engineer was M. Souvestre's father. Ever since this tragical event, Châtelaudren has seemed to wear mourning, and in memory of the victims of the inundation, a light is always kept burning in the principal church.

My first visit was, of course, paid to the beautiful but

cruel and capricious "River of Tears," the parter of true lovers, the Leff. It flows down from the heights above the town; and after turning some picturesque mill-wheels, and tumbling over the rocks in a fine cascade, is confined by a dam, and forms a pond of considerable extent. It was this pond that, overflowing its banks, inundated the town. A pool or a deep hole in a river, is in Brittany always an animated scene. Here the good-wives of the town were assembled to wash their linen. Kneeling on a board, they were beating and rinsing and wringing the unfortunate sheets and table-cloths and napkins which are so lavishly supplied to the traveller, while the air resounded to the blows of their wooden mallets, the clatter of their tongues, and the merry ring of their laugh. Wallowing like otters in the water near, were a number of amphibious boys, with bright eyes and merry faces, the very picture of enjoyment. They had not taken the trouble to undress, and evidently thought that the obvious way of spending a long hot summer's day was to roll about in the river. Hardy, intelligent little scamps! in a few years you will don the crimson trousers and the jaunty casquette, and be ready for any mischief a successful filibuster may set you to do!

Beside the cascade was a public promenade, laid out with gravel walks and seats, sheltered by rows of umbrageous elms. Here the inhabitants walk in the afternoon, and listen to an amateur band. The middle and lower classes in France are certainly greatly our superiors in their mode of amusing themselves. There is scarcely a large village which is not provided with a promenade where they will walk with their wives and daughters, listen to the band, play at dominoes, or shoot at a mark. It would be long before the inhabitants of a remote town, of a couple of thousand inhabitants perhaps, such as Attleborough, would think of laying out or resorting to a public pleasure-ground; and if they did, they would soon make it unfit for decent people, by using it as an excuse for drinking and worse.

From the promenade I proceeded to the pretty little church

of Our Lady, on the hill at the further extremity of the town. It much resembled an English country church, and the interior arrangements were in good taste. The floor was apparently formed of old stone coffins, but they were laid evenly, and were newly swept. There were not many pews, and the high altar, which was richly gilt, was not deformed by ugly doll-like statues. These were reserved for the side-chapels. In the larger church there was nothing remarkable.

Posted on all the public places were advertisements of a fête which was to be held after Vespers on the following Sunday se'nnight. It entered minutely into all the rules of the *étiquette* to be observed. Among these the following seemed to me to require explanation: "Nul danseur ne pourra dérober sa dame pendant le même balance." And again: "Nul ne pourra s'opposer à que l'on dérobe sa danseuse." In my ignorance of French, I thought that *dérober* must be derived from *de*, from, and *robe*, the gown, and have reference to the taking off the *robe*; but my conductress assured me that I was wrong in my etymology. She added, however, in her patois, that there was "de quoi agacer un Messieur étranger" in these dances. I replied, "Je le crois bien." The lower orders always say Messieur for Monsieur: it is a remnant of the 'Messire' of the times of Froissart, Rabelais, and even La Fontaine. I should have much liked to have remained for this fête, which is resorted to from all parts; but it would have delayed me too long.

Returning to the inn, I resumed my knapsack, and started at about two o'clock on my afternoon walk of four leagues to Guingamp. At the village of Plouagat I stopped to look at the church, in the porch of which was an inscription to a former Rector of the parish, written by himself. I thought it rather touching, and took it down. The sentiments are better than the Latin:—

"Hîc jacet, expectans promissæ munera lucis,
Pauper Evangelii præco Christique minister,
Staturâ parvus, tenui, virtute minor, heu!
Ante Deum minimus, meritis nullusve, Johannes
Zacharias Bourgneuf, multis indignus ab annis

Ecclesiæ Rector, vulgò de Plouagat. O vos
Dilectæ quas rexit oves, succurrite vestro
Pastori precibus vestris, succurrite votis.
Ipse gregi præstabit opem, redamabit amantes.
Flectere tentetis supremi Judicis iram,
Ipse memor patrem, Christo redeunte rogabit
Ut simul in patriâ corregnat cum grege pastor,
Ut simul eternâ cum Jesu in pace quiescant. Amen."

At about six I overtook my "pillawer" friend of the morning, on the heights above Guingamp, and passing the barrack and the Grand' Place, put up at the Hôtel de France, after a delightful walk of eight leagues.

CHAPTER V.

GUINGAMP.—GRACE.—BÉGARD.

GUINGAMP.—TROJAN AND BRETON LAUNDRIES.—THE MARKET-PLACE, ITS HUMOURS AND FOUNTAIN.—CHURCH OF "OUR LADY OF GOOD HELP."—ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS.—A BRETON FARM.—AN ENGLISH EXILE.—"PARDON" OF ST. YVE D'IRLANDE.—"OUR LADY OF GRACE," HER CHURCH AND WELL.—SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL.—PÉDERNEC.—SHOOTING AT THE POPINJAY.—MILITARY FEAST.—"PARDON" OF GRACE.

GUINGAMP is a brilliant, set in a carcanet of emeralds and gold. Built on the declivity of a steep hill, past which dances the lovely Trieux, it is surrounded on all sides by the most verdant of woods, the richest of cornfields, and the greenest of meadows, watered by innumerable brooks, and interspersed with villages and châteaux. I never felt the inspiriting effect of outward objects of beauty so strongly as when, after having taken a cup of delicious *café au lait* at seven o'clock, on Saturday, the 14th of August, I strolled from my hotel up the picturesque market-place, past the cathedral of Our Lady, and on to the ancient ramparts of the city, now laid out as a promenade. The morning was lovely, and I could see the richly wooded landscape stretching for miles around, and studded with white villages, homesteads, and cornstacks. In the distance rose the lofty and graceful spire of Grâce. Beneath my feet rolled the Trieux, past the old fortifications and the escarped rock upon which they were constructed, the face of which is now clothed with fig-trees and rock-plants innumerable. Westward rose the graceful group of towers and spires which crown the church of Our Lady, mingled

with and dominating a fantastic throng of quaint peaked gables and high-pitched roofs, pierced with rows of garret windows, and flanked by round turrets, with which the nobility used to defend, or ornament, even their town dwellings. And, that the charms of animated nature might not be wanting to add to the enchantment of the scene, groups of peasants were flocking in to market, the women mounted astride on great pack-saddles, and all dressed in the neat and rational dress of the country.

Having drunk in this delicious scene for awhile, I descended the side of the declivity by a flight of steps to a road which winds round the rock and fortifications, to some picturesque water-mills on the Trieux.* Here, as at Châtelaudren, were the amphibious boys, and the stone lavatory with a flow of fresh water always running through it, and the pretty washerwomen kneeling at the side, or, with dress tucked up, standing in the water, washing their clothes and chatting and laughing. It reminded me forcibly of one of Homer's finest contrasts, where Troy's sad state and her former sweet peaceful prosperity are brought before the mind's eye with a refinement of art, which almost tempts one to imagine that it was accidental :—

> Ὡς ἄρ' ὅγ' ἐμμεμαὼς ἰθὺς πέτετο· τρέσε δ' Ἕκτωρ,
> Τείχος ὕπο Τρώων, λαιψηρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα.
> Οἱ δὲ παρὰ σκοπιὴν καὶ ἐρινεὸν ἠνεμόεντα
> Τείχεος αἰὲν ὑπ' ἐκ κατ' ἀμαξιτὸν ἐσσεύοντο·
> Κρουνὼ δ' ἵκανον καλλιῤῥόω, ἔνθα δὲ πηγαὶ
> Δοιαὶ ἀναΐσσουσι Σκαμάνδρου δινήεντος.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Ἔνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτάων πλυνοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγὺς ἔασι
> Καλοὶ, λαΐνεοι, ὅθι εἵματα σιγαλόεντα

* Our stereograph No. 5 was taken from the stone parapet of a small bridge over the Trieux, where it flows round the western outskirts of Guingamp, under the road to Morlaix and Lannion; the best of all positions, as the gathering crowd were unable to molest us in front of the camera. Mr. Taylor took the view three times before he quite satisfied himself as to the quality of the negative; and as our tent was erected in my bed-room at the Hôtel de France, it was no easy task to reply to the multiplicity of questions put to me by the curious, whilst he went to and fro to develope the plates and prepare new ones. The grotesque mixture of style in the architecture of the cathedral may be well observed in the west front, by contrasting the Renais-

Πλύνεσκον Τρώων ἅλοχοι, καλαί τε θύγατρες,
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν νῖας Ἀχαιῶν.

which I give, for the benefit of the unlearned reader, in old George Chapman's strong and inimitable English :—

"So urged Achilles Hector's flight, so still fear's point did sting
His troubled spirit, his knees wrought hard, along the wall he flew
In that fair chariot-way that runs beneath the tower of view
And Troy's wild fig-tree, till they reached where those two mother springs
Of deep Scamander poured abroad their silver murmurings.

. . . . . .

There water's concrete crystal shined, near which were cisterns made,
All paved and clear, where Trojan wives and their fair daughters had
Laundry for their fair linen weeds, in times of cleanly peace,
Before the Grecians brought their siege."

The whole scene was reproduced, even to the watch-tower and the fig-tree growing against the wall.

A narrow street turning to the right, opposite the mills, brought me back to the market-place, and I began to reflect upon the reason and fitness of the Breton arrangements for washing. Every one who washes at home in England knows that the fuel, the soap, and the wash-tubs are destructive alike of domestic comfort and moderate incomes. Moreover the cottage of an English peasant who takes in washing is always untidy; the wash-tubs are lying about, and the atmosphere is turned into hot steam, which must be hurtful to health. These inconveniences have been so generally felt here, that public washhouses have been established in many places. Now the object of these public washhouses is attained in Brittany with much less trouble and expense, and the washing is better done. Feeling an interest in the matter as a question of some social importance, I made inquiries as to the

sance of the south tower with the beautiful older Romanesque of the north. Towards the centre of the picture, at the foot of the little wooden bridge, is a locksmith's house, upon which may be read the words, "Le Cheruy, Fils, Serrurier." Before this is an enclosure of cross poles, and beyond is the very pretty garden and richly-laden orchard of our hotel. In the garden, along the bank of the Trieux, at a point concealed from view in the stereograph, were two exceedingly tasteful summer-houses, covered with the Passion-flower (*Passiflora cærulea*) in full bloom, and the opposite bank of the stream was alive with women vehemently batting heaps of wet linen at the lavatories.—*L. R.*

details of the Breton mode of operation, and was told that the clothes are first roughly washed in the lavatories, as I saw. They are then taken home and spread in layers in a large tub, with a bung-hole in the bottom. Some coarse sacking is next laid on the top, and on that a thick layer of wood-ashes. Upon the ashes is then poured boiling water, which, after having taken into solution the potash contained in them, passes through the clothes, and is let out at the bung-hole, carrying with it all grease and impurities. This process is repeated until the linen assumes that snowy whiteness which I so much admired in the Breton caps, and which, no doubt, was equally admirable in the εἵματα σιγαλόεντα of the Trojan matrons. The clothes thus washed have this great advantage over those washed in the English fashion, that they do not smell of soap. Oh, commend me to the Trojan and Breton laundry-maids! Had Beau Brummel known of them he would have sent his shirts and cravats by express, every Saturday night, to Brittany. I intend to read a paper on the subject at the next meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science.

I found I had still a good hour and a half till breakfast, and resolved to spend it in taking a more detailed observation of the lower parts of the town. The market was now in full activity, and thronged with buyers and sellers; and, what with the picturesque houses by which it is surrounded (see stereograph No. 6*), and the gay dresses of the people, pre-

* Stereograph No. 6, representing the somewhat grotesque overhanging houses on the west side of the Place at Guingamp, affords a curious illustration of the results of photography upon a passing crowd. Our camera was pitched upon an elevated plateau, within the parapet seen in the right-hand corner of the picture, and so incessant was the traffic up and down the street this busy market-day, we waited in vain for anything like a clear field. The peasantry were too much occupied with the business of the morning to give heed to our entreaties to stand motionless for a moment, and when a group, disposed to chat with one another, complied laughingly with our request, the repose of the scene was disturbed, before we could secure the picture, by some bouncing dame coming athwart the view, or by a meditative lass high-seated on a mound of sacks upon a horse. The street at the moment of taking the picture was alive with such passing groups as these, but as the figures were moving, no trace of them is seen, except a light smear along the

sented a very pretty and animated scene. Here were piles of wooden shoes, vegetables, fruit, and pots and pans of graceful and rational forms. There was a conjurer, with a brazen horn on his forehead, upon which he gave the crowd to understand that he would catch a kind of quoit which he threw up in the air; but he failed ignominiously, and when saluted with a derisive laugh, had nothing better to say than, "Mais ce n'est pas tout." Here, again, was an Autolycus shouting to the portly dames and pretty lasses who passed his stall, "Voilà vos bas, voilà vos fils, voilà vos aiguilles! Achetez, Mesdames, achetez!"*

At the top of the market-place is a pretty fountain, in the style of the Renaissance (see stereograph No. 8).† It is said to have been executed by an Italian artist in the fifteenth century.

The Church of Our Lady, of which the towers and graceful spire are seen in stereographs Nos. 5 and 9, next claimed

shops, caused by the glaring whiteness of their caps. One or two women, in the distance, remained still long enough to be more defined in outline, but they were quite unconscious of our proceedings. A gentleman at the door of the "Librairie" is probably contemplating with amusement to himself the trials of photographers under difficulties.—*L. R.*

* Among the houses on the side of the Grand' Place, at an angle with the preceding view, is one illustrative of the hooded form of roof; and there being little traffic in the street, a tolerably clear stereograph, No. 7, was the result. On examining the board on which is written, in bold characters, "Débit des Tabacs," may be seen a line of small print above and below it, indicating that the tobacco is from the government establishment. At the top is, "Débit des contributions indirectes," and along the bottom, "des manufactures Impériales;" at each end of the board is an imitation of the government stamp. On the left of this shop is that of a paper-hanger, as may be seen by his board, "Nogre, Peintre. Papiers Peints." On the right-hand corner of the tobacco warehouse, the word "tabac" appears twice in small letters, and the name of the street, "Rue Jean-Jacques." In the extreme right-hand corner of the picture, a Breton peasant leaning on the shafts of his cart is watching our proceedings, and in the doorway over him, by the side of which a placard announces that there is something "à louer," a woman and a little girl are wondering what we are about.—*L. R.*

† In taking our view of the fountain, stereograph No. 8, at a time when the women of Guingamp were busy replenishing their water-jars, we had to contend with the disappointment of several failures, owing not only to the passing to and fro of the market-day crowd, but of figures constantly moving about at the *jets d'eau*. At length a merry group of four peasant-girls, chattering to-

my attention.* It contains excellent specimens of three distinct styles, Romanesque, pointed Gothic, and Renaissance. The north porch, which faces the street running up from the market-place, is very curious, but owing to the narrowness of the thoroughfare, it was found impossible to bring it within the compass of the camera. It consists of a sort of lean-to roof, supported by and ornamented with rich stonework, surmounted by two very grotesque and hideous gurgoyles. Inside this, and separated from the street by a large wicket-gate, was erected a temporary altar, before which was a vast throng of worshipers, as well men as women, engaged in silent devotion. The east end is apsidal, and from the intersection of the nave and choir springs the graceful spire seen in stereograph No. 5. It is built of solid blocks of red granite, the stone of the country, and is pierced with numerous little windows, which give it a very light and graceful effect. Stereograph No. 5 gives also the two square towers at the west end of the nave. That to the north is Romanesque, or as we should, very inaccurately, call it in England, Norman; that to the south is a favourable example of Renaissance, retaining as it does much Gothic feeling. The doorway between them (see stereograph No. 10) is as good as anything in that debased style can be. And here I may observe that the Renaissance in France as-

gether, induced me to hope that an appeal to their patience to stand still for a few seconds would enable us to secure a picture. They set down their pretty earthen jars, as may be seen in the stereograph, three on the stones, and three on the wet steps of the fountain; but although comprehending the earnestness of my appeal, "*soyez comme mortes*," they could not for laughing one with the other remain motionless long enough for our purpose. Of one of them a ghostly trace of the head and cap is all that is visible. On the right of the fountain a woman is leaning forward, washing fish from a basket which stands behind her; and beyond her is a *cabaret*, on the centre shutter of which may be read the words "Café, Vin." Further away on the Place, and before the trees, is a group of women sitting with baskets of fruit; and among the houses is a druggist's shop, over the window of which may be noticed the word "Pharmacie," and the name of the proprietor, "Dronide . . ."—*L. R.*

* The only site available for taking a near view of Guingamp cathedral was, as it were, behind it (stereograph No. 9). The sun was getting far round to the west when we reached this spot, and already casting broad dark shadows on the edifice. The opposite side of the road was wholly in shadow, and

sumed a much less stiff and unmeaning development than in this country. Instead of the mean low coverings of the Elizabethan house, we have in Brittany noble high-pitched roofs, while the details of the ornament, as in this doorway, still retained much of the freedom and frolic fancy of the thoughtful northern artist. For the power of playing with a great subject is given only to the thinker of the highest order. A superficial blockhead is always solemn and serious, and can never get beyond the regions of matter-of-fact. The juxtaposition of deep convictions and strong will with easy light-hearted mirth scandalizes him; he cannot understand it.

Entering by the north porch, I was much struck by the uninterrupted *coup d'œil* to the very *penetralia* of the apse. Here was no clumsy organ-loft to obstruct the view. A light railing of wrought ironwork, painted and gilt, was the only separation between the nave, the transepts, and the choir, with their aisles and side chapels; and thus the eye was at liberty to wander through the dim mysterious perspectives, and to lose itself among the mazes of light graceful arches and flying buttresses which supported the numerous chapels in the aisles of nave, choir, and apse. The seats for the clergy in the choir, technically called *misereres*, were not so high as to arrest the eye or spoil the effect; but two rows of pews, with doors and locks, disfigured the nave. In these I noticed some ladies reading their prayers, and looking very much like the Pharisee in the parable; while the peasant men and women on their knees on the floor of the church, without books, and making known their wants to the Supreme Being in their own words, seemed to me to be much more in earnest, and

a diligence standing next an erected pole is scarcely discernible in the stereograph, except by the faintest possible gleams of light on the foot-board and along the top of the *banquette*. Over the Messagerie-office a long board announces the route of the diligence from Guingamp to St. Brieuc, and that it is in correspondence with Dinan, St. Malo, and Rennes; and across each of the windows above the board may be observed "Entreprises," with the word "Universelles" within the arch at the top. On the opposite side, built up against the cathedral, is the home of the Fire Brigade. Over the door to the left of the engine-house may be seen a board with the word "L'Incendie," in rather pale letters.—*L. R.*

more comfortable too. I should hardly have expected to find that the pursuit of "genteel religion" had penetrated into an obscure town in Brittany.

The church is gradually being restored; and the chapel of the dead struck me as being done in good taste. The altar is of the ancient form, and it is not covered with gewgaws. Over it is a picture by a native artist, of "the Doom," which, it need hardly be observed, is very different in spirit and execution from "the Doom" of Fra Angelico. The baptistery has been restored in Renaissance, the font being in the form of an Egyptian sarcophagus.

I now returned to my inn; and after a breakfast of fresh sardines, stewed kidneys, *bif-tek aux pommes-de-terre*, fricasseed chicken, omelette, cheese, peaches and pears, washed down with half a bottle of Bordeaux, I hired a guide, and set off in search of châteaux, churches, abbeys, the picturesque in general, and any adventures which chance might send me.

My guide, a handsome, dark-eyed, mild-looking Breton youth of eighteen, first led me across the fields to the abbey of Sainte Croix, or Holy Cross, now turned into a farmhouse. The walk is very pretty. After going about a mile along the high-road to Pontrieux, you take a short cut across the fields till you come to the river Trieux at a bridge. On the other side of this stands the abbey, with its ruined church and its picturesque corn-mills, the splash and clatter of which serve to give animation to the scene. The church, like most of the purely monastic buildings which I have seen in this country, is heavy. It now serves as a barn, and general receptacle for cider-presses, old carts, and other lumber. Some of the choir windows remain, and are of flamboyant or florid Gothic. Rising from the front of the conventual buildings is a fine massive round tower, with a turret springing from it about halfway up its height. A farm-servant, who spoke only Brezonec, replied to my guide's request to see the interior, by a cheerful "Ja, ja!" and we were left to wander alone into every part of the house.

The kitchen, or hall, was, as usual, furnished round the

side with *lits-clos* of polished chestnut, the curtains gathered up into graceful folds. Against the walls stood cupboards and wardrobes of the same handsome wood, their fantastic locks and hinges of steel and brass, polished to the utmost. From the massive beams of the ceiling hung a goodly row of hams and flitches of bacon, not very thick, it must be owned, but reaching down nearly to the floor, the produce of a race of pigs which prevails throughout Brittany. They are long-legged, humpbacked, greyhound-snouted, lop-eared, about as tall as a donkey, and as broad across the shoulders and loins as a cat. On a shelf, hung from the ceiling, was ranged a row of neatly polished shoes, some of them with buckles, kept for the holiday use of the bourgeois and his family. The dressers were resplendent with immense brass skillets, not less than a yard across, as bright as a new sovereign. A massive table seemed to groan under the weight of huge rings of bread and large basins of milk, while about the house bustled three stalwart, broad-hipped, bare-legged Bretonnes, under the direction of the portly bourgeoise, in her snowy cap. It was a pleasing scene of rustic splendour and abundance.

Turning out of the hall or keeping-room, we entered the dungeons of the tower, now used as sculleries. The washing-tubs, and other domestic utensils, in combination with the massive pointed arches and groining, had an odd effect. Here, too, were some more *lits-clos,* for the male servants. We next ascended the broad newel staircase which leads to the upper stories of the tower, now used as bedchambers: these were large, lofty, and clean. In the corners were handsome beds, furnished with snowy festooned curtains, and round the walls, wardrobes still handsomer and more ornamented than those below.

In our English farmhouses we should see more outward neatness, but I question whether the beds would be so clean and sweet, or the fare so good and wholesome. There would, it is true, be numbers of frippery and vulgar ornaments on the table and chimneypiece of the show-parlour, gaudy albums

on the table, and perhaps a pianoforte might be lying open, for show, not use; but no magnificent massive tables, no elegant, and at the same time, useful presses and wardrobes. The habitation of the Breton farmer, by all persons of judgment, must be acknowledged to display more real taste and comfort than those of our yeomen. Why should this be? There is no necessary connection, surely, between "progress" and vulgar taste, or between civilization and the aping of the manners of the rich and idle.

In crossing the river I could see many a wide circle formed by the great trout as they rose at the green-drake. Brittany is, in fact, a perfect paradise for the fly-fisher: it is intersected by innumerable trout-streams, which have not yet been flogged by cockneys, and the trout are as simple and unsuspecting as the pretty Bretonnes who wash in their waters.

We now returned into the road to Lannion, which we followed for awhile, and then struck into a bye-road, running up and down steep hills, and between thick hedgerows, low bushy woods, and beech-groves. Several châteaux were passed, among which I particularly remarked that of Caribeau (I will not vouch for the correctness of the name, for it was taken down from the mouth of my guide). It had the high roofs and pointed turrets which render the domestic architecture of the seventeenth century in Brittany so much superior to that of the same period in England. Presently we followed a path across the fields, and came upon a Manor House, surrounded by a moat, now in process of demolition.

We next visited the château of Glisker, a fine old Hall of the eighteenth century, added on to a much older building, the remains of which may be traced in the courtyard behind. There was a look about it and some children whom I saw playing in the garden, which seemed to me to be foreign from Brittany. The pigs, too, which were lying about in the farmyard, at the foot of the old towers, were broader across the back than any I had seen since leaving England. I was therefore not surprised when I learned from my guide that the inhabitants were English. Here, then, in this out-of-way

corner of Brittany, one of my eccentric countrymen had ensconced himself with his whole family; and as my host of the Hôtel de France afterwards told me, occupied his time with fishing and the chase, including, of course, hunting and shooting. It was a charming house in the midst of a lovely landscape; yet the life of an exile must be wearisome, even though it be spent in one of the prettiest and most English-looking provinces of France. There must be a painful feeling of isolation. Even Gibbon, writing his history on the banks of the Genevan lake, felt it. How much more those whose most serious occupations are only the amusements of men engaged in active life! It is pleasant, for a time, to get beyond the influence of that meddling personage Mrs. Grundy, to escape the stiff respectabilities, the narrow prejudices, and the despicable shams of an English country neighbourhood; but even these remind us that we are citizens of a great nation, and have a stake in its fortunes; and this tends to keep up that self-respect, without which we are apt to fall into a heartless epicureanism. The more our sympathies are diffused, the more excellent will be our life, as the tree which strikes its roots and fibres most widely into the soil produces the most abundant fruit and foliage.

Pushing boldly over the fields to Grâce, across streams, up hills, down dales, and through those curiously hollowed-out lanes which have been worn by the feet of hundreds of generations, and washed by the floods of a thousand years, we presently came to a little hamlet, where, among a clump of trees, was a statue of St. Yve d'Irlande, a favourite saint in these parts. There is a "Pardon" held here in May. My guide told me it was "good for the stomach-ache;" but I rather fancy that some of those who resort to it, find next morning that instead of losing the ache in their stomachs they have only got an additional one in their heads. It is not impossible, however, that the long walk and the subsequent carouse may sometimes restore the languid powers of the gastric mill to healthy activity.

The tower and spire of Grâce are lofty, and may be seen at

a great distance. The spire is of that light character, pierced with innumerable unglazed windows, which prevails in the diocese of Tréguier. Round its base is a gallery with pinnacles at the corners. The church consists of choir and nave, with south aisle, down the side of which are gables. There is nothing remarkable in the interior; the pillars are without capitals, the roof wooden and of poor construction, the font a wretched sarcophagus-shaped thing, the altars the same, and very tawdrily decorated with artificial flowers. There are plenty of square pews. On the external doors are some curious though late carvings. One represents "the Doom," and an angel is observed weighing a soul, the devil trying to pull down the opposite scale. The east window is blocked up by a wretched altar-piece; but underneath it, externally, is a sparkling well, dedicated to Our Lady. Here was a pretty Bretonne with bare feet, drawing water. As she walked away past the old yew-trees with her elegantly shaped pitcher supported on her head by a finely-rounded arm, while the other hung by her side, I felt that I saw the original from which the Greeks sculptured their nymphs and dryads.

I ascended the tower by a newel staircase, and from the gallery obtained a lovely view of the surrounding country. To the east was Guingamp, easily distinguished by its spires and high roofs, and further on, the tower of Ploumagoire. In the foreground, to the west, was the presbyterium, looking much like an English parsonage, with its trim gardens. A little further rose up a conical hill, crowned by a chapel. To the north might be descried, peeping out from among the trees, the towers of the château of Kermat.

My guide now showed evident signs of distress. He had long since taken off his shoes and walked in his bare feet; but even with this advantage, he found, evidently to his astonishment, that I had completely tired him out. I determined, therefore, to leave the château of Kermat, if this be the name (for I was dependent on my guide), unvisited. A draught of sparkling cold water at the elegant fountain of St. John, gave us fresh vigour, and I thought of Scott's lines,—

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Gray,
Who built this cross and well."

On my return to the Hôtel de France, I found that Mr. Reeve had arrived. He had pitched his tent in the inn-yard, and was now engaged in taking a photograph of the western porch of the cathedral, amidst a crowd of wondering but well-behaved peasantry. The camera was posted just outside the door of the presbyterium, and one of the clergy, a gentlemanlike and intelligent person, came out and talked to us of the architecture of the church. He very politely offered the photographer every facility for his work, and directed one of the boys attached to the place to keep the door shut while the process was going on. A girl who let out chairs for hire understood the whole thing at once, and seated herself, laughing, beside the door, to have her portrait taken (see stereograph No. 10*).

The next day was Sunday; and there being no English chaplain in Guingamp, I resolved to attend the principal service performed in the cathedral at ten o'clock. Remembering how sharply Lord Macaulay censures Dr. Johnson for not attending a Calvinistic place of worship in Scotland, I was afraid I might incur the imputation of bigotry if I refused to be present at the worship of the established Church of Brittany. It was obvious that I should not be accountable for what the rest of the congregation might do. They might worship whatever they liked; it was nothing to me, so long as I was at liberty to worship whom *I* pleased. As it turned out,

* In attempting to take a picture of the west door of Guingamp cathedral, we were met with the difficulty of finding the street before it inconveniently sloping, and so closed in with houses that no position was available for the camera without producing a distortion of the object. Hence the building in our stereograph, No. 10, is unavoidably out of drawing. At the moment of preparing to take the picture, a peasant-girl was busily occupied at the entrance in dusting and arranging a number of chairs; she sat motionless, however, for the time required, and her portrait, together with that of a boy who was sent to close the door, are well defined. The image of the Virgin between the arches of the doors is not a portion of the stonework, but a mere trumpery figure of painted wood.—*L. R.*

however, I heard the Nicene Creed, the "Glory be to God on High," the "Lift up your hearts," the "Holy, holy, holy," and the Lord's Prayer, which all form a part of our own communion service. They were said, it is true, in Latin; but as Latin is not to me "an unknown tongue," there was no reason why I should not join in them.

I was in good time, and having secured a chair in the nave, by the payment of one sou to a hag, I sat down and watched the congregation entering and placing themselves. Presently the peasant women came flocking in, and I soon found myself a solitary island in the midst of a sea of white caps. Then a decorous family, consisting of the papa and mamma and Seraphine and Pauline, and Alexis and Auguste, in their Sunday best, and carrying respectable-looking prayer-books, would crowd among us of the lower orders, and unlock their pews, (the "*inner* court of the *genteels*,") and settle themselves, and look about complacently, even as we do in England. I wondered where all the men of the lower and middle classes could be, for I was the only male in the nave; but presently I perceived that the transepts and the space just before the choir, were crowded with them. They stood during the whole service, except when the ringing of a bell gave notice that it was *de rigueur* to kneel down.

The service began by a hymn sung by the clergy and choir as they walked in procession round the church. It was one of those plaintive melodies, like the national "sône," which seem quite innocent of the diatonic scale, and was joined in by the whole congregation. In this there was no difficulty, as it was simple, and sung in unison, with a modest organ-accompaniment. Next came the "Glory be to God on high," and the Nicene Creed, sung in alternate verses by men and choir-boys, to a rude but wonderfully solemn kind of recitative; and finally the Lord's Prayer. But what struck me as distinguishing this service from all that I had ever heard in Roman Catholic churches, whether in Paris or England, was, that it was performed by priests and clerks, in the choir, not by professional singers or amateurs, in a gallery. In this

respect it resembled our cathedral service. But there was really no music at all; for the recitative to which the well known formularies were said, could hardly be called music. There were no pretty sentimental cadences and solo passages to show off the voice of a public singer or a favourite choir-boy, no surprising and learned harmonies to delight the scientific musician. It was the rough untutored vocal expression of worship offered by a whole congregation. Once or twice I shut my eyes, and for a moment fancied myself in one of those assemblies in an "upper chamber," when the fishermen of Galilee led the devotions of their converts in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." When I opened them my dream was dispelled by the prospect of the pews and the Parisian bonnets, no less than by the rich Gothic architecture of the building.

On leaving the cathedral I passed a bookseller's shop, where I saw exposed for sale a translation of the New Testament into Brezonec. I bought a copy for two francs, a price which places it within the reach of all, and found that it was published with the approbation of M. de Mai, the late Bishop of St. Brieuc, whose death, during the past week, I had just heard announced from the pulpit. Of his zeal in the building and restoration of churches I continually met with traces in my subsequent wanderings.

When I returned to the inn, I found that Mr. Reeve had determined to make an expedition in the afternoon to Bégard, a town about three leagues to the north-west of Guingamp, and I accompanied him. On our way we passed through the village of Pedernec, and saw all the country-people assembled and preparing to shoot at a target as soon as Vespers should have concluded. It put me in mind of 'Old Mortality,' and the shooting at the popinjay, which so roused Balfour of Burley's holy indignation. Here, for the first time, I saw one of the curious skull-boxes described by Mr. Weld. It was in the shape of a pigeon-house, the gable surmounted by a cross, and was only just large enough to contain the skull. In the gable end was cut a hole in the shape of a heart,

through which the back of the skull was seen. On either side of this were representations of tears painted in white, with the inscription, "Ici repose le chef de René Monfort, D C D (décédé) 1845." This skull-box was nailed up against the wall of the Church. I afterwards found that it was usual to place them in any conspicuous place, particularly near the chapel of the dead, or the charnel-house, on the shelf of an awmry, the capital of a pillar, or the sill of a window. The object is to attract the attention of friends and relatives, who may be induced by the sight to offer a prayer for the departed.

Bégard is a small village consisting of a few poor houses surrounding a magnificent but dilapidated abbey, now tenanted by a community of women called Les Dames de Caen. They are rebuilding their chapel. To-day was the village "Pardon," and the whole population were assembled in the church to celebrate it. After Vespers were over, a procession was formed. There were multitudes of banners, among which I observed two handsome ones of old embroidery, made, probably, out of ancient chasubles. They were carried by men, little children, and women, dressed in white. These last are called "Bonnes Sœurs," and form a kind of sisterhood, bound, while living in the world, to observe certain rules, to visit the sick, and perform other works of charity. At one side of the church I remarked, to my surprise, a party of men with their hats on; but I soon perceived that they were pensioners or persons with a military *penchant*, who had armed themselves with rusty firelocks, and were playing at soldiers. Now as a soldier's cap or helmet is supposed to form part of himself, and is worn in the highest presence, so these old Corporal Trims kept on their greasy hats in church. As the procession moved past, at a hoarse word of command from their leader, they presented arms with a prodigious clatter, and with evidently immense satisfaction to themselves. There is no danger of these old fellows imbibing philosophic and sceptical notions as long as the festivals of the Church afford them an excuse for reassuming their military air and cha-

racter, and clapping their firelocks before admiring women and children.

Then the banners, being too high to pass under the doorway erect, had to be lowered, and their bearers were obliged to make a tremendous rush out to prevent their falling. So the procession passed on, the old parson and his stalwart curate bringing up the rear, and all singing a litany. The effect produced by the shrill voices of the women and boys, beginning the "Pater de cœlis Deus," and the tenors and basses of the men responding "Miserere nobis," was fine.

We returned to Guingamp just in time for the *table d'hôte*, which was excellent; the *chef* seemed determined to outdo himself in the delicacy and variety of his dishes. After the *potage* came the *bouilli*, of which I was induced to eat for the sake of the magnificent orange-fleshed melon which accompanied it. This juicy and high-flavoured fruit is admirably adapted to correct the dryness and insipidity of the beef. Then there were salmon, and cutlets with a *purée* of potatoes, and *vol-au-vents*, and those delicious *canards aux olives;* and when I thought that the succession must have come to an end, last of all appeared the *rôties*, consisting of *gigot* and fowls. A cavalry officer who habitually dines here—for the military in France have no mess—was in full uniform; and in the middle of dinner, I suspect by special desire, his orderly came in, tramp, tramp, tramp, his sword and sabretache and spurs ringing as he walked round the table by the longest possible route and presented the military report of the day to his superior. This martial display produced a prodigious sensation among the company, the officer looked more bellicose than ever, and I trembled for the security of London.

Dinner over, we strolled up to the barracks, where the soldiers were enjoying a treat in honour of the Emperor's visit to Brittany. They were seated in their barrack-room, which had once witnessed the repasts of a community of monks, and were eating a dinner which was quite as good as that from which we had just come. In tubs in a corner was a goodly array of bottles of wine, cooling; but their number

was quickly diminishing before the efforts of soldiers in their shirt-sleeves, who were employed in incessantly opening them for their companions. There was no rudeness, though there was abundance of jollity and mirth, and intense enjoyment was depicted on every face. The soldier who conducted us was addressed, in passing, from the black hole, by some unlucky wights who had chosen this time of all others to get into a scrape. I pitied the poor fellows, and was considerably relieved when he assured me that their turn would come to share in the good things when the rest had finished. The impression made upon me by this scene was, that the French soldier is a thoroughly good fellow.

After this we walked out to see the "Pardon" at Grâce, but on arriving there, found that the merry-making was almost over. The green in front of the church was occupied by booths, at which eatables and drinkables of all sorts were sold; but the owners were beginning to take them down, though it was only eight o'clock. I was greatly struck by the moderation of the people. We had met many parties returning to the town, and some of the men were a little elevated; but of actual drunkenness and brutal indecency, such as disgrace our fairs, there was absolutely none. All took off their hats to us. I just happened to mention to my companions that it was not always so, and that I remembered when our countrymen were generally saluted by naughty street-boys with a volley of broken English, usually ending with the national oath. They were incredulous; when, as if on purpose to vindicate my veracity, two pretty little peasant-girls, looking full in our faces with their large blue eyes, exclaimed, "Goddam, John!"

The shades of evening were now fast falling, when, leaving the merry scene on the village green, I walked into the church. Here were several women kneeling at their prayers, and in the deep shadow of one of the aisles I discovered a soldier almost prostrate on the pavement, and with face and hands uplifted in the fervour of his devotions. It was a touching sight, and I could not help speculating on the subject of his

prayers. Was his the broken and contrite heart, oppressed with a sense of guilt; was it now pouring out its complaint and seeking pardon and peace before the Throne of Grace? Or, while his comrades were drinking and singing without, was the poor soldier praying for the aged father or mother, or the betrothed bride from whom he had been torn by the ruthless conscription? Or was he hoping to alleviate by his prayers the penal chastisement of some loved departed one, whom he had, perhaps, been instrumental in leading into sin? Whatever the subject of his petition, I never saw so striking a picture of humility and devotion.

CHAPTER VI.

LANLEFF.—LÉZARDRIEUX.—TRÉGUIER.

"COCKED-HATS" AGAIN.—A HAPPY COUNTRY.—LANLEFF.—THE PRESBYTÈRE.—AN ABBÉ EN SABOTS.—CHURCH OF THE TEMPLARS.—THE STONE BEARS WITNESS AGAINST AN AVARICIOUS PRIEST.—A POLITE CONTROVERSIALIST.—PAIMPOL.—AN ENGLISH PRINCE IN BRITTANY.—LÉZARDRIEUX AND THE LIZARD POINT.—ORIGIN OF THE NAMES.—MEDIEVAL LEPERS.—LAWS AND CUSTOMS RELATING TO THEM.—POPULAR BALLADS.—A TRAGIC REVENGE.—CULTIVATION OF GORSE.—TRÉGUIER.—BRUTAL CONDUCT OF A COMMISSARY OF POLICE.—THE CATHEDRAL.—ST. YVE'S LIT-CLOS.—ARCADIAN SHEEP.

I WAS up early on the morning of Monday the 16th of August, and after taking a cup of *café au lait*, set out for Lanleff. The reader will observe the thoroughly Welsh character of this name. It means the town of the Leff, the "river of tears," which we met with nearer its source at Châtelaudren. I had scarcely left the town, however, when I heard some one calling after me; and on looking round, I perceived one of my old friends the "cocked-hats," toiling after me up the hill. Presently his superior officer came up, hot, red, out of breath, and in no good humour with the long-legged traveller who had so heavily taxed his pedestrian powers. "Votre passeport!" he gasped out, wiping his face with a dirty pocket-handkerchief. The passport proved, of course, to be regular, but that was not enough; Cocked-hat must know all about my private history, where I came from, whither I was going, what business I had to be there, why I travelled with a knapsack, and all the rest of it. That I was travelling for amusement he could not believe. At length he asked, "Quel com-

merce faites-vous?" and when I assured him that I "made no commerce," he rejoined, "Que portez-vous donc, dans votre sac?" "Mes chemises," I replied; "je vous les ferai voir, si vous voulez." The brute had actually the insolence to feel my knapsack; and when satisfied that I said what was true, observed sulkily that he must do his duty.

After following the "Route Impériale" for about three miles, I turned off to the right at a place called "Les Poteries," where there is a large manufactory of earthenware, particularly draining-tiles. A pretty "Route Vicinale," or village road, edged with beech and oak woods, led me to the château and village of Pommerit-le-Vicomte. At the entrance of the churchyard was a charnel-house; and in the apertures between the uprights which supported the roof were heaped up skull-boxes, such as I had seen at Pedernec. Entering a cottage to ask my way, I found the good-wife sitting at her spinning-wheel, and in the recess I observed two looms. Those stout woollen petticoats then, which had excited my admiration, are home-spun and home-woven. From their appearance I should have concluded that they were composed of something better than the rotten mixture of old rags and "shoddy," by the sale of which the millionaires of Leeds and Bradford amass their enormous fortunes. At Gommenech I crossed the Leff, and on reaching the top of the hill which overhangs the village, a most lovely and characteristic view broke upon me. There was the fertile valley, shut in on one side by precipitous hills, on the face of which cropped out every here and there, among the yellow gorse and purple heather, a grey granite rock; while a wide extent of country, occasionally rising into gentle eminences clothed with wood and cornfields, and sprinkled with farmhouses, whence the busy hum of the threshing-machine rose upon the wind, stretched away on the other side as far as the eye could reach. The summit of the highest and most escarped of the hills was crowned with the ruins of a feudal castle. To this I climbed up, and sitting upon a bank of wild thyme, surveyed the prospect at my leisure. I then examined the ruin, which consisted of the foundation of the

keep, and a massive round tower, the walls of which were at least five yards thick. Close by, in the midst of a field of buckwheat, were the remains of what appeared to me to be a chapel.

On descending this range of hills I came to the village of St. Jacques, where there was a pretty chapel, and a well and reservoir dedicated to the Saint's honour. The well flows in a pure and abundant stream from the granite rock, and is caught in a square basin, from which the village maidens fill their pitchers. This is protected from dirt by a Gothic hut with a high-pitched gable, in which is a niche for the statue of St. James. The well, having supplied the village with water to drink and cook with in the first basin, flows into another lower down, which forms the village laundry. Something like this (omitting, of course, the statue) would surely form both a useful and beautiful addition to an English village. I commend the idea to country gentlemen.

After this the road became very intricate, and I was fain to hire a little boy to guide me to my destination. His father, a sturdy yeoman, who accompanied me part of the way, told me that the harvest was unusually good, but that at all times this was a plentiful country. "Il n'y a pas de misère." In this primitive place no one is very rich, but neither is any one very poor. The effect of what is called "progress," on the contrary, is to make the rich become richer and the poor poorer, a process which is rapidly going on in England. Now our professors of social science show by statistics, beyond the possibility of gainsaying, that the prevalence of crime is in exact proportion to the prevalence of poverty. It follows inevitably that what we call "progress," by producing the extremes of wealth and poverty, must tend to foster crime. It is a startling conclusion, but cannot lead to any practical result. No one would dream of endeavouring to stop our progressive career, even if it were desirable; and being necessarily ignorant of the whole case, we cannot know whether it would be desirable. Joint-stock-bank swindles, and burglaries, and murders, and suicides, and the degradation of the lower orders, may have some use in the economy of the world, of which we know nothing.

At about half-past three I arrived at the bourg or village of Lanleff, and was disappointed to see a staring new church crowning the gentle eminence on which the town stands. I inquired for the Temple, as it is called, but the peasants could not speak French. While I was in this dilemma my eye fell upon a picturesque thatched cottage, covered with vines and enclosed within a garden-wall. It was the *presbytère*, or parsonage. "Shall I knock at the gate? No; the parson is probably bigoted and narrow-minded, ignorant of everything but crabbed school divinity and casuistry. Besides, what should *I* think if a Frenchman travelling with a knapsack at his back, were to knock at *my* Essex parsonage? I am afraid I should look rather suspiciously at him. But it is half-past three. There is no inn, and I have walked about fifteen miles without tasting anything but my cup of coffee at eight this morning. The parson may possibly be a good fellow after all. I will e'en chance it." So I knocked at the gate.

It was opened for me by a hag, who, on my asking for M. l'Abbé, ushered me through a neat garden into the kitchen. At first I was prevented from seeing anything by the clouds of tobacco-smoke which filled the upper air. But presently, as my eyes became accustomed to the reeky atmosphere, I distinguished M. l'Abbé himself, seated on the table, smoking his afternoon pipe. He was a short stout man of about fifty, dressed in cassock, bands, and cocked hat, and as I looked at his good-natured face I augured well for my reception. After we had taken off our hats to each other in due form, I opened my mission. I was a tourist, come to see the celebrated Temple church, which I had heard was in his parish, and I should feel obliged if he would kindly give me some information respecting it, or any other curiosity in his neighbourhood. He did not, naturally, seem very communicative at first, but after talking about antiquities in general, in which he seemed to feel some interest, and offering me a pinch of snuff, he went upstairs to his study for a book upon the subject; and then I perceived, for the first time, that he wore sabots, or wooden shoes. I had heard of "a poet *en*

pantoufles," but never of an "abbé *en sabots.*" On his return with the book, he excused himself for not offering me refreshment on the plea that he had dined, and that he, in company with twenty of his parishioners, was going that night to St. Brieuc to present an address to the Emperor. This was sorry news for me, but I was obliged to make the best of it, and we walked out together to visit the Temple.

The round part, or Temple proper, has long since been unroofed, and has formed a sort of porch or vestibule to a comparatively modern chancel which has been thrown out to the east, but which is now in course of demolition. In the middle of the Temple grew, till very lately, a yew-tree of great age, under the shade of which, in fine weather, the women used to kneel at Mass. This yew has just been cut down; part of the timber has been sold, and part has been kept to furnish the new church which has been lately built and is not yet quite finished. Some of the planks which I saw lying about, were eighteen inches wide. I afterwards heard this called an act of Vandalism; but I have no great respect for old trees, or ivy, if they at all interfere with a fine or curious piece of sculpture or architecture. A yew-tree is, no doubt, a beautiful object; but there are plenty of yew-trees to be seen: not so Temple churches like that at Lanleff.

It consists of a circular nave, supported on twelve Romanesque or Norman arches of the very oldest form and structure, and surrounded by an aisle pierced by twenty-four mere slits of round-headed windows, deeply splayed. Part of this aisle, towards the west, has fallen down. The perspective, as you look through the arches of the nave and catch those of the windows beyond, is very beautiful. The arch which served as a west door is rather larger than the rest, and that at the east is larger than it. On the capitals of the latter are some rude carvings; on one are two lambs; on the other, what looked to me like a sheaf of wheat. These are probably eucharistic symbols, but they have given rise to some ludicrous conjectures. One gentleman, who has written on the subject, supposes that what I took to be a sheaf, is a carding-machine,

which, in combination with the lambs, symbolized, as he conjectures, the manufacture of cloth. The Temple, then, was not a temple at all, but a Romanesque cloth-factory! It is a wonder he did not find the orifice for the chimney of the steam-engine.

Between each arch in the nave and aisles is the slender attached shaft on which the original vaulting of the roof rested. Lying about was what seemed to me to be the old altar-stone; but I could see no font. The stereograph (No. 11) shows the west side, where the aisle is broken away, and the arch of the western door, which will be seen to be a little larger than the rest. At the extreme right are seen the arches of the aisle, and to the left, beyond the round part of the building, a small portion of the dilapidated roof and window of the comparatively modern chancel.

It is a great pity that this interesting ruin is not placed among the "monuments historiques," and maintained at the expense of the government. The cost of restoring the vaulting after the model of existing Romanesque churches, and reroofing it, would be a mere trifle.

It is needless to tell the reader that the peculiarity of this and other Temple churches, such as those in London, Cambridge, Northampton, and at Maplestead in Essex, is that they depart from the type of all other churches in the West by being round. I have never heard an explanation of this, but it seems to me to be an obvious piece of symbolism. We know that the churches of Europe were ordinarily built pointing to the east. In this we followed the custom of the Jews, who, when absent from Jerusalem, prayed towards it. (See Daniel vi. 10.) But Jerusalem, in the eyes of medieval Christians, was invested with a still greater sanctity than it bore in those of the Jews, from the fact that it was the scene of our Saviour's life and death, and contained the "Holy Sepulchre." We know, from the history of the Crusades, what a stress they laid upon the possession of this sepulchre; and further, that the Templars, and Knights of St. John, specially bound themselves to protect it and the pilgrims who should visit it. To their

custody it was committed; and the temple which they built over it was circular, as being on the very spot towards which all other churches were supposed to point. The custody of the Temple was, of course, considered by them a great honour; from it they took their name, and in the churches which they erected in Europe they desired to perpetuate the fact by building them in the exact form of that at Jerusalem. Hence the churches of the Templars and Knights Hospitallers are round. These Orders, in fact, violated the received symbolism of the Western Church in their desire to exalt their peculiar function as guardians of the Holy Sepulchre.

M. l'Abbé now bethought him that there was something else worth seeing in the parish. This was a stone beside the well, on which the matrons and maids of Lanleff beat their clothes. It was really a piece of oolite; and when the Abbé wetted it, the ordinary circular marks of different sizes were plainly seen. These strange appearances are thus explained by the country-folks. In former times, when the catechumens used all to be baptized by immersion, at Easter and Pentecost, this well was used for the purpose. Now, it happened that at Lanleff there was an avaricious priest, who demanded a fee of all those who came to be baptized, and required that it should be laid on the stone before he performed the rite. This demand was contrary to the canons, and the Bishop hearing of it was angry, and resolved to discover the truth by a personal visit. He came; the avaricious priest denied the fact; when, lo! the marks of the five-franc, two-franc, franc, and half-franc pieces which had been extorted from the catechumens according to their rank and means, appeared on the stone to convict the priest, and be a warning to his successors for all time. In relating this legend the excellent Abbé showed a row of white teeth which a Bond-street dandy might have envied.

We had by this time become quite intimate; and on learning how far I had walked, and how far I purposed to walk before night, he invited me to take some refreshment before I started. The larder was not well supplied, but in answer to

a few words in Brezonec, the housekeeper brought in some peaches, apricots, plums, and pears, and placed a couple of bottles and glasses on the table. I was hot and thirsty; the fruit was refreshing, the wine excellent, and we clinked our glasses and drank each other's health. My hospitable host pressed me to take some "croc;"—"Allons, sans façon!"—and on my saying I did not know what "croc" meant, he observed that it was nevertheless English. It was, in fact, an attempt at "grog." This I declined, considering that I had eaten nothing but some fruit, and took a glass of *cassis*, a liqueur made of black-currants, instead.

We next talked of French literature, and I found that he was well acquainted with Racine, Molière, Massillon, Bossuet, Châteaubriand, and other French classics. On my mentioning Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, from which I had obtained most of my scanty knowledge of the subject, he told me that Fleury was no longer read by the young clergy, being considered a Gallican and a schismatic. I make it a rule never, if possible, to talk controversy; but on the Abbé's asking me whether I was a Catholic, I explained to him that I was a member of the Church of England. Upon this, with an urbanity which was both amusing and admirable, he begged my pardon, and protesting that he meant nothing personal, but was only speaking theologically, told me that I could have no faith, inasmuch as I did not believe in an infallible guide. I knew all about this of course, and turned the conversation to some less hackneyed subject; but I could not help admiring his good taste in not liking to hurt my feelings by telling me, point-blank, that I had no foundation for my religion, and I wished that our controversialists at home had a little of his politeness: it would not injure their cause, but rather the reverse. I was glad to hear from him, however, that while, as a priest, he had often been insulted by Frenchmen, he had always met with respect from the few English he had come across. This I thought creditable to our countrymen.

At about four o'clock I took my leave, promising to come and see him if I should again visit Brittany, while he pro-

mised to visit me should he ever go to England. I afterwards learned that he insisted on my photographic friends, who arrived soon after I had left the place, dining with him and taking a bed at the parsonage, though he himself was obliged to leave Lanleff at midnight for St. Brieuc.*

A walk of a couple of hours through a hilly country brought me to Paimpol at about six. Of the Hôtel Gicquet, at which I lodged, I am sorry to say I have no agreeable recollections. The dinner was bad, the coffee made of chicory; and my only consolation was listening to the amusing talk of two *commis voyageurs*, who played each other off, the one being a shrewd vulgar rattle, the other affecting Parisian refinement, an air of reserve, and some knowledge of art. From him I learned, among other pieces of local information, that an English Prince, known as the Prince de Cesson, resided in the neighbourhood; and he was surprised when I told him that none but the Queen's immediate family were princes in England. No doubt this prince is some English gentleman who has bought the estate of Cesson, and, as under the feudal system, the title follows the land. It of course carries no civil or political privileges.

A couple of hours next morning were sufficient to enable me to see all that was interesting at Paimpol. There is a fine

* Thanks to the favourable impression made by Mr. Jephson on the good Abbé of Lanleff, our visit to this retired spot, commencing with difficulties and disappointments, was one of the most agreeable interest. Turning out of the high-road between Guingamp and Paimpol into a narrow lane, we were forced to dismount from our carriage; and the uneasiness inspired by the violent shaking of our chemicals, as the wheels toppled off on either side from the cropping-out bits of rock into the deep cart-ruts, led us almost to despair. Our driver, who could scarcely keep his seat, nevertheless persevered, muttering as he went along, in reiterated oaths, "Sacr-r-r-r' nom de Dieu, quelle *vilaine* route!" By the time we reached Lanleff, the quality of light essential to the process of photography was fast declining, and we found the ruins we had come in search of in a hollow surrounded with trees and hedges. There was no inn in the place, and we were on the point of accepting the offer of a couple of *lits-clos* beside a blazing hearth, which a peasant-girl assured our driver we were welcome to, in a flow of Brezonec of which the meaning was sufficiently intelligible by her gestures and kindly expressions, when I thought of knocking at the garden-door of the parsonage. Little dreaming that Mr. Jephson had been here only two hours before, we were

beach, and on the quay I observed a few good and comparatively modern houses. The rest of the town is all old, and tolerably picturesque; and I visited a handsome Gothic church. The whole foreign trade of Paimpol, as my friend the commercial traveller informed me, is carried on in three vessels which resort annually to Newfoundland for cod-fish.

I set out on my day's walk at a little after nine, and on reaching the heights outside the town, enjoyed a delightful view of the neighbouring country, the sea, and the isles of Bréhat in the distance. At about four miles from Paimpol the Trieux is crossed by a suspension-bridge; and as I looked up and down the river, or rather estuary, from the middle of it, the scene reminded me of the Menai Straits. Unfortunately it was now raining torrents and blowing a gale of wind; but I saw enough to convince me that, in more favourable weather, this must be a lovely place.

It is called Lézardrieux, and the name arrested my attention from its resemblance to that of the headland on the opposite coast of Cornwall, called the "Lizard Point." But in fact there are many places in England called "the Lizard." There is one outside the town of Wymondham, in Norfolk. In all these places I have observed that there are rope-walks. Now

surprised at the ready invitation to enter which awaited us. Though it was scarcely six o'clock, M. l'Abbé had gone to bed, in order to start at midnight for the fêtes at St. Brieuc, but with the utmost readiness and kindness he dressed himself and came down, and did not retire until he had shown us to two comfortable bedrooms, prepared a supper of three or four courses with wine and "croc," and sat up with us till nearly nine o'clock, chatting about our pursuits, and asking me a multitude of questions concerning his pedestrian visitor, who had so kindly invited him to his house, "dans le canton de Essex." The following morning, in the midst of a shower of drizzling rain, and by dint of raising a platform of two planks from an empty barrel across a ditch, the stereograph No. 11 was taken, and we journeyed on by way of Paimpol and Lézardrieux to Tréguier in torrents of rain, mightily congratulating ourselves on the successful pursuit of photography under difficulties. The circular arches and rounded form of the church are well seen in the centre of the picture, and at the extreme left may be noticed the slanting dilapidated roof of the chancel. Our object in getting a position for the camera so much to the left of the cart-way, across which there is a gate in the foreground, was to bring into view the interesting feature of an outer circular aisle, the crumbling end of which may be seen to the right of the two tree-stems.—*L. R.*

when that dreadful disease, the leprosy, was introduced into Europe, towards the end of the twelfth century, by the returning Crusaders, those who were affected by it were subjected to certain regulations. They were obliged to live in communities apart from the rest of the people; the only trade they were permitted to follow was that of rope-making; they were known by the name of "Lazars," in allusion to the beggar, "full of sores," of the parable; and their villages were called "lazar-houses," or, for shortness, "lazars." Now I believe that the word "Lizard," as the name of a place, is merely a corruption of "lazar," and that "Lézardrieux" means "the lazar on the Trieux."

The horror inspired by the leper has, in Brittany, survived the leprosy, and has attached itself to the trade of rope-making, which was peculiar to lepers. Rope-makers are to this day looked upon with contempt, and called "kakous" or "cagous," that is, persons dwelling apart.

The ceremonies observed on the occasion of declaring a man a leper, and cutting him off from social intercourse, were in the highest degree terrible and tragic. As soon as it was known that any one was affected by the awful malady, the clergy and people walked in procession to his house, as if he had been actually dead, and was about to be carried to the grave. A priest, vested in surplice and stole, addressed some words of consolation to him, exhorted him to resign himself to God's will, stripped him of his ordinary clothes, arrayed him in a black gown, sprinkled him with holy water, and led him to the church. The choir was hung with black, as if for a funeral, and the priest, also vested in black, said Mass, while the leper knelt between the trestles on which the dead were carried to burial, covered with a pall, and surrounded by lighted candles. After Mass was over, the priest again sprinkled him with holy water, sang a part of the funeral service over him, and led him to his new abode, far from the busy haunts of men, and from all social consolations. Its only furniture consisted of a bed, a chest, a table, a chair, a pitcher, and a lamp. The leper was also provided with a hood,

a cloak, a sheepskin rug, a pair of clappers, a leathern girdle, and a birchen staff. The pair of clappers were for giving notice of his approach, in order that people might get out of his way. Thus in 'The Testament of Cressida,' included in Speght's edition of Chaucer, Venus is represented as condemning Cressida to go

> "Begging from house to house,
> With cuppe and *clapper*, like a Lazarous."

Arrived at the threshold of the "spittal," the priest, in presence of the people, again exhorted the lazar to be patient, warned him never to leave his house without putting his black hood upon his head and a red cross upon his shoulder; never to enter the church, nor a private house, nor a tavern; not to go to the mill or to the bakehouse; not to wash his hands or his clothes in the wells or the rivers; to appear neither at dances nor at Pardons; not to touch wares exposed for sale in the markets, except with the end of his staff; not to speak to any, or to answer unless to leeward of the person spoken to; not to walk in the lanes at eventide, nor to play with children. The officiating minister then cast a shovelful of earth on his feet, blessed him in the name of the Trinity, and returned with the people. What must have been the wretched man's despair when thus left for the first time alone in his dreary abode, excited as he must already have been by the lugubrious ceremonies he had gone through! Nevertheless we cannot but admit the wisdom and humanity of thus cutting off the infected person from contact with others, and hedging him about with a sanitary *cordon*, as it were, of horror. The ceremonies were evidently taken from the Bible; and, mingled with their terror, they have a certain tenderness about them which enhances their tragic character. The idea throughout was, that the exclusion of the leper from human society was but a carrying-out of the inscrutable design of the Almighty, in whose hands he was left. I know not whether the lepers often sought a voluntary death as the only escape from their perpetual quarantine; but I should imagine that these cere-

monies, terrible as they were, would rather have had the effect of deterring them from that extreme remedy for mortal ills.

A catastrophe so intimately connected with social feeling, and so surrounded with circumstances of tragic interest, formed the subject of many a Breton poem and ballad. It could hardly have been otherwise with a people so imaginative and so addicted to poetical expression as the Bretons. One of these ballads is still sung by the itinerant tailor or beggar as he sits at the farmer's fireside. Jan is a young peasant, whose manly form and yellow hair have made many a village maiden sigh as he passes her on Sundays, going to Mass; but he loves and is beloved by a maiden named Marie. Unhappily, she is the daughter of a leper. One day she presents herself at her lover's cottage, and addresses his aged father, who is seated by the fire, "Give me, I pray you, a seat to rest me on, and a handkerchief to wipe my brow, for your son has promised to take me for his wife." But the old man replies in bitter scorn: "My pretty one, without wishing to offend you, I must tell you that you are deceiving yourself. You shall not have my son, you, nor any daughter of a leper like you." Marie turns to depart without a word; but seizing a knife, she wounds her finger, and suffers the blood to spurt out upon the family, who thus become infected with the leprosy. Her lover dies of the loathsome disease.

Soon after I left Lézardrieux, the clouds cleared off, the sun shone out, and I could observe the face of the country. The farming seemed better than any I had yet seen. Splendid heaps of farmyard manure mixed with seaweed, all carefully built up so as to preserve the ammonia, appeared beside every farmhouse. The fields were large, and the fences well made and kept. They consisted of high banks, faced with stone; and on the top, which was broad, was a carefully cultivated seed-bed, sown with three or four rows of gorse. The fence was thus made to produce at once fuel and winter food for horses. The harvest had been all gathered in, and over the doors of the houses were hung crosses made of the new corn. A nice idea, to consecrate the harvest, as it were, by

forming its firstfruits into the symbol of redemption. The roadside crosses here were surmounted by representations of the instruments of the Passion,—the spear, the reed, the ladder, the pincers, the nails, the pot of vinegar, the sponge, the lantern, the hand (that, I suppose, with which our Lord was buffeted), the dice-box, all surmounted by St. Peter's cock. Some also had other little crosses stuck into them. On one was inscribed, "Je suis l'échelle du Paradis." Nailed against a barndoor, I observed the "pads" (*pattes*) or feet of a wolf, which must have been of gigantic size. *Ex pede Herculem.*

At about one o'clock I arrived at Tréguier, a pretty town at the mouth of the Tréguier river, and having that look of ancient gentility which a cathedral, with its various hangers-on, generally brings with it. The traveller from the eastward crosses the river by a suspension-bridge, and enters through a fine old gate with drawbridge and magnificent flanking towers. I was fortunate enough to find the table-d'hôte dinner at the Hôtel de France not yet over. How this could have happened I cannot conceive, as the regular time for dinner is five. But in Brittany the facilities for eating and drinking are wonderful. A hot dinner seems attainable at any hour of the day. There were two or three gentlemanlike and well-informed men at table, and they turned the conversation to the subject of England and the English, I suppose, to give me an opportunity of joining in it. I learned from them that there were two Englishmen residing at Tréguier ever since the year 1832, one of whom, especially, was generally liked. A friend of this gentleman's had, the week before, come to Tréguier in his yacht, and being a member of the Yacht Club, had availed himself of the Emperor's special permission to that body, to dispense with a passport. But the Commissary of Police was, it seems, ignorant of the privilege conferred upon members of the Yacht Club by his Imperial Majesty; and though Mr. G—, the Englishman so long resident in the town, offered to be security for his friend, the unfortunate yachtsman was actually shut up in the common felons' prison. I was glad to hear these gentlemen express their disgust at the brutality of the police.

My first visit, after dinner, was paid to the cathedral of St. Tugdual, of which the elegant spire, pierced with windows till it appears like network, is seen in stereograph No. 13. It struck me as being somewhat like Ely, but much smaller, and is indeed one of the most lovely works of architectural art I ever saw. The *coup d'œil* from the west door is most striking, for you have an uninterrupted view from it into the dark recesses of the numerous chapels in the apse, and your eye is never tired wandering among the maze of arches and flying buttresses and pillars and graceful capitals, in nave, transepts, choir, and aisles. The chief constructional portions of the church are "early pointed," and the arches at the intersection of choir, transepts, and nave, rise to a prodigious height, and are beyond measure graceful and imposing. All round the church are *triforia*, which produce a most charming effect. In the nave I observed two very ancient tombs of a bishop and a knight. Passing through the door of the north transept, I found myself in the cloisters. They are what are called "middle pointed;" and I sat for a good half-hour on one of the stone seats which run round them, surveying with delight the picture formed by the massive square Romanesque "tower of Hastings," at the extremity of the north transept, in combination with the pointed windows of the chapels which surround the apse, and the aerial buttresses which support its vaulted roof. The apse, from another point of view, is seen in stereograph No. 12.

Out of the cloister opens the court of the ancient episcopal palace, now inhabited by the Dean and Canons; for Tréguier was united to St. Brieuc in the new distribution of French dioceses made by Napoleon I. after the Concordat.*

I could scarcely tear myself away from this beautiful build-

* The weather was so unpropitious for photography during our brief stay at Tréguier, that our pictures Nos. 12 and 13 are sunless and gloomy. No. 12 represents the apsidal end of the cathedral with its flying buttresses, and the south window of the central transept, the foregound being occupied by some market-women and their stalls. No. 13 is taken from a secluded street running up from the market-place, for the sake of showing the curiously perforated spire of the cathedral.—*L. R.*

ing; but at length, when four o'clock struck, I set forward on my walk to Lannion, taking with me a guide from the hotel to show me the church at Kermartin, and the manor-house, where the bed-chamber, the carved *lit-clos*, and the breviary of St. Ive are religiously preserved. St. Ivo Helori is one of the most popular saints of Brittany. He was born at the château of Kermartin, in 1253, and having studied at Paris and Orléans, became a successful advocate, whence he is now venerated by Breton lawyers as their patron. There was formerly a church in Paris dedicated to him. His countrymen used to have a Mass celebrated there yearly in his honour, when a "Prose" was sung, of which the following is a verse:—

"Sanctus Ivo erat Brito,
Advocatus, sed non latro;
Res miranda populo."

"St. Ive was a Breton, a lawyer, yet not a robber; a miracle in the eyes of the people." If the account which Jacobus à Voragine gives of him in the Golden Legend, be true, he must have really been a very devoted and excellent person. Amongst other things, it is related of him, that wherever he went, he always carried about with him a Bible. Think of that, in the thirteenth century! It must surely be a mistake, for we are told that the Bible was then unknown!

A little beyond Kermartin, to the right, is the ruined church said to be called "Our Lady of Hatred," and to be resorted to by peasants who there invoke evil upon their enemies. I will not vouch for the truth of the story. My guide told me that one of my countrymen, who lived in the neighbourhood, was a "brave bon homme," adding, "il est toujours saoul!"

The country between Tréguier and Lannion was wilder than any I had yet seen. The road passed through thick but not very lofty forests, and breezy heather and gorse-clad plains, but no more orchards. At the roadsides browsed little flocks of eight or ten delicate black sheep, with prettily turned horns, and white tips to their tails, which were not cut. They looked quite Arcadian, but did not promise very thick legs of

mutton. There were some brown goats, too, with white eyebrows, and wattles hanging down at each side of their necks. All that was wanting to make it quite a pastoral affair, was a shepherdess with a broad-brimmed hat, scanty petticoats, and a guitar slung round her neck by a blue ribbon.

At about seven o'clock I arrived at Lannion, rather tired, having walked today not less than thirty miles. One of my feet, too, was blistered, and in endeavouring to spare it, I had twisted my ankle. Finding that Lannion promised much to interest a lover of the picturesque, and that moreover the Hôtel de l'Europe, kept by the Widow Piriou, rejoiced in the services of a very fair *chef*, I resolved to take a day's rest, merely strolling about the town, or visiting any object of interest in the immediate neighbourhood.

CHAPTER VII.

LANNION.—TONQUEDEC.

POPULAR POETRY.—HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE AND ITS "FLY-BITTEN TAPESTRIES."—COMMERCIAL PROGRESS.—LEANING HOUSES OF LANNION.—KING ARTHUR AND THE ISLAND OF AVALON.—POLITENESS OF THE LOWER ORDERS.—CASTLE OF TONQUEDEC.—DESCRIPTION OF BRITTANY IN THE 'ROMAN DE BRUT' STILL APPLICABLE.—ST. MICHEL-EN-GRÈVE.—ST. EFFLAM AND THE DRAGON.—PLESTIN.—CHÂTEAU OF LERMAIS.—THE "NEW THRESHING-FLOOR."—LANMÉUR AND ITS CRYPT.—ARRIVAL AT MORLAIX.

At Lannion we are in Lower Brittany. Here Brezonec is the universal language, and here may still be heard the national songs of the Cymri. For the modern Bretons, in their love of poetry and music, are the true descendants of those of whom it was said,—

> "Thise olde gentil Bretons, in here daies,
> Of divers aventures maden laies,
> Rimyden in her firste Breton tonge;
> Whiche laies with here instrumentes thei songe."

Wherever the people meet together—at fairs, at weddings, at the inauguration of a new threshing-floor, at harvest-homes, at their assemblies for spinning in the winter evenings, or at those immense gatherings of people from all parts at the shrine of some popular saint called "Pardons"—whatever be the original object of the meeting, poetry and song form a large element in the actual business. Many of the lays sung on such occasions, bear internal evidence of an antiquity which mounts up to the eighth century of our era. Each species of assembly has its appropriate songs. When the evenings are

long and the cold severe, the inhabitants of the village will meet in some roomy cottage. One blazing fire supplies them all with heat and light. The women sit round in a circle and spin, while the young men outside it endeavour to make themselves agreeable. But all, old and young, boys and girls, are expected to contribute their song or their story. Sometimes the wandering beggar knocks at the door, with his "God bless all in the house!" and is invited to enter by the answer, "And you too." Then the entertainment is varied by an accompaniment on the rebec or three-stringed fiddle. For in Brittany the poor are regarded with a sort of affectionate tenderness, and are seldom sent away from the door. They are called "God's brethren," in allusion to our Saviour's declaring that he will reward acts of charity done to "the least of these his brethren," as if done to himself. The best seat beside the farmer's fire is reserved for them, and they repay his hospitality by carrying messages, telling the news, or composing and singing the songs appropriate to the various incidents of rural life. Here then, at these winter-evening meetings, as also at the fairs, the historic ballad is most in request, and the glories of Arthur and Cradoc and Gawain and Hoel and Merlin, are sung. To weddings, the inauguration of threshing-floors, and harvest-homes, are appropriated songs of domestic life; to wakes, religious hymns; to Pardons, hymns, legends, and historic ballads.

But some of these, and they are the most ancient and curious, the Breton will not willingly sing before a stranger. They contain many words and allusions handed down from the earliest times by tradition, with wonderful accuracy; and even those who sing them scarcely know their meaning. For this very reason, perhaps, they are regarded with a sort of religious awe, as if endued with a certain mysterious virtue to move the passions. Animated by them, the undisciplined yeomanry of Tréguier, Cornouaille, and Vannes, opposed with success the organized armies of the Revolution, and even now the Breton's eyes sparkle and his lips tremble with emotion as he sings them. To us, of course, the Breton poetry can

be known only through the medium of translations, in which we lose all the associations of rhyme, metre, music, and verbal allusion, which evidently form so large an element of power. I was fortunate enough to hear some of these poems sung now by a ballad-singer, again by a peasant, and again by a blind beggar with a dog. All I could judge of was the tune and metre; but these, whether they were plaintive and pathetic, or joyous and triumphant, were better adapted to excite the emotions, than many compositions of more scientific poets and musicians.

Some of the popular poems, especially the hymns and legends, are printed on broadsides, and sold by hawkers and ballad-singers. I bought a bundle of them in a bookseller's shop at Lannion, in hopes of meeting on my return home with some Welshman who could translate them for me. But, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, to print poems like these is to ensure the destruction of popular poetry. Once the people acquire a taste for printed ballads, the genius of popular poetry will depart from them. Their national song will become vulgarized. It sprang originally from the necessities of oral recitation; it has been preserved by tradition, and when committed to print, it loses that *naïveté* which is as far removed from vulgarity as it is from over-refinement. A ballad read is as different from a ballad sung, as mutton is from venison. To print it is like taking a statue from its niche in a Gothic cathedral, and putting it under a glass case on a drawing-room table. As book-learning becomes general among the peasantry, they will cease to care for their popular poetry. The old lays will be forgotten, and there will be no power to supply their place with new. We may therefore expect that the Breton lays, after having lived in the hearts and mouths of successive generations for more than a thousand years, will perish for ever in the nineteenth century.

It is curious to observe the tendency of modern institutions to isolate the individual, to narrow his sympathies, and to concentrate all his faculties upon himself. The change in our poetry is one among many instances of this. Poetry used to form an element in social meetings and in public rejoicings,

as it still does in Brittany. It dealt therefore with subjects of historic interest, and appealed to sentiments in which all could alike sympathize. It has now taken the form of an excruciating self-examination, the dissection of a diseased mind, the unmanly whining of disappointed vanity or morbid sentiment. Even the acted drama cannot long survive among a reading people. It appeals to men in the mass; but men can now be acted upon only as individuals. We can read and admire Shakspeare's plays by our fireside, but we cannot endure to see them acted.

As yet even the colloquial language of the Breton peasant is poetical and imaginative in the highest degree. "Ask the little girl who keeps her sheep on the heath, the name of this wood," says M. Souvestre; "she will answer, 'The wood of the Bones' (*Koätscorn*); ask her the name of this rivulet; she will reply, 'The river of the Murder' (*Gouël*); of this precipice, 'The Raven's Rock.' Next question her as to her father's name, she will tell you that he is called 'The man of the large eyes' (*Lagadec*); and, if you have spoken the Brezonec of her parish, and have the air of being a countryman, she will perhaps add that her mother was 'noble,' that her name was 'The Rose of the Woods' (*Roscoël*), and that she was born at 'The Place of the little Tribe' (*Ploubian*); that she had had eight children, five of whom she had 'given to God;' that the youngest 'goads the oxen ever since the month of the white straw;' while 'the eldest is gone on the good God's sea in one of the king's ships.' When you have heard these details you may turn to go, first giving the little girl an alms; she will raise her hand to her mouth as if to convey to you the kiss of charity, and will send after you the vulgar but touching thanksgiving, 'The blessing of God be upon you.'"

But this is a digression. *Revenons à nos moutons,* or rather *à notre mouton,* that is to say, our mutton cutlet at the Hôtel de l'Europe. It is a fine old house, with an inner court and gallery, a staircase up which a regiment of Grenadiers might march in double columns, a neat garden, and a noble *salle-à-manger* hung with antique tapestry, representing the story of Coriolanus. These "fly-bitten tapestries," and "la

Veuve Piriou," the portly hostess, made me think of the Boar's Head and Mrs. Quickly, and wish for wittier company than the *commis voyageurs* who were at table. One of them was lamenting, in a very matter-of-fact manner, that he could get no orders for his chicory, because the firm for whom he travelled insisted on making it genuine, which enabled those who had more of the true mercantile spirit about them, to undersell his unenlightened and retrogressive employers. Chicory is itself, I believe, used to adulterate coffee; but it seems that we are so advanced in our career of "civilization and progress," that we actually adulterate our adulterations.

Having despatched an elaborate and excellent *déjeûner à la fourchette*, I strolled out into the town, and found my photographic colleagues, who had gone to the Hôtel de France, taking stereograph No. 14.* Here the reader sees the market-place on market-day, the house with those amazing tiers of slated hoods protecting the windows, and the peasant-women in their stalls. I had just come from my hotel down the

* At Lannion we came upon the most picturesque market-place in Brittany, and pitched our tent in the balcony of the Mairie, overlooking the busy scene represented in stereograph No. 14. It was a clear bright morning, the glare of the sun being acceptably veiled at intervals by a sea of light fleecy clouds, and the result was a picture of excellent photographic quality. The quaint architectural detail of the houses is well defined, and the figures of the peasantry were mostly secured in characteristic attitudes. In the left-hand corner of the picture may be seen a furnishing ironmonger's shop, with saucepans etc., in the window, in front of which a woman is sitting with a child on her right, between two chairs; and before them an old man is preparing to mount his white horse. On the first floor lodges a tailor, "Boulogne, Tailleur au 1^er^." Along the side of the square several women in the tasteful costume of this part of Brittany, are stationed with their little sacks of grain, and between the lower windows of the black-striped house behind them, some carpet-rugs are hanging out. Beyond is a shop with all sorts of household wonderments exposed for sale, and a busy group of women are preparing to make way for the pony-cart which is coming up to them. At the first of the booths in the central row, two women are dealing with a seedsman for some of his grain, and behind him a Breton, with his hands in his pockets, is contemplating our proceedings at the Mairie. Next to this booth is the fruit and vegetable stall, of which a near view is given in stereograph No. 16, and the space beyond it is occupied by a sort of rag fair, a quantity of old clothes being heaped on the awnings of the booths as well as on the stalls beneath. Up the street, at the end, a busy traffic is also being carried on.—*L. R.*

street which is seen to the right. Another of these wonderful houses, with turrets beside which the leaning tower of Pisa is a baby, may be seen in stereograph No. 15.* Nos. 16 and 17 give the costumes and appearance of the peasants in detail, together with a fruit-stall,† and a huge heap of silvery conger-eels.‡ Descending to the river Guer, I found that it was bordered by a fine quay lined with shipping, while the healthful recreation of the inhabitants was provided for by a pretty

* Having to descend into the bustle of the market to get a view of the curious turreted house represented in stereograph No. 15, I tried in vain to marshal the crowd into anything like artistic grouping. No sooner had I, by signs and imploring looks, arranged a tolerably effective picture, with injunctions to every separate individual not to move, while Mr. Taylor was watching eagerly for a sign from me to uncap the lenses, when the group was broken in upon, and all disturbed by the curiosity of some riotous urchin, to look us full in the face, or the stubbornness of an old hag, who *would* pass in front of the camera. The blurred caps and faces on either side of the stereograph show how the crowd hedged in upon us, but we were especially pleased to find, when the plate came to be developed, that a buxom fish-girl stood admirably in the centre, in an attitude which even Teniers would have delighted to sketch; and the definition of the turreted houses was perfect.—*L. R.*

† While occupied in the balcony of the Mairie, taking the general view of the market, No. 14, the little sharp-faced old woman standing, in stereograph No. 16, with a melon on her arm, came up to us with a message from the jolly-looking proprietress of the fruit-stall—"*Would* we take her portrait in exchange for a plate of peaches?" I explained to her that we were only making what were called negatives on glass, and had no means of getting prints from them until our return to England; but she came a second time, saying that we could send a print in a letter after we got home. We thereupon agreed to take a picture, fruit, vegetables, and all, with as many of her friends as would undertake to remain, for a few seconds, perfectly motionless. The old lady trotted down the steps, perfectly satisfied with the success of her mission, and stereograph No. 16 was the result. Madame Tansorie, Marchande de Légumes, Lannion, whose name I transferred to my note-book, in syllables as nearly representing the sound as possible, for there was no one to be found who could read or write, has the promised reward of peaches in one hand, whilst with the other she is holding out a sample of their quality. Her little girl, with another plate of peaches, is trying her utmost to stand motionless, but not with such admirable success as the stolid Breton beside her, with some horse-trapping over his shoulder, and the bearded seedsman on the left. In the background, to the right of the group, is the shop of the furnishing ironmonger referred to in No. 14, with the writing "Le Bihan, Md. de Meubles;" and over the door of the milliner's shop adjoining, may be read a portion of the word "Modes."—*L. R.*

‡ Looking further about the market, with a crowd of ragamuffins after us, for something more in the way of character, we stopped before a sickly heap

promenade planted with trees. Along this were some good and comparatively modern houses. Here is also a well of mineral waters, said to be beneficial in cases of stone and dropsy. The river is crossed by a modern bridge, on the opposite side of which is the fine Renaissance building, shown in stereograph No. 18.* It was formerly a convent, and is now used as a hospital, which is served by a community of religious women. Higher up the river is a beautiful old Gothic bridge with pointed arches. Lannion is not wanting in historical interest. In 1346 it was taken by the English, and the surrounding country is consecrated by innumerable legends of King Arthur and his Knights. A little islet on the coast still bears the name of Avalon, and is claimed by the Bretons as the place of Arthur's retirement. For, in fulfilment of Merlin's prophecy, it is still doubtful whether he be really dead, or only detained in a place apart, till the fated time shall arrive when he shall return to rule over a nation of united Bretons. Wace tells us,—

"Merlins dist d'Artur, si ot droit,
Que sa fin dotose (douteuse) seroit.
Li profete dit verité.
Tostans en a l'on puis doté,
Et dotera, ci crois, tos dis
Ou il soit mors, ou il soit vis,
Porter se fist en Avalon."†

Sir Thomas Malory, in more poetic prose, records the same opinion: "Some men yet say in many parts of England, that

of gasping conger-eels. The two fishwives seemed a little perplexed at our movements in presenting our camera full in their faces; but as I found some one in the crowd to interpret my purpose to them, a little douceur of sous soon made the matter intelligible, and in a few minutes stereograph No. 17 was secured. Behind the group is the shop of a "Pharmacien," and on the extreme right of the picture, is a peasant-woman remarkably neatly dressed, sitting before a stall of bacon.—*L. R.*

* Stereograph No. 18, representing the Hospital of Ste. Anne, was taken out of my bedroom window at the Hôtel de France, situated on the quay of the Guer. In a niche in the centre of the front building may be seen a figure of St. Anne holding a child before her, to indicate that the institution is also a refuge for foundlings. The street in continuation of the bridge is the road to Morlaix.—*L. R.*

† 'Li Romans de Brut,' verse 13691.

King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu Christ, into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and hee shall winne the holy crosse." Béranger has endeavoured to fit this idea to Napoleon I., the god of his adoration, in the song "Il n'est pas mort;" but it does not sit very gracefully on the modern hero. Mr. Tennyson has been happier, because more simple. His 'Morte d'Arthur' is indeed too elaborate for an ancient poem, but it has caught much of the shadowy and mysterious beauty of the old romance.

> "I have lived my life, and that which I have done
> May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
> If thou shouldst never see my face again,
> Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
> Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
> But now farewell. I am going a long way
> With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—
> (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
> To the island-valley of Avilion,
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
> And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
> Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

By two o'clock the quaint houses, the conger-eels, and the peasants, had been photographed, much to the delight of these last. The fat old market-woman, who holds a conspicuous place in stereograph No. 16, enjoyed the idea of having her portrait taken prodigiously, particularly as I had just bought from her a dozen of magnificent apricots for four sous, which was probably double what she would have taken, had I chosen to bargain with her. I was struck, on many occasions, by the extreme good-humour and politeness with which the people entered into the views of the photographers. I fear that in

England they would have been mobbed and hooted; but the Bretons seemed quite as anxious as the operators themselves, that all should go right, allowed themselves to be ordered about, and never suffered their curiosity, which was naturally great, to become seriously inconvenient. The photography completed, I resolved to take advantage of Mr. Reeve's *voiture* to visit the castle of Tonquedec, which lies about eight miles to the south-west of Lannion. Under the old monarchy, the Viscounts of Tonquedec were of the first class of the feudal nobility. They claimed to carry the banner of Brittany, and were bound to provide the Duke with five knights, armed at all points, with their attendants. Their jurisdiction extended over sixty-one parishes. A Viscount of Tonquedec was one of those who accompanied St. Louis in his last disastrous crusade.

The road was very hilly, and richly wooded. Arrived at the village, which counts more than two thousand inhabitants, we turned down a bridle-road to the right. This soon became little more than a cleft between the rocks, and was scarcely wide enough for the carriage to pass. We were, of course, obliged to get out and walk, but I trembled for the boxes of chemicals. Sometimes a great mass of granite would rise up in the midst, and on one occasion I saw only one wheel on the ground for at least half a minute. The vehicle, however, righted itself in a miraculous manner, and the chemicals were saved. Presently we came to one of the loveliest valleys I had ever seen, and, crowning the heights, was the ancient stronghold of Tonquedec. In visiting ruins like this, I am always divided between the duty of tracing the details of the building, and the pleasure of sitting down quietly and letting my eyes and my imagination luxuriate in the beauty of the scene. The first is comparatively a bore, but it must be done, for one looks so foolish afterwards, unless one can tell all about the donjons, and the bastions, and the *basse-cour*, and the room so-and-so was born in. Acting, however, upon the principle recommended to youth by Lord Stowell, of "Pleasure first and business after," I climbed an eminence

from whence I could see the towers of the castle rising from among the chestnut groves in the foreground. Beneath was the wooded dell, at the bottom of which I could just catch a reach of the river Guer; and on the opposite bank rose the hills, clothed at their bases with dwarf-oak, while their tops were purple with heather. Below me, but concealed from view by the thick trees, I could hear the clatter of a water-mill; and the shout of a peasant, and the crowing of the cock in the distant homestead, were borne on the still, warm, summer air across the valley. I thought I could have sat here for hours; but this sort of enjoyment is very transitory. Something either from within or from without, soon puts an end to it. Either a black cloud overshadows the sun, or you get stiff and want to walk, or dinner-hour is approaching, and the reverie is broken, and gone for ever. So it was with me now. A drizzling rain came on and obliged me to move away, and I had reason to congratulate myself on having carried out my principle. Had I postponed pleasure to business, I should have missed the pleasure altogether, and not done the business a bit the better. The rain soon cleared off, and I walked down the valley, and standing on the old bridge which here spans the Guer, I obtained another view of the castle, which was even more beautiful than the last. The "slope sun" now shone out, and gilded the tops of the trees and the grey walls of the stronghold, and showed the brilliant colours of the wild flowers and lichens with which it has bedecked itself in its decaying old-age. I then mounted the opposite hill, and the imposing west front appeared, stretching along the side of the valley. The ravine formed a natural fortification; next this part of the fortress, therefore, were placed the domestic buildings, enclosed within a broad curtain. This was pierced by many a noble window, which looked out upon the peaceful scene beneath. At either end of this curtain were massive bastions, and behind it rose the towers of the donjon and the gate. I was so struck with the beauty of the view, that I prevailed upon Mr. Taylor, the photographer, to carry his apparatus down and take it; but the rays of the setting sun proved too weak

to produce a picture on the glass; and the only idea the reader can form of this lovely ruin must be obtained from stereograph No. 20,* which is obtained from above, and does not do it full justice.

I now returned to examine the ruins in detail. Crossing the drawbridge, I knocked at the gate, and was admitted into the outer enclosure by a smiling peasant, who reminded me, I can scarcely tell why, of the idea I had formed of Griselda, after she had returned to her father Janicula's hut. Next to the outer court was an inner one, which contained the lodgings of the inhabitants; and forming a separate building altogether, was the donjon, to which access was obtained by a second drawbridge. The huge grooves in which the portcullis moved are still perfect; indeed the whole building is in excellent preservation. The ground is, however, heaped up with *débris*, which enabled me to ascend to some of the large windows which look out upon the valley. The wall is here about five yards thick, and in its thickness are stone benches, rising in steps. Here, probably, the family met "at undermeles," the ladies on the highest seat, the knights and squires at their feet, to converse, or sing ancient Breton lays to the rote, or read the 'Morte d'Arthur,' while their eyes wandered over the lovely scene which lay beneath them. The only tenants of this ancient abode of knights and ladies, are now a peasant-woman and her troop of ragged children. They were lying about on heaps of straw under the gigantic and quaintly carved fire-places, which speak of the splendid hospitality of old times. In the place where fruit and vegetables were once eaten, they now grow; for the dining-hall serves as an orchard and cabbage-garden. And to add to the desolation of the scene, I

* Our picture of Tonquedec, stereograph No. 20, was taken under the disadvantages of a fast declining light. The wretched state of the approaches to the castle caused unexpected delay, and it was only through the prompt energy of Mr. Taylor, in climbing a height on the south-west side, and fixing the camera on the hedgebank of a bright field of *sarrasin* in full flower, of which the sloping end appears in the foreground, that a picture was obtained. Another view of the castle from a beautiful valley on the west side was attempted, but the actinic properties of the light were too weak.—*L. R.*

heard close to me the cry of that usually shy bird, the great green woodpecker. He flitted from stone to stone as if he did not the least care for my presence, his brilliant plumage glittering in the rays of the setting sun.

It was now getting late; but before we went, the poor peasant-woman brought out a plate of brown bread and plums, which she offered us with an exquisite grace and a smile which said, "Will you condescend to partake of my poor fare?" Wondering at her noble and dignified humility, I mounted the box; and now I had an opportunity of computing my gain in having chosen to perform my pilgrimage on foot. The wretched horse was tired, as he might well be, inasmuch as he was dragging the heavy carriage laden with two persons and their luggage, nearly thirty miles a day. With such work he ought to have had as much oats as he could eat. But the driver seemed to think that whipcord was cheaper; and all the time he was not beating and cursing the wretched animal, he was employing himself in plaiting fresh pieces, from a ball he carried in his pocket, on the lash of his whip. There was an ingenuity in his manner of varying his curses, which was perfectly ghastly. When the wretched horse would seem to say, "I give up; I can do no more; beat as much as you like," he would intone his "'Cr-r-r-ré nom de Dieu!" in a sort of high singing voice, as much as to say, "What on earth is this you have got into your head? Do you intend to make a fool of me?" Then down would come the heavy-thonged whip with a dexterous crack which I thought must take the bit out with it. But the poor horse would only hang down his ears as if insensible to any aggravation of the misery he was already enduring from his galled sides and shoulders, over-labour and famine. After about half an hour of this work, during which I was hoping that, in the metempsychosis, the boy and the horse might change places, he showed me the thong of his whip, all dank and clotted with foam, observing coolly, "Voyez comme il sue." To have been continually condemned to witness the miseries of this unfortunate horse and the cruelty of his tormentor, would have driven me mad.

Next morning, at half-past nine, I started from the Hôtel de l'Europe, intending to reach Morlaix that evening, and leaving Mr. Reeve and his photographer busily employed in transferring the quaint houses in the market-place to their portmanteaux.* The country through which I passed was hilly and very beautiful, a perfect Arcadia. Here, for the first time, I descried at a little distance to the right of the road, one of those upright stones called menhirs, and supposed to be of Druidical or Celtic origin. Altars, they may have been, like that which Jacob is said to have set up, and upon the top of which he poured oil as a libation to the God of Abraham (Genesis xxviii. 18). A walk of about an hour and a half brought me to the top of a hill. Here was indeed a view to refresh the eyes and to gladden the heart; and I thought how truly Master Wace, the old Trouvère of Jersey, had described it more than seven hundred years ago:—

'Ceste contrée est mult vaillant,
Et mult me samble profitable,
Et plenteïve et delitable;
Vès quels tères et quels rivières
Et quels forès, com sont plenières.
Onques si bel païs ne vis."†

To my right rose an immense lichen-clothed menhir; directly beneath was the village of Saint Michel-en-Grève, with its graceful spire nestling under the cliff, and beyond was the wooded valley, bounded by the distant headlands crowned

* Finding an hour or two of good photographic light at our disposal after Mr. Jephson left us, we strolled in search of the picturesque, and pitched our camera at the top of a narrow road leading out of Lannion, so as to command a view of the church of the Holy Trinity, said to have been founded by the Templars. The uncouth boy in the foreground, in a blue calico dress, with a sack over his shoulders, is our driver, who was going into the market, before starting, to lay in a stock of oats. On the left, a man who had been following us all the morning, and was by this time pretty well up in the mysteries of photography, is hallooing vociferously to two "Bonnes Sœurs," who were coming up the street at a distance, to stop; but as they did not appear to understand him they walked on, and are scarcely definable in the picture. A little girl who was passing, placed herself against the flight of steps on the right, and when the negative came to be developed, it was discovered that a gentleman had come out in his shirt-sleeves on the balcony above.—*L. R.*

† 'Li Romans de Brut,' verse 6049.

with the remains of abbeys and castles. Here in close proximity were the monuments of two religions which have exercised a vast influence on the history of the world, one extinct, the other still struggling to maintain itself; and there was beautiful Nature, still the same amid all vicissitudes; the eternal granite rocks, and the sea which has ebbed and flowed with unerring regularity, while Gaul has fallen before Breton, and Druid has given place to priest, and the castle of the feudal baron to the watch-house of the customs' officer. It was upon this very strand that St. Efflam landed after his voyage from Great Britain. Here he found his cousin King Arthur, engaged in combat with a furious dragon that breathed flames. After fighting all day without gaining any advantage over his supernatural enemy, Arthur was faint and thirsty, and there was no water but the waves of the sea which were beating against the *ir-glas*. But St. Efflam prayed; and when he had struck the earth with his staff, there burst forth a sparkling fountain, at which the monarch appeased his thirst. St. Efflam spent the night in prayer, and next morning, when the King was about to resume the combat, "Rest for today, my cousin," said St. Efflam, "and leave your brand in its sheath, for the word of God is sharper than a two-edged sword." Upon which he advanced towards the dragon, and commanded him, in the name of Christ, to come out of his den and cast himself into the sea. The monster obeyed with terrible howlings. If you doubt the truth of the story, the well which sprang up at St. Efflam's command and the chapel which was erected in memory of the miracle, are still to be seen at the south-west end of the bay.

I stopped for awhile to drink in the beauty of the scene, with its many associations, and then descended the hill into the village. Beyond it the road takes a bend to the south, and skirts the bay for about two miles. And oh, hot as I was from walking under a blazing sun, how I enjoyed the balmy sea-breeze that fanned my cheek! It seemed absolutely like drinking laughing-gas. But this was not enough. The beach was beautifully smooth; the tide was coming in; and walking

along the level sands, and stripping off my clothes, I plunged in, and in half an hour obtained as much rest and refreshment as are to be gained from two nights' sleep. But in returning, I found that, had I stayed a little longer, I should have had to swim for it, which would have been awkward, loaded as I was with my knapsack. The tide had cut off my retreat, and was rising every minute; but being unwilling to undress again, I hailed a sailor, who, tucking up his loose trousers, carried me across the channel on his back.

I now proceeded on my way rejoicing, occasionally sitting on a bank and enjoying the scene. Had I had time, I ought to have visited the ruined abbey of Beauport, founded in 1269, by Alain d'Avaugour, Comte de Penthièvre; but I had a long walk before me, and was content with a distant view.

The next town I came to was Plestin. The principal houses and the church lie considerably to the left of the high-road, and they looked so pretty and inviting, that I turned out of my way to visit them. It is indeed a lovely little village, the houses surrounded by gardens and covered with vines. The church, too, is very fine, and is now undergoing the dangerous process of restoration. I trust it may come unscathed through the ordeal. In one of the aisles I observed a fine tomb, with a recumbent figure, in regal or ducal robes, wearing on the head a coronet, and holding in the right-hand a clasped book. There was no inscription from which I could learn the name of him it was intended to represent; he was, no doubt, some Breton Beauclerc. At the little village of Pont-Menou, a mile or two further on, I observed a house ornamented with large flowers painted in their natural colours on the front: it had rather a pleasing effect. Having crossed the river Douron and ascended the opposite hill, I looked back upon the valley, and was again reminded of Wace's description. This part of Brittany is really a perfect garden of Eden. There was the rich valley, and the Douron occasionally reflecting the rays of the sun between the trees, and on its banks white villas and farmhouses, among which rose one of those pretty châteaux or manor-houses, with high

peaked roofs, and round flanking turrets, which the Breton nobility built for themselves in the seventeenth century, when we were erecting heavy Dutch structures, or great, massive, pseudo-classical monstrosities, as inconvenient and inhospitable-looking as they are ugly. These manor-houses retain enough of the look of strongholds to give them an air of dignity; and indeed the flanking towers and the drawbridge may have been found a useful protection against marauding Huguenots. I learned from an intelligent man whom I met on the road, that this was the château of Lermais. Had I had time, I might have visited an ancient feudal castle, called Le Guarant, at Plouagat.

As I entered Finisterre or the Léonnais, I perceived that everything was on a larger scale: the hills were larger, the fields were larger, the horses and oxen were larger. The people were still threshing the new corn on their earthen threshing-floors; but here I observed that there was a variation in their mode of proceeding. Sometimes they threshed in two rows, antiphonally, like singers in a cathedral, in the manner I have already described; but sometimes the threshers stood in a circle, and struck one after another with great rapidity, insomuch that the sound of their flails was like the clack of a mill. I hardly knew which mode to admire most. This, however, is only one instance of the curious way in which the peasantry seem to associate a certain festive and joyous spirit with their labours. Even in their workday dress, they aim at a certain degree of becomingness. Harvest is begun and finished with symbolic acts denoting joy and thanksgiving. There is a kind of elegance in their manner of threshing; and the inauguration of a new threshing-floor is an occasion of unusual festivity.

When the surface of the old one has become uneven by long use, the farmer gives notice that he will hold a *Leur-nevez*, or festival of the new threshing-floor. On the evening of the appointed day, the neighbours send their carts, loaded with clay and buckets of water. These are drawn up under the shelter of some wood in the neighbour-

hood, and at the stroke of midnight there is a great contest who shall be the first to arrive on the spot; for the first comer receives a prize. The work begins with the dawn. The clay is thrown on the floor; water is poured upon it; the people stand round in a circle; and the horses, dressed up with ribbons, are unyoked and made to gallop about within, until the clay is worked up into a thick mortar. In about a week's time, when the mortar has been sufficiently dried, it is roughly smoothed, and a dance is held upon it for the purpose of more effectually beating it down. Sometimes the village girls open the dance by the celebrated "Round," bearing on their heads vessels filled with milk or flowers. Then the biniou or bagpipe squeals and grunts; all take hands, and the dancers close and open their ranks, and turn and twist about as if in inextricable confusion, but really with the most perfect order and symmetry. Towards evening they adjourn to the orchard; the eldest son of the farmer who gives the *Leur-nevez*, carries a cross surmounted by different articles of dress, such as a hat ornamented with chenilles, girdles, and ribbons, to be the prizes of the ensuing wrestling-match. Sometimes, as in the rustic games of ancient Greece, a lamb or a kid is added. These are set up, and a circle, called the "lisse," or list, is formed. The first champion enters it, and takes the prize, which he carries round. If nobody appears to dispute it with him, it is his. But when a rival accepts his challenge, the combatants first shake hands, as with us, and make the sign of the cross. Then they mutually question each other thus:—"Dost thou use either sortilege or magic?"—"I use neither sortilege nor magic." "Dost thou bear malice to me?"—"I bear no malice to thee." "Come then!"—"Come." "I am of Saint-Cadou."—"And I of Fouësnant." This will remind the classical reader of the formulary used by the Greeks under similar circumstances, upon which Poseidippus founds the epigram:—

α. Τίς πόθεν ὁ πλάστης; *β.* Σικυώνιος. *α.* Οὔνομα δὴ τίς;
β. Λύσιππος. Σὺ δὲ τίς; *α.* Καιρὸς ὁ πανδαμάτωρ.*

* Ποσειδίππου, apud Analecta Vet. Poetarum Græcorum, ed. R. F. P. Brunck.

After the wrestling-match is over, dancing is resumed; but none remain after sunset.*

The *Leur-nevez* is one of those occasions which draw out the poetical and musical genius of the Breton, and itself forms the subject of many a *sône*, of which the following translation may give the reader some idea. The original is in the dialect of Cornouaille.

The house is empty, silence reigns, and gone are one and all
To dance at the "New Threshing Floor," they 're holding at the Hall.
From every village round about, the boys and girls are come,
And sure, when so much fun 's abroad, I 'll not be left at home.

My heart went pit-a-pat to hear the rote and biniou sound;
'T was then I saw the fairest girl that treads on Breton ground;
Her teeth were white as pearls, her eyes as flower of flax were blue,
And sparkled bright, like hawthorn-buds besprent with morning dew.

She looked at me; I looked at her; she smiled, and I smiled too;
I ventured then to ask if she would dance the Jabadou.
And when I squeezed her little hand, as soft as breast of dove,
She smiled again. Oh! she it is shall be my only love.

Tonight I 'll go and see her, and I 'll hang her neck around
This ruby cross I bought today, with velvet ribbon bound;
From the fair of great St. Nicholas† today I brought them home,
For I thought the velvet black would well her ivory throat become.

I 'll place, too, on her finger, so white, so tapering,—
Her pretty little finger,—this shining silver ring;
And when she puts it on and off, I hope she 'll think of me,
For all my thought is set on her, and so shall ever be.

I met the humpbacked tailor as I left her cottage-door,
And though unfit for love himself, he 's skilled in lovers' lore,—
The little humpbacked scissor-man, 't was he who made this sône,
And I 'll sing it to my sweet one when I meet her next alone.

There is great *naïveté* in the lover acknowledging, in the last verse, that he is indebted to the humpbacked tailor for his love-song; but the mention of the tailor implies that he is about to make a formal proposal to the parents for the hand of his love. The tailor is the recognized medium of all matrimonial contracts in Brittany.

* See 'Les Derniers Bretons,' by M. Emile de Souvestre, and the 'Barzas Breiz' of M. de la Villemarqué.

† St. Nicholas is the patron of lovers.

The biniou is a kind of bagpipe, and has been from time immemorial the favourite instrument in Cornouaille. Thus Jean de Meun, in the 'Roman de la Rose:'—

> "Une hore dit lès et descors,
> Et sonnait doux de controvaille,
> As estives de Cornoaille."

I next passed Lanmeur, a large bourg or village, containing two churches, one of which is celebrated for its crypt, supported by pillars, up which serpents twine in most life-like attitudes. The crypt is built over a fountain, said to possess healing properties; and the architect, a classical scholar, no doubt, adopted the serpents as an appropriate ornament, as being sacred to Esculapius, and so emblematic of the healing art; for as to the idea that this was really a temple dedicated to Esculapius or serpent-worship, it is preposterous.

I thought I should never reach Morlaix. I climbed hill after hill, and descended dale after dale, and still it did not appear. I had eaten nothing since breakfast, and had moreover bathed, which always makes one hungry. It was therefore with a feeling of considerable relief, that I heard from a valley not far off, the sound of the angelus-bell ringing out from several churches at once. I knew now that I was near my journey's end. The moon had risen, however, and lights were flashing from the houses as I descended the valley of the Relec. I made my way to the Hôtel de l'Europe, and while dinner was preparing, plunged my feet into a bath of cold water: this quite removed all fever and pain. A refreshing *potage*, and a bottle of light Bordeaux, effectually removed all the other ills which beset man after having walked thirty miles without eating.

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CHAPTER VIII.

ST. POL-DE-LÉON.—MORLAIX.—ST. THÉGONNEC.—LAMPAUL.

ST. POL-DE-LEON.—NOTRE DAME DE CREISKER, OR "OUR LADY OF THE MIDDLE TOWN."—THE CATHEDRAL.—A MARTIAL PRELATE.—MY FIRST BRETON DOLMEN.—THE FAIRIES OF THE DOLMEN.—THE DUZ, KORRIGAN, AND POULPICAN.—AN AMBLING NAG.—MORLAIX.—THE RUE DES NOBLES.—DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—COSTUME OF LÉON.—A BRETON BALLAD-SINGER.—ST. THÉGONNEC.—THE GATEWAY.—THE CHARNEL-HOUSE AND ITS CRYPT.—THE CALVARY.—THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.—LANDIVISIAU.—LAMPAUL.—A PRETTY ROADSIDE WELL.—GUIMILIAU.—MAGNIFICENT RENAISSANCE CHURCH.—WALK ACROSS THE HILLS, THROUGH KERLAST, LOC-ÉGUINER, PLOUDIRY, AND LA MARTYRE, TO LANDERNEAU.—OUR LADY OF THE FOOL'S WELL.—A HAIR-MERCHANT.

THE river Douron, which I had crossed between Plestin and Lanmeur, forms the boundary between the departments of Côtes-du-Nord and Finisterre. These coincide respectively with the ancient bishoprics of Tréguier, or Landreguer, and St. Pol-de-Léon. The division is by no means an arbitrary one. There is a palpable distinction, both in the appearance of the country and the character of the inhabitants, between Tréguier and Léon. In Tréguier external nature puts on her most winning mood. Gentle hills and fertile valleys, hedgerows and cornfields, pretty trout-streams running into bays lined with yellow sands,—these are the characteristics of the smiling land of Tréguier. In Léon nature assumes a bolder aspect. The hills become mountains, the streams rivers; forests take the place of hedgerows, and breezy downs of cornfields and orchards; while the tempest-vexed coast is deeply indented by arms of the sea, whose incessant beating has laid its rugged bones of granite bare. The characters of

the two peoples take their tone and colour from the aspect of external nature, just as a trout reflects the shadow of the weeds and pebbles of the stream which it inhabits. The Trégorrois is remarkable for his love of festivals and dancing. He is gay and communicative, and his beliefs and superstitions are of a cheerful and hopeful cast. The Léonard is, on the contrary, silent and reserved.

As we proceed further south, towards the Morbihan, corresponding with the ancient bishopric of Vannes, festive dances grow rarer and rarer, and the "Pardon" becomes, what it was originally intended to be, a purely religious observance. Here you see the men with their long black hair floating in elf-locks on their shoulders from under broad-leaved slouched hats, while the extreme severity of the women's dress makes them resemble nuns. The meditative and concentrated character of the people is fertile in poetic fancy, and some of the finest of the popular ballads are in the dialect of Léon.

The city of St. Pol-de-Léon is interesting chiefly from possessing a church of singular beauty, called "Notre Dame de Creisker," or "Our Lady of the Middle Town." It is about fifteen miles from Morlaix, and I determined to visit it first. I accordingly started at about half-past nine. The country through which I passed, like almost all that I had seen, is varied and interesting. After crossing the river Penzé, on which are some picturesque mills, and ascending the last of a series of steep hills, a splendid panorama spreads itself out before you. In the distance is the sea, and at your feet a group of houses clustering round three towers surmounted by elegant spires. This is the ancient ecclesiastical town of St. Pol-de-Léon. The tallest of the spires at once strikes an English eye as being different from what it is accustomed to. Instead of rising from a broad and solid base, and tapering gradually to a point, the lower portion of the structure seems thin and light, while all the weight and elaboration is thrown upon the upper. When you approach near enough to distinguish the details, you perceive that this effect is produced by the total absence of buttresses, two prodigiously tall lancets piercing

each face of the tower, and eight richly carved pinnacles rising from a profusely ornamented overhanging gallery, which runs round it at the base of the spire. This gives to the spire, which is really tall in proportion to the height of the tower, a somewhat "stumpy" effect; and, though it cannot be denied that the tower of "Our Lady of the Middle Town," from the beauty of its details and the *audacity* of its construction, deserves much of the commendation which has been bestowed on it, I cannot help thinking that it is an artistic mistake. The true architectural principle is surely to build upon a broad base, as both producing, and conveying to the beholder the idea of, security. To reverse this principle can only be considered a trick, and therefore unworthy of high art. It is just the sort of thing which inferior architects would choose for imitation.

"Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile."

I observed, accordingly, that all the modern church-towers in Léon are top-heavy; and Sir Charles Barry, who with wonderful industry and ingenuity has culled from various examples all that is debased and ugly in Gothic architecture, and united them in the Palace of Westminster, has faithfully reproduced this effect in one of the towers. Stereograph No. 21 gives the tower of "Our Lady of the Middle Town" with great accuracy; but its top-heavy effect is not so apparent as when it is seen from a more distant point of view. This defect, as I must think it, is also happily mitigated by the dark shadow on the lower part of the picture, and the brilliant gleam of sunshine which lightens the spire, and shows to great advantage the little windows by which it is perforated, and which make it look almost like point-lace.*

* Our sole object in going to St. Pol-de-Léon was to obtain a picture of the graceful spire of the church of Notre Dame de Creisker, stereograph No. 21. There was nothing to interest the photographer in house architecture, and the broad streets were almost deserted. Seeing an open shop, where three cobblers were at work, tolerably well lighted, we asked permission to fix our tent there, to which they cheerfully assented, and went on stitching and chatting, scarcely heeding our somewhat troublesome interruption, except when we stepped forward to show them a negative. Our only street companions in

Your first visit on entering the town is paid of course to this church, which you find to be not nearly so large as you were led to suppose by the height and elaboration of the spire. You enter from the street by a north porch, a perfect gem, its capitals and mouldings all rough and prickly with delicate foliage and tendrils, and you suddenly find yourself in an old lumber-room. The church, it seems, is used as a college-chapel to the seminary which is close by, and the whole of the nave is taken up with benches raised in tiers to a considerable height and facing north and south, covered with dust, and lying about in most admired disorder; while the lofty and elegant choir-arch is blocked by an enormous and most tawdry altar. In the middle is an ugly reading-desk, with a great dogs-eared antiphonary lying open upon it. The walls and pillars are all covered with a cold grey wash. In the present state of taste and knowledge, one trembles at the very name of "restoration;" but I could not help wishing that the heads of the seminary were imbued with the spirit which has animated the heads of Jesus, at Cambridge, in the restoration of the lovely church which serves *them* as a college-chapel. There is obviously, however, an improvement in the taste of the French clergy within the last few years; and I saw a priest attended by some Kloareks, or students, expatiating to some clerical visitors on the beauty of the four light and lofty arches which form the sole support of the immense superincumbent weight of the tower. All round the choir and apse, and down either side of the nave, are chapels, with piscinas, or water-drains, and shelves. The drains were formerly employed to carry off the water in which the priest had washed his hands in celebrating Mass, and the shelves, for

this desolate town were a few fisher-boys, one of whom, the foremost of the two little dark figures in the foreground, an agile, merry little fellow, entertained us by capering about the camera with bare legs, in the most comical manner, and doing his best to speak English by repeating "brandie," "gud brandie," "ver-r-rie gud brandie." The spire is partially in shadow, but not sufficiently to obscure the architectural detail. On the right is a hardware-shop, with a portion of the word "Quincaillerie" over it, and on the extreme left is that of a carpenter and joiner, "Menuiserie en tout genre."—*L. R.*

placing the bread and wine upon, before consecration. They are now entirely disused in the Church of France, as I was afterwards informed by a very gentlemanlike priest, who accompanied me to another interesting church. In the choir, now apparently seldom used, I observed an ugly white marble tomb, erected by the students of the seminary to the memory of D. S. Péron, an ecclesiastic, who is stated to have restored religious studies in St. Pol, after they had been for many years interrupted by the Revolution.

From the church of our Lady I went to the cathedral, a fine specimen of early Gothic. The west front, with its two towers in the style of that of our Lady, is seen in stereograph No. 22.* The interior is very fine, vaulted throughout, and you obtain charming peeps of perspective between pillars and arches of aisles, transepts, *triforia*, and apse. The chapels are numerous, and are all provided with piscinas and awmries. The chapel of the dead has been restored; and piled up in the piscina, awmry, capitals of pillars, and every coigne of vantage, were the skull-boxes. On one capital I observed a little family-party of them, heaped one upon another, and all bearing the name of Grillon. In the choir, at the back of the high altar was a sitting figure in white marble, of a former Bishop of St. Pol, who struck me as being exactly the type of a prelate of the eighteenth century, a happy mixture of a voluptuary, a politician, and a *petit-maître*. The inscription informed the world that the original was named Francis Visdelou, and that he was Bishop of Léon, and a Count. Hung about the church are several pictures, some of which seemed to me to be good.

* The view of the west front of the cathedral, intercepted with ugly buildings, stereograph No. 22, was not a very inviting one, and the sun being far advanced, as may be seen by the time of the clock, half-past two, the south side of the street was much darkened. The roadway was being repaired, but the paviours, with their clumsy-legged horse, readily left off work for us, and good-humouredly submitted to my pulling and twisting them about to get them and their shovels into position. Unfortunately their heads were much over-shadowed by their broad-brimmed hats, and they have somewhat the appearance of being decapitated. Next to the white house on the right is a large warehouse for the sale of ship-stores. In the centre may be read the proprietor's name, "Mahe," and below it the terms upon which he does business, "Prix fixe."—*L. R.*

One in the Lady Chapel is very superior to most of those which I had seen. It was in the old taste, and represented a monk,—St. Bernard, I think,—surrounded by a crowd of persons of all ranks and both sexes, princes and princesses, peasants, monks, and nuns. In his hand he bears an open book, with the inscription, "Hec regula mitis et sancta,"—"This rule is mild and holy." The high altar was, as usual, ugly in the extreme, with gigantic imitation-candles and flaunting statues; the font painted to resemble marble, and the choir-seats to resemble oak. But we must not be too hard on these people. They have done what they could to remedy the havoc wrought by the soldiers of the Convention, from whom St. Pol suffered terribly. M. de la Moudre, formerly a cavalry officer, was Bishop when the Revolution broke out; and when the Assembly sent him their decree suppressing his bishopric, he returned it unopened. Being afterwards obliged to emigrate, he still continued to hold communication with the Royalist party in his diocese, through an agent named Floch, who kept up the agitation against the Revolution among the peasantry. When the Government endeavoured to carry out the celebrated levy of three hundred thousand men, the troops entrusted with its execution in Brittany met with a desperate resistance from the peasants at St. Pol, and a bloody battle was fought in the square before the cathedral. The Royalists were defeated, and the town and churches fell a prey to the brutal violence and cupidity of the Republicans, whose handiwork may yet be traced in the broken arches, vacant niches, and desolate nakedness of the cathedral.

Passing through the pleasure-grounds of the episcopal palace, now the Mairie, I hired a hag to guide me to a dolmen which, as I was told, lay among bridle-roads and hollow lanes, between St. Pol and Roscoff. She was extremely garrulous, and told me she had lived for many years in an English family. The gentleman was very little, but a *brave homme*, and was always drinking himself drunk with "brandee;" but his wife was a "vilaine femme, méchante, et grande comme vous." Under these circumstances, I could hardly wonder

at my countryman's predilection for the "water of oblivion." After winding through the hollow lanes worn by the feet and vehicles of hundreds of generations, Gauls, Bretons, French, and English, my attention was attracted by the sight of a lady and gentleman in the middle of a field, and then I obtained the first sight of a Breton dolmen. They, like myself, were tourists, and had just walked from Roscoff, whither they had gone to visit the gigantic fig-tree.

The dolmen appeared to me to consist of a chamber formed by gigantic unhewn granite blocks placed upon smaller ones, and of a passage formed in the same way, and leading to it. On the surface of the horizontal stones were channels, supposed to have been formed for the purpose of permitting the blood of the victims offered in sacrifice to run off; but they seemed to me rather to have been caused by the action of the weather. My fellow-tourist told me that he and his wife had been travelling through Brittany for the express purpose of visiting the Druidical monuments, and that one of my countrymen, who had purchased the golden torque found at Plouharnel, had died within the last few days at Dinan. Into whose hands has this torque fallen? I trust not into those of some Jew who will melt it down. For the ornaments found in these monuments are interesting for many reasons. They go far to prove that dolmens were sepulchres, or probably both sepulchres and altars; and their identity in form and workmanship with those found in every country on the globe, establishes the fact that the early pioneers of the human race were sprung from a common stock.

These dolmens are supposed to be haunted by the "duz" or dwarf, a hideous little old man, who always carries about him a purse of gold. On Wednesday nights the duzes, in company with the "korrigs," or female fairies, dance a "Round" about the dolmen, singing a song of which the chorus is, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday." It once happened that a passing traveller, hearing them, added "Saturday and Sunday," upon which the duzes screamed and shrieked frightfully; for they hate Christianity; holy-water

throws them into fits; the sight of a cassock is an abomination to them; and even the very mention of the Lord's Day caused them intense fear and anguish. If the traveller had added, "And that makes up the week," the spells of the duzes would have been for ever broken, and they would have been relegated to the bottomless pit. They are, in fact, the false gods of the Druids, whose power has been broken, but not altogether destroyed, by Christianity. The belief in these malignant beings is founded, no doubt, upon that saying of St. Paul, that "The things which the heathen sacrifice they sacrifice to devils," and other places in Scripture which inculcate the same doctrine. The story of the fairy chorus of the days of the week, and the traveller's addition to it, I perfectly remember reading in some book relating to Irish superstitions.

The "korrig gwen," or "korrigan," a female fairy, is believed to be the spirit of the Druidess, and haunts the mossy well which springs up near the dolmen. The korrigan, like the "Queen of Faërie" in Thomas the Rhymer, is often enamoured of men, and sometimes carries off a lovely child whom its mother has left in the cradle alone, substituting in its stead a hideous dwarf called a "poulpican." These beliefs are common to Brittany, Ireland, Scotland, and all the north of Europe, and form the subject of ballads in the popular poetry of all. In the introduction to the ballad of 'Young Tamlane,' in the 'Border Minstrelsy,' many examples are cited of the existence of this superstition in Scotland.

Among the ballads founded on the popular belief in fairies, there is one which struck me as being very elegant and pleasing. I have endeavoured to render it into English, adopting, as far as I could, the style and language of our own ballads. The utmost simplicity is, of course, essential to such a composition, and the modern imitator has to perform the difficult task of being simple without being commonplace or vulgar. A single word that is associated with any complicated sentiment would be fatal to the character of these rude poems; and all the naïve details which the popular ballad-

maker delighted in, must be religiously preserved. The original is given by M. de la Villemarqué in his 'Barzas Breiz.' It is in the dialect of Léon, and is called "Aotrou Nann hag ar Gorrigan,"—

THE LORD NANN AND THE KORRIGAN.

The brave Lord Nann and his fair bride full early were united,
But early were their two young hearts in life's sweet springtide blighted.
Twelve moons had waxed and waned, when lo, twin babes the lady bore,
The one a boy, the other a maid, and lay in sickness sore.
But joyful was that youthful sire to see his son and heir,
And thus he spake right tenderly unto his lady fair:
"Sweet wife, what wilt thou have of me? or savoury flesh of roe,
Or woodcock wild that haunts the stream where tepid freshets flow?"
"The roebuck's savoury venison is what I fain would taste,
Yet were I loath that from my bower thou shouldst to wild wood haste."
Lord Nann caught up his oaken spear, leaped on his courser keen,
And forth he pricked right merrily unto the forest green.
And there he roused a milk-white roe, a furlong off or more,
And ever him thought he gained on her, but ever she fled before.
On, on, he rode, up hill, down dale, o'er rock, through marshy hollow,
Till shades of night were falling fast; no further might he follow.
'Twas then he spied a mossy well, and lighted down to drink,
And he was ware of a Korrigan sat by the fountain's brink.
And as she sat she kempt her hair that fell in many a fold,
And cast a sunny gleam that far outshone her comb of gold.
Then out and spake the Korrigan: "What man art thou," quoth she,
"That troublest thus my ancient well? I grant thee choices three.
Choose! wilt thou marry me this night; or shrivel up and dry,
And live a seven years' life-in-death; or within three days die?"
Then out and spake the good knight Nann: "I will not marry thee.
I have a lady in my hall that 's lief and dear to me.
Nor will I wither and shrivel up till all my bones are dry;
Nor, but it be sweet Jesu's will, will I in three days die.
But be as be may, know this, fiend, I am a christened man,
And sooner far I 'd die this hour than wed a Korrigan."

"Oh make my bed, dear mother mine; oh make it wide and deep,
For I am faint and sick to death, and gladly would I sleep!
My blood creeps quailing to my heart, my limbs wax numb and cold,
And well I wot within three days I must be laid in mould.
For—tell it not my lady dear, where she lies pale and wan—
My life is doomed; a Korrigan hath laid on me her ban."

Three days are passed, that lady fair says, "Tell me, mother mine,
Why tolls the bell? why sing the priests in rochets white and fine?"
"Daughter, 't is but a beggar old that lodged here yesternight,
And passed away at early dawn. They 're singing for his sprite."

"Where is my lord, dear mother mine, that is to me so lief?"
"He 's gone but to the town, my child, and he 'll be back in brief."
"My mother, when to church I go, to make my offering new,
Say, shall I wear my scarlet gown, or shall I wear my blue?"
"My daughter, 't is the custom to wear weeds of sable hue."

That lady to the church is gone, and as the stile she clomb,
Beside the yew in our churchyard she saw her husband's tomb.
Says, "Mother mine, who 's lately dead, that thus the mould I see
So freshly dug in our graveyard, I prithee tell to me?"
"Alas, my daughter, 't is thy lord in grave three days hath lain!"
The lady on her knees sank down, and never rose again.
They buried her beside her lord, and ere the morrow shone,
Out of the grave where they were laid, two stately oaks had grown,
And in the branches blithely played two doves all snowy-white;
They cooed at dawn, and at high noon to heaven they winged their flight.

The finale of the trees growing out of the grave, is a common incident in ballad poetry. But the circumstance of the doves I have not before met with: it is elegant, and moreover characteristic of the strong religious element in the mind of the Léonard.

While I was talking to the French lady and gentleman at the dolmen, a guide, who had spoken to me before I hired the hag, came up, leading a clever little chestnut cob, which he insisted on my mounting. A sack thrown across its back was its only saddle, and I did not feel at all inclined to ride with such an equipment. But the man was so importunate, that to please him I at last jumped up; and to his no small surprise and dismay, galloped off, leaving him far behind. This was the first time that I had been on the back of one of the Breton horses, but I had heard that they were very surefooted; I therefore gave my cob his head, and I could not help admiring the care and sagacity with which he picked his way at full gallop among the enormous stones and abysses with which the lanes were filled. Having arrived at the town, I left him at the inn; and when the owner came back, looking rather sulky, I set all right with a couple of francs. I believe he thought he should never see me or his horse again. The usual pace of these animals is an amble, which consists in lifting both legs on the same side at once. It is very ugly, but easy to both horse and rider; and palfreys were regularly trained

to it in former times, when it was the custom to take long journeys on horseback.

The morning of Saturday, the 21st of August, was spent in walking about Morlaix. It is a beautiful old town, enclosed between two steep hills, and built upon the confluence of the rivers Jarbeau and Kerlent, which are carried by a fine vaulted sewer directly underneath the Grand' Place into the navigable canal seen in stereograph No. 23.* Here Mary, Queen of Scots, disembarked in 1548, on her way to Paris to espouse the Dauphin, and was met by the Duke of Rohan, attended by a splendid retinue, and accompanied by the principal nobility of Brittany. Many of the gentlemen of the Province had their town houses at Morlaix, and one of the streets in which they principally resided is still known as the "Rue des Nobles." Modern improvements have deprived many of these fine old houses of their characteristic features externally; but the interiors still remain unchanged, and are excellent specimens of the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages. A hall, open to the roof, is the principal apartment, and in the hall the principal object is the fireplace. These halls resemble those in our old colleges. Here the whole family met for dinner, just as dons and freshmen still meet in our college-halls. But even so early as the fourteenth century, the anti-social exclusiveness of modern manners was beginning to drive this old custom into disuse, at least in England. Piers Ploughman complains,—

"Elenge is the halle
Ech day in the wike,
Ther the lord ne his lady
Liketh noght to sitte.

* Here, as at Lannion, we obtained permission to carry our apparatus up to the balcony of the Mairie, overlooking the market-place. The view, however, in this instance, stereograph No. 23, opened out in picturesque perspective to the canal; while on the left the thickly wooded rocks rose above the roofs of the houses. Unfortunately the weather was not favourable to our purpose, the houses and foliage being much in shadow, and the light more or less obscured from the groups of figures in the different booths by the awnings over them.—*L. R.*

Now hath ech riche a rule
To eten by himselve
In a pryvé parlour,
For povere mennes sake,
Or in a chambre with a chymenee,
And leve the chief halle,
That was maad for meles
Men to eten inne.
And alle to spare to spende
That spille shal another."

We see many attempts made in this country to build dwelling-houses which shall not be mere boxes of square rooms; but the attempt is generally a failure: witness the new buildings at Dean's Yard, Westminster, and some Gothic houses in Park Lane. But if—I do not say architects, for architects are too often mere ignorant builders, but—men of taste who are about to build mansions, would run over to Morlaix and study some of the houses in the "Rue des Nobles," we might be spared some of the inconvenient monstrosities which disfigure our streets and lawns, and which have exposed medieval architecture to ridicule. I have often wondered that noblemen and millionaires do not make their houses themselves works of art, instead of covering the walls of a square barrack with an incongruous collection of Crucifixions and Venuses, and filling their rooms with glass cases containing missals and silver spoons, reliquaries and pouncet-boxes, till they look like old curiosity shops. There are many things which we can do better than our ancestors. We can make steam-engines and electric telegraphs, while they had to cross the sea in sailing-boats, and send their letters by a man on horseback. But we must acknowledge that in the much simpler art of building a beautiful and convenient dwelling, they were infinitely our superiors.

The walk along the quays is very pretty, and at some distance from the town is a fountain with this inscription: "Ceste fontaine a été refaite et agrandie de nouveau l'an 1716." This is the fountain called "Feunteun ar Saozon," or Fountain of the Saxons, where a party of our countrymen were slain in 1522. The English forces had landed while the people of Morlaix

were at a fête at Guingamp; and after pillaging the town, with circumstances of great ferocity, were retiring, loaded with booty, when the inhabitants returned and cut off about six hundred of them, who had not had time to regain their ships. The memory of the sack of Morlaix is said to be still preserved among the peasantry, who even now regard "the Saxon" with feelings of dislike.

The trade of Morlaix has always been considerable. She exports large quantities of butter, grain, linseed, tallow and hides, honey, wax, thread, flax and hemp, and possesses manufactories of tobacco, thread, oil, and candles. The promenades along the quays and on the heights are very pretty. The churches have nothing remarkable about them; but on the heights above the town there is a very picturesque fountain which is well worth seeing. The dress of the peasants is striking. The men wear short coats of black cloth, without a collar, their shirt open at the throat, a braided waistcoat with rows of buttons down either side, and blue or black bell-shaped trousers, tight at the knee, and confined round the waist by a blue sash. Their hat is broad-brimmed, and the hat-band is fastened by a silver buckle. The hair is worn long, and flowing over the shoulders. This costume has a maritime appearance about it. The guide-books say that the *bragou-bras*, or trunk-hose, are worn here, but I saw none. The dress of the women has a sombre and severe cast, but it is very becoming. It consists of a black woollen jacket, trimmed with black velvet, a black petticoat, black shawl, and blue or grey apron, black stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles. The head-dress is a white cap, from under which not a morsel of hair is suffered to escape, and long white lappets which are commonly turned up, and pinned on the top of the head. Sometimes a black felt cap is worn, and it is invariably trimmed with green ribbon. At St. Pol I observed that some wore a very ugly head-dress of white flannel. It was very pretty to see a whole bevy of robust paysannes in their becoming garb, busily employed, some in washing fish, some in washing clothes, in the rapid stream of the Jarbeau,

Many stood in the river; and I felt that I never till now had realized the force and appropriateness of the line,—

Ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.

It was market-day, and surrounded by a crowd of deeply attentive listeners was a ballad-singer. He began with a *kantik*, which is a sort of hymn. This seemed to be very popular; but later in the day I heard him singing more lively airs, and I conclude the words were to match. All, however, both grave and lively, were composed on some principle totally different from that on which modern music is founded; you listened in vain for the key-note.

At a little before two o'clock I set out for St. Thégonnec, a large village about six miles distant on the road to Brest, and the first of a series of places remarkable for gorgeous churches and elaborate Calvaries in the style of the Renaissance. I reached it at about three, and was surprised rather than pleased by the first view. Never did I more thoroughly realize the degradation of art which synchronized so curiously with the revival of classical learning. The architecture was rich and elaborate in the extreme. No cost, no pains, had been spared to make it worthy of its object. But it all looked little, cut up into small pieces, and producing small and weak effects. The architect had evidently no higher design than to accumulate a number of quaint details, borrowed partly from the older style of his country, and partly from the debased Roman of the Lower Empire. His work is therefore a thing of shreds and patches; nevertheless it is extremely curious if it were only for this, to show the absurdity of the principles upon which it is founded, if indeed it can be said to be founded on any principle. But it presents some features which I do not think are to be found in any remains of Renaissance building in this country. With a great deal of meagre pseudo-classical detail it combines some Gothic feeling in the forms. The architect, instead of going straight from the debased flamboyant or perpendicular to Vitruvianism, as with us generally, seems rather to have introduced

a foreign element into the Gothic idea. This was indeed a retrograde movement, a return to forms which had lost their significance, a mere negation, not a development; and, after a tolerably long trial, it has shown itself, like a monster in nature, to be utterly sterile; but the early stages of the movement, as shown in the remarkable group of Renaissance buildings of which St. Thégonnec is the first which the English tourist sees, are not the less curious and instructive.

Stereograph No. 24 shows the entrance-gate to the churchyard, with the three southern gables of the charnel-house to the left as you enter, and in the background the church-tower. All the work on the piers is most elaborate; but what a mean, grotesque, and grovelling effect does it produce! Look at those little squat niches without statues! What do they mean? Look at the horizontally projecting cornices, by which the piers are cut in two! What are they for? A weather-moulding, which they seem intended to represent, has a use: it is intended to throw the water off the projecting top of a buttress or an additional thickness added to a wall; but the sole use of this flat excrescence is to diminish the apparent height of the piers. The architect had a dim feeling that a long lancet window in a tower, besides suffering the sound of the bells to escape, had a fine effect. He had probably seen the lancets in "Our Lady of the Middle Town," at St. Pol. But he cuts his lancets up with these flat cornices. A pointed arch offends his eye; it is too graceful; so he sticks into the point of the arch a great big key-stone, which, instead of conveying the idea of security, looks as if it were dropping out. To do him justice, he still retains good high-pitched roofs and gables. He had not quite attained to the absurdity of our days, when we hide the most characteristic feature in a building. But, in order to make his gables look as mean as possible, he overwhelms them under pinnacles exaggerated in size, and of the most utterly incongruous shapes. The material advantages which have accrued to mankind from the great revolution in thought and feeling in the sixteenth century, can hardly be overrated, and I should be the last person in the world to undervalue them;

but to art, especially to the art of architecture, it was simply ruinous. To realize the extent of the degradation of taste which had been growing from the fourteenth century till the sixteenth, it is perhaps necessary to come suddenly, as I did, from St. Pol-de-Léon to St. Thégonnec.

In stereograph No. 25 is seen the side view of the charnel-house, of which the last showed the gables. What these rows of niches were originally intended to contain I know not; but now the reader will observe that they are filled with those curious little skull-boxes which I have already described, heaped upon one another anyhow. Round the building, under the roof, runs an inscription, from the Second Book of Maccabees, xii. 46: "C'est une bonne et sainte pansée (pensée?) de prier pour les fidelles trépassés.. Requiescant in pace!"—"It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." An old woman admits you into the interior, and conducts you to a crypt, in which, within an iron railing, you see a representation, as large as life, of the Entombment. In the dim light admitted by the small windows, the group has a most impressive and life-like effect. The figures consist of our Lord, dead, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and the three Maries. At each side hang boards on which is printed an inscription in French and Brezonec. I quote the former, as a specimen of the kind of instruction which representations such as this are supposed to convey: "Tu le vois mort, pécheur, ce Dieu qui t'a fait naître. Sa mort est ton ouvrage, et devient ton appui. A ce trait de bonté tu dois, au moins, connaître, que s'il est mort pour toi, tu dois, au moins, vivre pour lui."—"Sinner, thou seest this God, who caused thee to be born, dead. His death is thy work, and becomes thy support. From this mark of goodness thou shouldst learn, that since He died for thee, thou oughtest at least to live for Him."

Stereograph No. 26 shows the Calvary; but the shades of evening were unfortunately coming on when it was taken, and it therefore appears in deep shadow.

It may be perhaps necessary to premise that a Calvary is a

representation of the several scenes which are stated in the Gospels to have taken place at our Lord's Passion; and I believe it is the custom among Roman Catholics to perform a particular sort of ceremony in connection with the Calvaries, during the week preceding Easter. A priest, followed by the people, visits the sculpture representing each particular scene, explains it to the people, and then sings an appropriate hymn, and says an appropriate prayer.

Here, then, in the midst, is our Saviour crucified. The two little figures immediately under the arms of the cross are angels catching the blood in chalices. Immediately beneath are two equestrian figures, the centurion, and the soldier who pierced our Lord's side; beneath them are the Blessed Virgin and St. John; and on the two other crosses are the thieves. The figures at the base, scarcely distinguishable in the stereograph, represent the Judgment of Pilate, the Bearing the Cross, the Deposition, the Entombment, the Resurrection. In a niche beneath is the figure of St. Thégonnec, the patron of the Church.*

The impression made upon my mind by this my first sight of the celebrated Calvaries of Finisterre, was that the sculptor was far superior, as an artist, to the architect. These groups of figures are Albert Dürer's pictures, in stone. The attitudes are easy and natural; the men and women, who are dressed in the common costume of the time and place, look like the men and women we see daily, and are therefore more easily understood, by all classes of the people whom these Calvaries were intended to instruct and to touch, than if the artist had

* Little need be added to the foregoing descriptions of stereographs No. 24, 25, and 26, except a word in further explanation of the sombre tone of the two sombre subjects, the Calvary and the charnel-house. It was nearly five o'clock in the evening when we reached St. Thégonnec, and as these, with the entrance gateway, formed, so to speak, the three sides of a square, the light only fell with adequate photographic power on one of them. We pitched our tent among the tombstones as quickly as possible, and the gateway was taken with excellent effect, but the Calvary and charnel-house in the dim interior of the churchyard were but partially lighted, and chiefly in the foreground, where the light was less needed. The result, after much perseverance, was the most disappointing obtained in the whole course of our tour.—*L. R.*

striven to attain some mystic form of ideal beauty. The sculptures tell their story, not indeed in the language of poetry, but in strong, intelligible prose.

The interior of the church is perfectly gorgeous. The profuse and unmeaning scrollwork of the Renaissance style is all painted in brilliant colours, and gilt; and as the whole thing seems to have been finished off at once, at great expense, the style is uniform, and without a flaw. A better example of a Renaissance building could scarcely be found. There you have it at its best and its worst. And the difference between the spirit of the church of St. Thégonnec and that of the cathedral of St. Pol-de-Léon, is so wide, that one is almost inclined to think that there must have been a radical difference between the religion of the people who built and worshiped in the one, and that of those who built and worshiped in the other.

Leaving Mr. Reeve and Mr. Taylor engaged in taking the photographs which I have been explaining, I pushed on for Landivisiau, a small town twelve miles distant, and reached it at about eight. I was rather dismayed at the look of the only two inns in the town; and after some hesitation, chose the Hôtel de Commerce, kept by Madame Rolland, where I obtained a very tolerable dinner, and a comfortable bed, and civility. What more could a pedestrian hope for in a little village?

The next day was Sunday, but I could not stop for service at Landivisiau, as I was anxious to visit the series of Calvaries which are scattered along the valley of the Elorn; and I had found by experience that once you go off the high-road, you never can calculate distances. The map shows you with tolerable accuracy the relative positions of the places; but the bye-roads and lanes are scarcely ever direct, and you find that you have to walk miles round to reach a place which looks upon the map to be within a mere step of you. I peeped into the church, however, and saw that it is in the style of the Renaissance, with a good deal of Gothic feeling about it. The tower and spire are evidently built on the type

of those of "Our Lady of the Middle Town," at St. Pol-de-Léon.

A walk of about five miles brought me to Lampaul. The church appeared to me to have been originally Gothic, but to have been thoroughly remodelled at the Renaissance. The charnel-house, Calvary, and "lich-gate"—as we should call it in England,—are entirely in the latter style (see stereograph No. 27). It will be observed that the figures are much mutilated. One of the thieves in the Calvary is quite gone, as also the crucifix over the gate. The curious feature in this picture is the gallery over the gateway. On some occasions it appears that proclamations were read from it; but its ordinary use was probably for preaching from. The charnel-house closely resembles that at St. Thégonnec, and its niches serve as depositories for skull-boxes.

Stereograph No. 28 gives one of the jambs of the south porch. It reminds one of our "perpendicular;" but the Breton type of architecture in the seventeenth century is distinct from anything we have in this country. The Puritan Revolution with us rudely arrested the development of art, and we went straight from perpendicular to pseudo-classicalism. In Brittany the change was gradual, and may be traced in all the buildings of the period. But this stereograph strikes me as being peculiarly valuable for its group of peasants. There is the sturdy Léonais with his jacket and sash, and there is the little bare-footed girl with her ugly cap. Propping up the porch, and showing a pretty hand as if she knew it was pretty, is a young peasant-girl, with the long lappets of her cap pinned up over her head, her white collar and her coloured apron pinned over her bosom. Would that our young village girls would be content with a costume so rational, so well adapted for working people, and at the same time so becoming! It would be better both for their morals and their comfort, than to wear, as they do, tawdry bonnets, and artificial flowers, and mantles, which look like the cast-off finery of "the social evil." But the best figure in the group is undoubtedly the scamp of a boy who

sits, in his red nightcap and shirtsleeves, on the threshold. His face, his attitude, his dress, make him worthy to take his place beside the street boy of Madrid, whom Murillo has immortalized.*

I looked into the church where service was going on. The parson was in the middle of his sermon, the men all standing in the nave, the women sitting either in pews, on chairs, or, when they could not afford either of these luxuries, on the ground. The sermon was in Brezonec; but from the preacher's somewhat drowsy and hesitating manner, and from the passive appearance of the congregation, I conjectured that it did not rise above the average performances of our country clergy. It seems that in Brittany the sermon comes before, not after, the Nicene Creed, as with us; for when the priest came down from the pulpit, the Nicene Creed was recited by the choir to one of those rude, rhythmical recitatives which had struck me so forcibly at Guingamp. The whole congregation joined at the top of their voices; and when they came to the sentence, "Et homo factus est," went down on their knees as if they had been shot. I suppose this was intended as an act of special worship to our Lord as "the Son of Man."

By the side of the road from Lampaul to Guimiliau, I observed a very beautiful wayside cross and fountain. The well itself was sheltered and defended by a little building about five feet high, resembling a chapel. In the gable was a figure of a mitred bishop holding his pastoral staff. Inside were figures of the Blessed Virgin and Infant Saviour. A square

* At Lampaul we were fortunate enough to meet with a Breton who spoke just enough French to be intelligible, and who took a warm interest in our operations. As may be seen by the violent sunlight effects in stereographs 27 and 28, the morning was bright, and the villagers soon gathered round to see what we were about. After securing a picture of the gateway, Calvary, and charnel-house, I proposed to our Breton friend, as a characteristic specimen of costume, to stand at the church-door for his portrait. I then picked out two neatly-dressed girls to lean within the porch, and an exquisite little model in rags with bare feet, by way of contrast. After settling the group, a boy, ambitious of pictorial honours, came and planted himself very clumsily in front, and no little amusement was caused by my taking him forcibly by the shoulders and pushing him down upon the porch-step.—*L. R.*

basin caught the water as it gushed from the well. This was appropriated to domestic purposes. The water thence flowed into another and larger basin, in the sides of which were cut steps: here was the village laundry.

Arrived at Guimiliau, I soon perceived that its ecclesiastical buildings are the most remarkable of the group. The church consists of nave, aisles, choir, and organ-gallery, all carved, painted, and gilt in the most gorgeous style of the Renaissance. It seems very strange to find, in a little village in Brittany, a building, which, however bad its style, would be considered in London a perfect wonder of richness. Stereograph No. 29 gives the south porch, the details of which, it will be seen, are most elaborate, and present the features of the debased Gothic, with a return to those of the architecture of Greece and Rome, from which Gothic originally developed itself. The east window is filled with good painted glass of the sixteenth century, and represents the Passion. The altars at the east end are in gorgeous Renaissance; and to do them justice, they look more solid and real than the frippery altars which prevail at the present day. The pulpit is a good piece of carving, and bears date 1677. The baptistery is magnificent; it is of oak, and consists of a canopy, richly carved with allegorical figures, among which are Faith, Hope, and Charity, supported by eight corkscrew pillars, round which, grape-vines, holly, and ivy are twisted in graceful wreaths, while birds are pecking the berries. The organ-gallery is also carved in the same elaborate style, but in some places the relief is not so high or bold. In the choir I observed a crimson velvet canopy, or baldaquin, for processions. The outside of the church is Renaissance throughout, the sacristy, seen in stereograph No. 31, being round, which at first sight made me suppose that it was an ancient church of the Templars. It contains a fine old processional cross, good in form and detail, and two processional lanterns on the ends of poles. There is also a charnel-house against the tower.

But the chief object of interest is the Calvary, seen in ste-

reographs No. 30 and 31. It will be observed that it is a solid structure of stone, raised upon arches, and presenting a series of accurately carved groups of figures representing the several scenes of the Passion. In the midst rises up a singularly beautiful crucifix, with St. Mary and St. John at either side. Among the groups at the base may easily be distinguished in the stereograph, the washing of the disciples' feet, the betrayal, the bearing of the cross, and the entombment. The figures in the niches at the projecting corners, represent various saints. In stereograph No. 30 the back of the crucifix is turned to the spectator; in stereograph No. 31 he sees the front, together with the east end of the choir, the curious circular sacristy, and the curate in his cassock and bands. He was polite, like all the Breton clergy whom I met, and showed the lions very good-naturedly, though I fear I was keeping him from his dinner, which, to a clergyman, is rather an object on a Sunday.*.

I was told here that my best plan was to return to Landivisiau, and to go from thence to La Martyre by the Route

* Our expectations of finding at Guimiliau one of the two great Calvaries for which Brittany is famous, were more than realized on coming in sight of the elaborately sculptured monument represented in stereographs No. 30 and 31. Such a grotesque assemblage of figures on all sides determined us to take two views of it. We had begun to set up our tent in a corner of the churchyard, when a peasant-girl ran off to give information of our mysterious proceedings to the Curé. Whether she reported to him that some heinous sacrilege was about to be committed, I cannot say. He came hurrying out of his domicile, but on my boldly meeting him, and explaining that we had travelled some distance to obtain a picture of his beautiful Calvary, a profound bow, and lifting of the hat followed, and he acceded to my request to stand for his portrait. Our camera, already charged with a wet plate, was planted in the hedge of an opposite field, commanding a view over the wall which appears in the foreground of the picture No. 31, and the Curé kept strictly to my directions to stand motionless, as may be seen by the clear definition of his figure, while he is carefully holding his bands to prevent them being blown about by the wind. In the view No. 30, representing the south and east sides of the Calvary, I placed a bystander, dressed in the same characteristic costume as our Léonais friend at Lampaul. In taking a view of the church porch (No. 29), two neatly dressed women, the elder with her arm in a sling, pleasantly allowed me to place them against one of the columns, and, unlike the girls of Guingamp, readily understood by signs—for here we had no interpreter—how they were to behave on the occasion.—*L. R.*

Impériale; but as I knew that there must be bye-roads across the country, I preferred to go by them, trusting to my pocket-compass to keep me tolerably right. I was amply rewarded for my confidence; for this proved the most picturesque walk I had taken since I came to Brittany. It lay over a spur of the Arrhes chain of mountains, and across the fertile vale of the Elorn river. Here and there the grey granite rocks cropped out from among the purple heather; and lower down, the hills, wherever trees would grow, were clothed with a thick brushwood of dwarf oak. Here and there were a few farms and homesteads. But the country, though wild, is thickly inhabited; and in the course of my walk, I passed through the large and comfortable-looking villages of Kerlast, Loc-Eguiner and Ploudiry. The people were all abroad in their holiday clothes, and were lounging about the churches waiting for Vespers to begin.

The church of La Martyre is the most beautiful, though not, perhaps, the most richly decorated of this remarkable group. It is evidently early Gothic, with Renaissance details added in the seventeenth century. The three windows of the apse are filled with good painted glass; the high altar is gorgeous with carvings, richly painted and gilt. On either side of the interior of the porch, in niches, are statues of the twelve Apostles, painted and gilt, each holding in his hand a scroll with one article of the Apostles' Creed written upon it. This is very usual in the porches of Léonais churches, and is intended no doubt to symbolize the fact that the entrance to the Church is through faith. But the Calvary presents this peculiar feature, that it forms the gate of the churchyard. It consists of a depressed pointed arch, with a gallery above, formed of Gothic open-work. This is surmounted by the rood, at the base of which are the usual scenes from the Passion.

I arrived at Landerneau at about five o'clock, in time for the *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel de l'Europe. It is a pretty town, built on the banks of the Elorn, with a promenade planted with trees, and lovely walks along the river's brink. So many remarkable places are within easy reach of it, that it

would form an excellent centre of operations for the tourist. On one side La Martyre, Guimiliau, Lampaul, St. Thégonnec, the ruined châteaux of La Roche and La Forêt, said to be the celebrated castle of La Joyeuse Garde, in which dwelt Tristram and Isoude; Lesneven and the Folgoët on another; and Plougastel-Daoulas on a third, are all within a day's walk, or an easy drive. At dinner my only companion was an agreeable but not very refined old officer of the first Napoleon. He wore a St. Helena medal, which he was evidently rather proud of, is now a Juge de Paix, and was treated with great respect by the people of the house. But such obscene oaths as he rapped out at every word! In fact, one could not have had a better specimen of the "brave Breton" of the old school grafted on the "Mousquetaire" of the Empire. He could hardly believe, he said, that an Emperor Napoleon and a Queen of England could be complimenting each other at Cherbourg, and talked, evidently with a feeling nearly approaching regret, of the old times when French and English met only to cut each other's throats. Those were good old times, too good for men *οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσί*. Talking of the Brezonec, he observed that it was spoken in the bottom of the gullet, while English was spoken entirely with the lips and teeth, which gave foreigners the idea that we were hissing at each other. As an example of the guttural character of Brezonec he gave me the following sentence: "Hwerch guerchez ar hwerch march, gwenne." The *ch* in all these words is pronounced as in German, or even more gutturally. The meaning is, "Six girls on six white horses."

I learned that there was a post-cart to Lesneven next morning at seven o'clock, and being anxious to lose as little time as possible, I took advantage of it. I was glad I did so, for it proved the means of my becoming acquainted with the parson of Lesneven, a most agreeable and gentlemanlike man, who occupied the other seat in the vehicle. Before starting I happened to give a couple of sous to a beggar, who immediately began to recite some prayer for my benefit in a low voice.

Mentioning this to my companion the Abbé, he told me that the sceptical opinions of the Revolution had never penetrated into Brittany, which was still thoroughly Catholic; and this remarkable immunity he attributed to the fact that French was unintelligible to the people, who therefore could not read the sceptical works with which the rest of France was inundated. I make it a rule never to talk about disputed points of belief. But the conversation turned, I know not how, from the Folgoët church to the Church of England, about which the Abbé began to ask me some questions. One of these was whether we believed baptism to be a sacrament or not. I thought I was safe in saying Yes, because our Catechism says so, at which he seemed much surprised. He then asked me what we understood by a sacrament. I was beginning to get rather tired of this; but I thought again that I was safe in answering, in the words of our Catechism, that a sacrament was an outward sign ordained by Christ to convey an inward grace. But, urged the Abbé, it has lately been decided, has it not, by the English ecclesiastical courts, that baptism does not convey grace. I was obliged again to reply, Yes. Then, he rejoined, how can it be a sacrament, according to your own definition of what a sacrament is? And so I perished miserably under a most simple application of that provoking Socratic argument! My determination never to meddle with theological controversies was strengthened tenfold. But who would have thought that I could have been placed in such a dilemma when I stuck so closely to the Church Catechism? For the rest of our journey I took care never to get nearer the forbidden subject than to talk of the architectural monuments which still remain in Brittany, particularly the church of the Folgoët, to which the Abbé offered very kindly to accompany me.

Lesneven (Lès-an-Even) means the Court of Evan, a King of Léon in the sixth century, celebrated in the local traditions of the country. The name is still common in Wales. There is nothing very interesting to arrest the traveller's attention in the town itself; but about a mile beyond it is one of the most

lovely and precious monuments of Gothic architecture existing in the world. It is the church of our Lady of the Fool's Well (Notre Dame du Folgoët). There may perhaps be other buildings equally rich and graceful, and other sculptures equally minute and lifelike; but none that I know of have been wrought in a material so fine as the Kersanton granite. It is harder and more durable than bronze, which it much resembles in colour.

The legend of Salaüm the Idiot has been repeated over and over again; and, if I did not hate repetitions, I too might tell how Salaüm lived under a tree, beside a well; how when he was hungry he used to go into the villages, crying out, "Ave Maria! Salaüm a de prie bara,"—"Hail Mary! Salaüm would eat some bread;" how he ate nothing but the bread which was thus given him, and which he soaked in the water of his well; how when he was too hot he used to plunge into the fountain, and when too cold, climb up his tree; how when he died, the barbarous and half-heathen people thought that a creature so devoid of intellect could not have been a subject of Divine grace; and how—when they therefore buried him, like a dog, under his tree—from his grave sprang up a lily, on the petals of which was written, "Ave Maria!" God signifying by this miracle that men are not accepted by Him for their intellectual attainments, but for the innocence of their lives. I might have told how, when the miracle became known, the Fool's Well became an object of religious veneration to the people; how John de Montfort vowed a vow that if he gained the battle of Auray, which he was about to fight with Charles of Blois, he would found a church on the spot where this lily grew; and how, having been victorious, he began to build this exquisite temple, which was finished by his son John V., and enriched by all subsequent sovereigns of Brittany down to the Duchess Anne. But is not all this and much more already written in the book of Murray? therefore I forbear.

My excellent friend the parson of Lesneven pointed out to me, in the chapel especially dedicated to the memory of

the fact, a board on which the whole story is told in choice French and Brezonec, nor could I perceive that he himself felt any doubt as to its truth. This set me upon thinking over the matter from a psychological point of view; and knowing how he or she who repeats an anecdote always likes to add some little circumstance out of his or her own imagination, I came to the conclusion that this story may have become current among the people without any intention to deceive on the part of its original promulgator. There may have been an idiot named Salaüm; he may have lived such a life as is attributed to him in the legend, and may have been buried by the people like a dog. Some Christian preacher, who had read the fable of Adonis in Ovid, may have thought that he might rebuke the people's want of charity, and show that God is pleased with the worship of all his creatures, by finding out, in a fanciful way, the words "Ave Maria" on the petals of a lily. Perhaps the preacher was that very Saint Ive of Ireland whose statue I saw near Guingamp; and after the manner of his countrymen at the present day, he may have used to come out in the middle of his sermon with "Sure, I 'll tell ye a story!" When the sermon came to be talked over by the congregation afterwards, they would have been an unimaginative people indeed if they had not found out that the lily grew out of the innocent's grave in one night. But whatever may have been the origin of the legend, there is no doubt that it has mainly contributed to produce that humane and salutary feeling of tender compassion with which the Bretons regard those who are suffering under the terrible calamity of want of reason. That the uneducated classes should be superstitious seems inevitable. In England we have our witch in every village; and, even in the Metropolis, the annals of our police-offices do but too plainly inform us that there are persons who make good livelihoods by imposing upon the credulity of the vulgar. In every nation, and under every form of religion, there have been and there are superstitions. Superstition is the rust thrown out by religion, and even by scepticism. But it is certainly remarkable that

while the superstitions of heathenism or scepticism have generally a tendency to malignity or impurity; those, on the contrary, which spring from Christianity, all inculcate some moral principle which tends to the happiness and wellbeing of mankind. An apologist might say that the rust of Christianity is like the rust of iron, innocuous and even medicinal; while the rust of other religions or of scepticism is poisonous like verdigris. Thus even the superstitions of Christianity produced in Brittany, during the Middle Ages, the same humane regard for the idiot and the lunatic which we justly regard as one of the triumphs of our more enlightened philanthropy at the present day.

To form any idea of the beauty of this church, beautiful even in its present dilapidated state, it must be seen; but what struck me most, were the rood-loft, or *jubé*, the three ancient stone altars in the choir and its two aisles, and the porch as you enter the Fool's chapel. The rood-loft, or *jubé*, a gallery defended by a balustrade of pierced quatrefoils, is supported on two rows of pillars, and is all constructed of the Kersanton granite, carved with a minuteness and delicacy which I never saw equalled in stone; at first I thought it was metal or dark wood. The three altars at the east end were quite refreshing after the hideous sarcophagi which I had been looking at ever since I came into Brittany; but my worthy guide, the parson of Lesneven, did not fail to point out to me the incongruous effect of the candlesticks and artificial flowers which were placed upon them. On the walls of the Fool's chapel are frescoes, illustrative of his legend, but they are now nearly obliterated.

Externally the great west door is an excellent specimen of the fanciful spirit and skill of the Gothic sculptor. The foliage of the vine and thistle, and the characteristic attitude of the snake and the goldfinch, are rendered with a grace and close imitation of nature which would fill Mr. Ruskin with delight. But the greatest cost and pains have been bestowed upon the south porch, leading into the transept which contains the Fool's chapel itself. The carving is here even more delicate and elaborate than in the west door. In the interior are figures

of the Twelve Apostles in niches, holding scrolls, as at Guimiliau. Round the roof of this porch runs a richly carved parapet, pierced with quatrefoils. It was broken in many places by the Revolutionary soldiers, and a similar one which ran round the whole church was utterly destroyed.

The tower, I was happy to see, was not of the same type as the celebrated one at St. Pol-de-Léon, but rose from the ground in a gradually diminishing pyramid, till the fine point of the spire was almost lost to sight. Though residing in the next parish, my companion had never ascended it. We now went up together, and from the gallery at the base of the spire he pointed out to me a vast number of church-towers rising on all sides from among the trees. I was able to trace my walk of yesterday by the steeples of Lampaul, Guimiliau, Ploudiry, and La Martyre. From this elevation, too, I could see to great advantage the plan of the church, and, at the intersection of the nave and choir, the elegant little turret in which formerly hung the sacring bell. But almost all the old ritual observances not actually set down in the rubrics having been discontinued at the Revolution, have not been revived in the modern Church of France. The sacring bell and the piscinas beside the altar are now alike disused. On descending the tower, my guide pointed out, at the back of the high altar, the well beside which dwelt Salaüm. Hither diseased persons resort, to dip their limbs in the water; and in the Fool's chapel are hung up many effigies of arms and legs, by those who believe they owe their cure to the prayers of the Blessed Virgin. This church was collegiate, and beside it are the fine old Gothic buildings of the college, now inhabited by the poor people of the parish, whose children surrounded us to ask for sous. I more than once regretted that Mr. Reeve and his photographer had not made their arrangements to visit this architectural gem, that our friends at home might not suspect me of exaggerating its beauties. But photography is powerless to take interiors, and it is in its interior that our Lady of Folgoët is so peculiarly beautiful.

It was now near ten o'clock, and as I was myself experi-

encing the want of breakfast, I concluded that my companion was in the same predicament, and asked him to breakfast with me at the hotel. The fact is, that after having enjoyed his very pleasant conversation, I did not like the idea of a solitary meal. But he told me, laughing at my ignorance, that a priest is expressly forbidden by the canons, under pain of irregularity, to enter a public inn, except he be on a journey of so many leagues from home. I thought to myself that this was rather strict discipline; but it is perhaps necessary in countries where there are greater temptations to leave home than in England. I was therefore obliged to bid my agreeable companion adieu, and, after breakfasting, walked back to Landerneau, where I arrived at two o'clock. The afternoon was spent in bringing up my arrears of correspondence.

My friend of yesterday, the military Justice of the Peace, to my regret, did not appear today till after the table-d'hôte dinner was over, and my only companion at table was a low-bred fellow, who in his vulgar communicativeness soon let me know that he was one of those hair-merchants, mentioned by Mr. Weld, who travel through the country clipping the heads of the peasant-girls, and carrying off the glossy booty to eke out the scanty chevelures of Parisian fashionables. The wretch was exulting over a great prize he had just made: it was a head of hair more than a yard long, black as the raven's wing, and fine and soft as floss-silk, which he had bought for the small sum of twenty-eight francs. I could not help feeling a sort of resentment against the fellow for depriving the pretty girl of so graceful an ornament; but then I recollected that long hair, unless it be beautifully kept, as it cannot be by working people, both looks and is anything but neat and cleanly. The snowy white cap of the Bretonne is a much more convenient and becoming covering for the head; its whiteness imparts a peculiar brilliancy to the eyes and complexion, it shades the face from the sun, and it ensures cleanliness.

After dinner I had a charming walk along the river Elorn to see the ruined gateway, which is all that remains of the castle of La Forêt, supposed to be the castle of the Joyeuse Garde,

where Tristram dwelt with Isoude after he had carried her off from his uncle King Mark. As I walked back, the moon was rising, the peasants returning from their labour were singing their plaintive sônes, the curlew and widgeon were whistling overhead as they winged their way to their inland feeding-grounds, the great white owl was flitting noiselessly along the pasture-fields, and altogether it was an evening to enjoy. On reaching the promenade I espied my photographic coadjutors, who had just arrived, and having agreed to accompany them next day to Plougastel-Daoulas, I went to bed to dream of Fool's wells and Tristram and Isoude.

CHAPTER IX.

PLOUGASTEL.—LE FAOU.—CHATEAULIN.

FROM LANDERNEAU TO PLOUGASTEL.—THE CALVARY AT PLOUGASTEL.—DILETTANTISM IN ART.—"FILTHY DOWLAS."—GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.—OATMEAL PORRIDGE A CLERICAL DIET.—LE FAOU.—MOONLIGHT WALK.—GUIMERCH, THE CITY OF THE DEAD.—AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—CHATEAULIN AND ITS CASTLE.—A BRETON FUNERAL.—A SPORTING SUB-PREFECT.—STE. ANNE DE LA PALUE.—A WOLF-HUNT.—TWO WOLVES BAGGED.

I WISHED to visit Plougastel, and to reach Châteaulin on the same day I quitted Landerneau. But this involved a journey of considerably more than thirty miles, and to have walked the whole distance would have left me little time to examine the Calvary. I therefore agreed to accompany my photographic colleagues in their carriage as far as Plougastel. I might almost as well have walked the whole way; for the road was so hilly, and in some places even precipitous, that a mere insignificant fraction of the journey was performed in the vehicle. There is always some trouble attending these carriages. After we had got a mile on our road, the driver recollected that he had forgotten to pay the post-dues, and ran back to the town in a great fright, leaving us in the middle of the road. It seems that the traveller in France is obliged, under heavy penalties, to pay to the authorities of every town he passes through, so much for every league he intends to travel during the day. I have often heard people railing against our turnpikes, and crying up the immunity from their vexatious demands enjoyed by the French. But it seems to me that the post-dues are quite as vexatious as the turnpike,

and even more so. A traveller in France may find himself involved, by mere ignorance or forgetfulness, in a liability to pay a ruinous fine.

The road wound along the embouchure of the Elorn, through cultivated valleys, and up heath-clad hills, which were continually becoming higher and higher, a hollow lane, overshadowed with dwarfed and gnarled oaks, every here and there diving off from the main road and becoming lost in the thick underwood. At length we reached the apex of this spur of the Black Mountains, and a view such as I have seldom seen equalled, lay spread out before me. What seemed like a lawn in a park, planted here and there with groves of trees, sloped with an uninterrupted sweep down to the sea. On the opposite side of the bay, to the right, the spires and shipping of Brest were seen peeping over the tongue of land which hid from us the town itself; while in every direction headlands and islets overlapped each other, and displayed every tint of blue and purple, till they were lost in the sky. Through one narrow outlet, the "Goulet de Brest," the eye was free to reach the natural horizon, where the sky seemed to touch the great Atlantic ocean. The celebrated Rade de Brest was before me. Here were the bays which, in the old French war, used to send out their armed privateers, to pounce upon our merchantmen, and then slip back, loaded with booty, beyond the reach of pursuit, behind these rocky headlands. Such a scene as this, if it were within a hundred miles of London or Liverpool, would soon be thickly studded with the villas of opulent traders; but I suppose the merchants of Brest have not much taste for the picturesque.

The first thing that met my eye on entering the little village of Plougastel, was a sign over a public-house, with the inscription, "Raoul vend à boire et à manger,"—"Raoul sells wherewithal to eat and drink." Not only the sententious style of the announcement, and the absence of the surname, but the thoroughly medieval character of the name Raoul had a very quaint effect. All the ancient traditions, and among the rest, those relating to Christian names, have been quite broken up

in England and France. In Brittany they still live, and children are christened by the names of Raoul, and Alain, and Even, just as they were a thousand years ago.

The church is not remarkable, and the Calvary, which is said to have been erected in 1602 by a great lord of the country, in accomplishment of a vow he had vowed in his sickness, was the chief point of attraction. Stereograph No. 32 shows the south-west side. The topmost figures represent, as usual, the crucifixion, with the Roman soldiers at either side, and the two thieves. Beneath it are the "Mater Dolorosa" and the other two Maries. St. John does not appear. The beautiful groups of figures on the gallery below represent, in the middle, the resurrection, and at either side, Christ teaching in the Temple among the Doctors. The figures beneath this gallery, on either side of the arch, represent the entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and the Offerings of the Magi. Within the arch are Saints Peter and Paul, and, I think, St. Sebastian.

On the east face of the Calvary, our Lord appears crowned, between Saints Peter and Paul, and the Blessed Virgin. The groups on the gallery consist of the Baptism of St. John, the Entombment, the Judgment of Caiaphas. Underneath are the Annunciation, the Espousal of Mary and Joseph, the Salutation of St. Elizabeth, the Circumcision.

Stereograph No. 33 gives the details of the south side, and will enable the reader to judge of the spirit and execution of this really fine work of art. It represents the Bearing of the Cross. Behind are seen "the women who followed Him from Galilee." The soldiers, one of them with a curiously wrought buckler on his arm, are represented as leaping on the cross to make it the heavier, in their brutal love of inflicting pain. One of those in front blows a horn, another beats a drum, to attract a crowd. Behind our Lord, at the projecting corner, are seen the condemned, swallowed up by the mouth of a monster representing hell. This idea, which is common in medieval symbolism, is probably taken from the phraseology of Scripture, in which hell is personified, and represented as "opening

her mouth" to swallow up the wicked. At the corresponding angle, under an overhanging canopy, is a group representing the blessed. Beneath is a very beautiful representation of the washing the disciples' feet on Maundy Thursday, and of the Last Supper. The figures are full of grace and dignity. The contrast between the tumultuary disorder of the rabble who are torturing the Saviour, and the order and repose of the figures engaged in peaceful and holy converse with Him in the abode which He hallowed by his presence, is finely imagined. At one side of the projecting angles is a group which seemed to me to be Judas bargaining with the priests.

On the north side are seen the Judgment of Pilate, and the scourging and mocking of Christ by the soldiers. Beneath are the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane, the apprehension of Christ, and the remorse of Judas. On the buttresses, at the four corners, are the four Evangelists. The Calvary is ascended by two flights of steps, and within the upper groups, at the foot of the cross, is a vacant space, from whence, probably, the preacher used to address the people in Holy Week. He was thus able to appeal to the sculptured illustrations of those events which formed the subject of his discourse. But all the old ecclesiastical traditions were so thoroughly broken at the Revolution, and the modern French clergy care so little about them, that it is impossible now to discover exactly the use made of these Calvaries. There is, in fact, a sort of dilettante taste for antiquities abroad, which seems to me to be very senseless and selfish. The same man who will move heaven and earth to obtain some object of curiosity for his museum, will be content to see a fine work of art which he cannot make his own, falling into disuse and ruin, and will substitute for it some modern monstrosity. Thus, I am told, in Italy, while the authorities are gathering up every tile and fragment of a cornice found in Pompeii, they look on quietly while a nail to hang a surplice on is driven into the eye of a fresco in the vestry of a church. It would surely be worth while to imbue the students in the seminaries with some little taste for art before entrusting them with the custody of those exquisite

monuments of medieval genius which are scattered over the country. In the course of this day's walk I saw a beautiful ancient churchyard-cross of stone. This, it seems, was too grave and quiet for modern taste; for just beside it had lately been reared a dreadful wooden figure, painted in the brightest colours, and with all the limbs contorted and exaggerated in the most modern fashion. No doubt the perpetrators of such violations of taste mean well; but their mistakes are not the less lamentable. One would like to see the clergy helping on the work of civilization, of which correct taste forms a large element; instead of which, they are too often themselves incapable of appreciating art. This is a fault which, I am sorry to say, is not confined to the Breton clergy.*

It was now twelve o'clock, and I had at least nine good leagues to walk before reaching my inn. Anything to equal the beauty of the little bays of the sea which were continually running up among the fields and brushwood, I never saw. The country is inhabited by an amphibious population of fishermen and smugglers, and the women looked perfect Amazons. They had the bold erect carriage, the tall and robust forms, and the healthy tanned complexions which mark a seafaring population, and are produced partly by the abundance of good and nourishing food supplied by the sea, partly by their immunity from continued hard labour, and partly by the pure and bracing air they breathe. There is no cretinism near the sea.

* It was more than a day's journey from our last photographic station to Plougastel-Daoulas, but we were induced to go thus far out of our intended route, passing the night at Landerneau, for the sake of the beautiful Calvary, of which we had seen a lithographic print in a shop-window at Morlaix. The idea we had formed of it from the picture, was that of its being a grand mausoleum standing in an open park, and great was our disappointment, on entering the churchyard, to find it surrounded on all sides with hedges and tall trees. Where to pitch the camera in the midst of such a boisterous wind as then prevailed was a matter of no small solicitude, and nowhere, after running to and fro over the grave-mounds, could we get a foreground or background to a view large enough to take in the crucifix, without the accessories, so dreaded by photographers, of waving trees. There was little promise of the gale abating, and as it presented no obstacle to our taking a good photograph of the Calvary, we were content on this occasion to sacrifice the artistic definition of the trees.—*L. E.*

The first town I came to was Daoulas,—"filthy Dowlas,"—where, outside the churchyard, is a pretty, half-ruinous chapel, in one end of which is an altar decorated as for service, and in the other, hay and straw. Here are a fine old churchyard rood, and a modern abomination beside it. I also observed at the foot of all the graves, which were neatly kept, a pot for holy-water and a brush for sprinkling it. Strange how customs are handed down through hundreds of generations! The people in Brittany are sprinkled with water just as the Jews were in the time of David, who says, "Thou shalt cleanse me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be clean; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." This symbolical act was continued by the early Jewish converts to Christianity, and here we find it at Daoulas, in Finisterre, in the nineteenth century! Stereograph No. 34 gives an excellent specimen of the ancient Breton roadside crosses. It is of granite, well imagined and carefully executed. The figure is dignified, and presents none of those frightful contortions and anatomical impertinences which modern workmen delight in. To the right is seen one of those curious hollow lanes which impart such a peculiar character to Brittany, and which stood her in such good stead in the wars of the Revolution. A party of peasants could harass the rearguard, or destroy a picket of "Blues," and disappear in the windings of these intricate passages, like rabbits in a warren.*

After passing Daoulas, I observed that the granite disappeared, and that slate took its place. It is curious that the geological formation of this colony of Welsh should be the

* On entering the village of Plougastel-Daoulas, we observed a pretty cross by the wayside, and after taking our pictures of the Calvary, we ventured to carry the camera to it without removing our tent from the churchyard. Among the troop of villagers that followed us I selected a neatly-clad fisher-boy, and placed him in the foreground, while for a figure on the base of the cross I was lucky enough to pitch upon an urchin with the remains of a most picturesque short-tailed jacket, be-buttoned and braided throughout in the most characteristic costume of Finisterre. My only regret was on account of its extreme seediness. I turned my little friend round a good many times, backwards and forwards, to get the best side of him to the camera.—*L. R.*

same as that of their mother-country. A harvest-man, with whom I got into conversation on the road, told me that oats were much grown here, and that oatmeal porridge formed a considerable part of the people's food; he added, that the clergy almost lived upon it. This put me in mind of Sydney Smith's proposed motto for the 'Edinburgh Review,' "Tenui Musam meditamur avenâ,"—"We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." St. Jerome attributes the stupidity of the heresy of Pelagius to his feeding upon porridge. I trust porridge has not infected the clergy of Finisterre with the heresies of their learned countryman, Pelagius, or with those of the great Scottish censor.

At about half-past three I arrived at Le Faou, a beautiful antique little town of overhanging houses, like those at Lannion, and with a pretty picturesque market-place; but the inns were the worst of any I had met with. I inquired at both, and was told that there was nothing to be had to eat till half-past six. Now, as I had walked five leagues since my cup of *café au lait*, and had yet to walk five more, this was anything but cheering news. However, I was obliged to make the best of it, and unstrapping my knapsack, set about writing up arrears of correspondence. Six o'clock arrived; the evening was closing in, and yet no dinner; and it was not till I had threatened to go to the other inn that the soup was served. At seven it was almost dark, but a lovely moon was rising, and I started for Châteaulin in hopes of arriving there before all the people had gone to bed.

By the light of the moon I could see that the road wound along the sides of lofty and wooded hills, and I could hear the brawling of the little river beneath. At one time I was plunged into the deepest shadow as the mountain came between me and the moon, while I could see the opposite hills bathed in white light; again they became dark, and I was almost dazzled by the moon's cold rays. At first I had met two or three waggons returning home; a light appeared occasionally in a cottage beside the road, and I could hear the voices of the peasants, some near, some distant, singing those

plaintive canticles which they believe to be powerful to resist the machinations of the evil spirits that walk in darkness. But these soon died away, and for the last two leagues of my journey, the stillness was unbroken. No market-carts driven by tipsy farmers and dealers, no men staggering home from the public-house, no lights flickering from the windows of the 'Green Dragon,' or sounds of revelry from the tramps and beggars within. The Breton day had closed by nine o'clock; the peasant, having sung his canticle, was fast asleep in his *lit-clos*. Presently I saw two great staring eyes of light, and as they approached nearer, I heard the jingling of innumerable bells from the harness of the seven horses which were dragging the great lumbering diligence to Brest. As I stood aside to see it pass, the moonlight shone full upon me, and every head was thrust out to look at an apparition so strange as I presented. Various, no doubt, were the surmises formed by the travellers as to what could have brought a solitary Englishman to the middle of the forest of Guimerch at that time of night.

I now passed over a fine viaduct between two mountains, and from it had a most striking view of the town of Logonna-Guimerch, lying still as death, and glittering in the moonlight, in the valley beneath me. There was not a lamp to be seen, not a single light glimmering from a window; it looked like a city of the dead; and not knowing how far I had to go before reaching Châteaulin, I began to be a little doubtful as to whether I should find any house open in this most moral and early-closing country. I therefore stepped out hard, and at length, at about half past ten, reached a town where there were some stragglers in the streets, and a carriage newly arrived at the inn. This, I believe, was the vehicle containing my photographic colleagues. But, on inquiry, I learned that this was Port Launay, and that Châteaulin was still a league distant along the banks of the river. I was determined not to be beaten; the river, too, looked very pretty with the moon shining upon it, so I pushed on. When I reached Châteaulin it was eleven o'clock, and not even a dog

was to be seen or heard as I walked up the deserted quays. One solitary lamp was burning, and by its light I could read the word "Hôtel" over the door. This is what I want, thought I, and immediately began to open a battery with the end of my umbrella, for bell there was none. Presently an upper window was opened, a nightcapped head appeared, and a pretty female voice informed me that this was the Hôtel de Ville. I expected every moment that a gendarme would rush out and lodge me in the lock-up for the night. However, the case was desperate, and at the risk of making the lady catch cold, I entreated her to direct me to the hotel. The pretty voice was again heard answering that the hotel was higher up, at a great gate. I soon found the gate, but as it was the gate to a yard with no house near, I knocked at the next door, thinking that must be the door of the hotel. This turned out to be the post-office, and the post-master came out in his shirt, invoking imprecations on me for wakening him out of his sleep. With a perverse levity which sometimes takes possession of one at the most inopportune moment, I could not help laughing at the sight of the infuriated man in dishabille. This of course excited him to frenzy, and to my question whether this was the hotel, he replied, "Monsieur, non, ce n'est pas l'hôtel," and slammed the door in my face. I could hear him returning along the passage, cursing as he went. I now began to batter the great gate, and presently, to my no small relief, I heard the voices of men and women coming down the yard; and saw the rays of a lantern which they carried, through the chinks of the door. I had at length found the real hotel, and after a cold foot-bath, and a glass of *syrop de groseille*,—for I was afraid to take anything more heating,—went to bed, and slept till I was wakened at five by a chorus of cocks in the yard below. This was the severest day's work I had yet had; but I shall always look back upon that moonlight walk between Le Faou and Châteaulin as an incident in my life. The mountain, the forest, the moonlight, the dead stillness, combined with a slight feeling of insecurity, —for I was alone and unarmed in a very lonely and remote

country, and had some money in my pocket,—all gave it a charm which I shall never forget. I do not in the least wonder at the longing which those who have tasted the sweets of exploring, experience for passing far beyond the bounds of civilization, and traversing alone the primeval forests of America or the sandy deserts of Africa.

Châteaulin derives its name from the castle, of which the ruins still crown the heights seen in stereograph No. 35, erected in the tenth century by Alain the Great. It was often disputed between the contending parties in the wars of John de Montfort and Charles de Blois; and in 1373 was burned by the English. Its slate-quarries, which are close to the town, supply almost all Brittany, and it carries on a considerable trade in fish and agricultural produce. It is beautifully situated on a river-like canal, which traverses the country from Pontivy to the sea, some miles below the town. The chief objects of interest are the ruins of the castle of Alain,—on the site of which there is now a farm and homestead,—the little chapel of St. Michael, seen in stereograph No. 36, and the elegant charnel-house against the tower. In going to visit it, I happened to overtake a funeral. In front was carried a brazen cross; next came a priest in surplice and stole, accompanied by a clerk, and four choir-boys, all singing the psalms of the burial service in unison. Arrived at the chapel, the coffin was deposited in the middle of the nave, and the priest, clerk, and boys, all sat down before a great reading-desk in the middle of the choir, and proceeded to sing the office of the dead. It had a solemn effect, and was calculated, I should think, to soothe the feelings of surviving friends.*

* At Châteaulin, as may be seen by the disturbed state of the foliage in stereographs Nos. 35 and 36, the gale which had followed us from Plougastel-Daoulas, was not yet abated. We pitched our tent beneath the trees of the boulevard, securing it on all sides with cords, but the canvas flapped about with such violence that the manipulations within were only carried on under a sort of apprehension that the photographer might be carried up at any moment by a whirlwind, and deposited, parachute-fashion, in the Guer. After several trials of the bridge view, in each of which the lively youth in the centre of the group, No. 35, made himself a conspicuous portrait, the best was selected; and a view, No. 36, was taken, below the bridge, for the sake of get-

At the table-d'hôte breakfast at ten, I heard a gentleman state that the Sub-Prefect was going to open the hunting season by drawing the forest of Guimerch for wolves on the following day but one, and I determined, if possible, to be present. With this view I called on M. B—, the Sub-Prefect, who showed me into his office, and put on an official face as if expecting me to open some business of importance. He appeared rather surprised, and, I think, relieved, when I told him the object of my visit, and most kindly promised to afford me every facility for seeing the sport. The meet was to take place at nine o'clock, within about a mile of the cover; and he offered to lend me a gun for the occasion, for every advantage is taken of the wolf. He is hunted or shot down wherever he appears. The gun I declined, as I wanted to witness the hunting rather than to take a part in it: this I afterwards regretted. He next brought me into the yard, and showed me three hounds, heavy, long-eared ones, tied up. One of these was thin and weak from having just brought up a litter of puppies. The forest of Guimerch was that through which I had passed the night before. It was very probable, therefore, that ravenous eyes may have been fastened on me as I walked unconsciously along, and young wolves may have licked their chaps to think what a good supper I should make them. After my fortnight's walk, however, I should have been rather dry eating, unless I had been *piqué*, like a *filet-de-bœuf*.

In order to pass the day, I determined to visit the shrine of Ste. Anne de la Palue, which is almost as celebrated an object of pilgrimage as that of Ste. Anne d'Auray. It was four leagues distant, and I felt rather tired after yesterday's

ting in the pretty little chapel of St. Michael. I climbed the slate rocks on the opposite side of the Guer, and descended to the chapel, but did not find its architectural features sufficiently striking in detail to repay the labour of conveying our apparatus to it. The Imperial road to Quimper runs along the opposite bank of the river, as may be seen in No. 36 by the electric telegraph. There is a roadside telegraph-pole to the right of the little white gate, and another before the white house on the left of the picture. The telegraph-wires may be detected on the extreme left, where they pass before a hill in shadow, and also in the middle of the picture, where they pass in front of a tree over a rustic frame of network.—*L. R.*

work; but I took a glass of Bordeaux to fortify me, and started. My route lay right across the tops of the Black Mountains, and the country was somewhat dreary for the first half of the way. No vegetation appeared, except heather and gorse, kept short by the browsing of the goats and Arcadian sheep. Once on the other side of the mountains, I was astonished at the beauty and richness of the landscape. Here were large cornfields, at least comparatively so, surrounded by hedgerows, and interspersed with substantial farmhouses; and all the men were arrayed in the dressy-looking Breton costume, consisting of a long sky-blue jacket, springing out a little below the waist, with sleeves of a somewhat darker blue, a waistcoat of the same colour, a sash, trunk-hose, and black gaiters curiously embroidered. The hair was worn long, and the hat was slouched and trimmed with coloured chenille. I was told that a full suit of the Breton dress, for both men and women, had been presented to the Emperor and Empress. Some idea may be formed of it from stereograph No. 40; but these peasants are not so well dressed as those I saw near Plonevez. The men's full dress is said to cost from four to six hundred francs. In the course of my walk I was surprised at the courage and fierceness of a foumart, which ran across the road at a few paces before me as I was passing a farmyard. When I came up to the place, it had ensconced itself in a dry drain, and kept stretching out its long neck, and peering at me with its bright eyes. As I did not move, it at last actually made a feint to run at me. The quantity and the tameness of birds and beasts of prey in Brittany, seemed inconsistent with the assurance which I everywhere received, that game was abundant. We cannot understand, in England, how there can be magpies, jays, foumarts, and weasels in hundreds, and pheasants and partridges too.

Plonevez-Porzay is the town nearest to the well and shrine of Ste. Anne; and all its inhabitants were engaged in making preparation for the Pardon, which was to take place on the following Sunday. A concourse of several thousand people must, of course, produce a large demand for eatables and

drinkables; and long before I reached the chapel and well, which are at about a league and a half from the town, I could see the long rows of tents which were intended for the accommodation of the pilgrims, while the roads were thronged with vehicles loaded with refreshments of all sorts. The chapel, beside which is the well, is situated in the midst of a sandy plain stretching down to the sea, and the bleakness of the natural scenery contrasted curiously with the temporary activity which was everywhere apparent. On all sides were tents, some already pitched, others in course of erection. Burly dames sat behind boards furnished with gingerbread and abundance of glasses, while at one side barrels of wine, brandy, beer, and cider, were supported on temporary erections of turfs. The more substantial viands were laid up within. The original church is now almost superseded by a much more costly fabric, which is being erected over it, and what remains is very poor and mean. The statue of Saint Anne is more than usually ugly, and is tawdrily dressed up; but around it are hung crutches, waxen babies, legs, arms, and stomachs, the votive offerings of former pilgrims, who had obtained children, or been cured of diseases in the several parts of the body represented, and attributed these mercies to the prayers of Saint Anne. I wished I could have remained till Sunday, to be present at the Pardon; but my time was limited, and I had still much ground to traverse. Yet I now regret that I did not sacrifice these considerations for the sake of witnessing the strange sight of high and low, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, engaged in a veritable pilgrimage. Here I might perhaps have seen the modern representatives of that motley company who, when Richard was king, rode from the Tabard in Southwark, to pay their vows to the martyred Archbishop, the assertor, according to Lord Macaulay, of the rights of the English people in opposition to the arbitrary will of the Norman oppressor. This was all very well in the fourteenth century, when people travelled on horseback, and lighted their fires with a tinder-box; but a pilgrimage now seems an anachronism. It was exploded and proved

to be vain and superstitious three hundred years ago. Luther stormed at it; Erasmus sneered at it; Calvin argued against it; Voltaire held it up to merciless ridicule. The greatest writers in Europe have been engaged, for upwards of three hundred years, in sapping the principles, directly or indirectly, upon which it is founded. The Revolution swept it utterly away. Yet in this age of steamboats, railroads, and electric telegraphs, the shrine of Sainte Anne de la Palue has its thousands of pilgrims, and thousands of prayers are offered to her by the countrymen of Voltaire, in the language of the Encyclopædia. Exeter Hall would say, "Give the people the Bible in Brezonec, and pilgrimages and Pardons must disappear." But the people have the Bible in Brezonec. The Breton Bishops have translated it into the vulgar tongue, and distributed it at the moderate price of one shilling and eightpence. Yet rich and poor still make pilgrimages, they still attend Pardons, they still weary the Saints with entreaties to pray for them. From the same book from which we gather that these things are phantoms, they obtain confirmation strong of their reality. Strange that such contradictory conclusions can be drawn from a document so plain as the New Testament!

With these reflections I turned from the pretty well of Saint Anne, and wended my way back to Châteaulin, where I arrived at six. My host secured for me an ancient and most rickety cab, with a horse and driver to match, to bear me next morning to the forest of Guimerch; and I went to bed with my thoughts in a strange jumble about pilgrimages, saints, and wolves.

I was sitting in the eating-room of my inn next morning at seven, when a young gentleman, attired in shooting costume, and with a portentous French horn slung round his shoulder, entered the room, and began to swear, as only Frenchmen can swear, because his breakfast was not ready. He declared that he should be late for the meet. I saw at once that we were bound on the same errand, and we soon agreed to go together. He had with him three hounds, accompanied by a dog-boy. These were put into his vehicle, while he himself took a seat

beside me in mine. My companion turned out to be a lively amusing rattle, with a thoroughly Welsh name. His father had been an East India merchant, and he himself had been born at Agra. Both his parents were now dead, and he lived with his grandfather, under the tutelage of a guardian, who kept him very tightly in hand. He had enough money, however, to keep a good horse, and cared for nothing provided he had plenty of sporting. His grandfather, an old man of ninety-six, had been an *émigré* during the Revolution, and I afterwards saw the name among those of the gentlemen shot after the disastrous day of Quiberon. As he knew all the bye-roads, and every stick in the forest for twenty miles round, he was able to show the driver a short cut through some most precipitous ravines, which brought us to the meet in good time, and it was not till some twenty minutes after our arrival that M. B—, the Sub-Prefect, and his friend M. de St. L—, rode up. They were mounted on little cats of horses. M. B— was dressed in a jacket, waistcoat, and trousers of white linen, the trousers being tucked into his long boots; and on his head he wore a jockey-cap. The rest were dressed in shooting-jackets, and every one had a double-barrelled gun, and one of those immense horns slung at his back. After standing chatting on the road with a number of poaching-looking fellows and *piqueurs* about us, we started for the cover, which was a good league distant. Our pack was what is called a "scratch pack." Every one contributed a dog or two. They were all coupled.

The cover was a round hill covered at the base with thick oak brushwood, and at the top with heath and gorse. The guns were posted at the outlets. I was armed with a wretched old single-barrel which I had borrowed from my host at Châteaulin. The huntsman first drew the cover, not, as with us, by throwing in the whole pack, but by taking with him a *limier*, or slow hound, which he brought to the place where the wolves were supposed to be. As soon as the *limier* hit off the wolves, the whole pack were uncoupled. I could not see the use of all this. If a wolf were there, the pack would

find him as well as the *limier;* and if he were not there, no harm would have been done by letting them try.

I posted myself in a valley between the cover and a range of hills, for which I thought it most probable that the wolf would make, if he broke cover. Scarcely had I been there five minutes, when I heard the hounds giving tongue; and presently I saw about three couple coming down the hill opposite me in full cry. At the same moment I heard two shots fired a couple of hundred yards below me. The wolf had broken cover, and the *piqueur* who was posted just below me had fired both barrels. But I believe there is no instance on record of these gentry ever hitting. Presently I heard another shot at the opposite side of the hill, and this was followed by a lively tantarrara ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra! upon the French horn, which betokened, as I was told, by its modulation, that a wolf had been slain. My companion of the morning had shot the first that had been killed this season.

It now became very hot, and it was evident that the hounds would not hunt. I saw them slinking out of the cover one by one, and evidently not knowing what to do with themselves. I therefore returned to the place from which we had started, and found all the men lying and sitting on the grass, and the hounds coupled. Here we remained till three, and I sorely regretted having left some wine and provisions which I had taken with me from the hotel, at the rendezvous. All we could get to refresh us, was some milk and mesceline bread, made of wheat and rye. And here again I saw an instance of the little care taken in Brittany to destroy birds of prey. Wheeling majestically over our heads, at a great height, and uttering its peculiar cry, was one of those beautiful but destructive birds, the buzzard. It was far out of the reach even of a ball, but yet appeared to be very large. I have never seen a buzzard in England; it was once common, however, and is placed by Bewick among British birds. Meanwhile the time was beguiled by the rattle of my companion of the morning, who told stories of his sporting feats, and talked incessantly. Sport was his only pursuit; the sole use of language

for him was to talk of it. We heard how he had come suddenly upon a wild boar, and fired his gun, which burst in his hands; how he had bagged three-and-twenty wolves last season; and how, after having hunted all day, he used to spend the winter evenings sitting at an open window, and shooting the woodcocks by moonlight, as they passed to and from their feeding-places by the springs. When he was obliged to stop talking for a moment, he would fill up the interval by humming or whistling one of the numerous motets by which French sportsmen give notice of every incident of the chase. At length M. B— exclaimed in wonder, "M—, tu mourras de conversation!"

At about three we began to hunt again; and not liking to stand waiting outside, I accompanied the huntsman into the wood. One old wolf had broken cover in the morning, and gone away. A cub, about nine months old, had been killed by M. M—, and another, I think, had been fired at and missed. Yet scarcely had the hounds entered when they again began to give tongue, and went off in full cry to one of the opposite hills. I believe they were hunting the other old wolf, which of course soon left them far behind. Meantime I remained where I was; but suddenly turning round, I caught a glimpse of a wolf crossing the path. Unfortunately I had not time to fire; but when the hounds had come back, I had them laid on the scent, which they took up immediately. The wolf, a cub, broke cover in fine style, and I had the pleasure of seeing a very pretty run of three or four miles. He was soon tired, however, and turned back. M. B— fired at him as he was crossing a patch of heath, and I was within five yards of him as he entered the cover with a solitary hound close to his haunches. Five or six couple then came up, and followed him in. But they seemed to take it very easily. These hounds are not in the condition in which fox-hounds in England are kept, and not being regularly hunted in packs, they do not keep together, and have not the pluck and dash of our fox-hounds. They are also very slow, and each of them keeps picking out the scent for himself in a most

dilettante and unbusiness-like manner. Although one hound entered the cover simultaneously with the wolf, and the rest not more than a minute after him, they were at fault in a few minutes again. I now crossed over to the other side of the wood, and posted myself in a ditch which separated it from the open heath. Presently I heard the cry coming in my direction. Nearer and nearer it came, and harder and harder my heart thumped against my ribs. I could hear the leaves rustling as the wolf pushed through, and I thought he was making straight for the spot where I stood. The suspense was becoming quite painful, when I saw him leap the ditch about twenty yards above me, closely followed by the hounds. I raised my gun and covered him as he took the ditch; but the wretched Brummagem thing missed fire, and the only chance I ever had, or probably ever shall have, of shooting a wolf, was gone. Several men now came up, and we all ran to where the wolf was fighting with the dogs on the heath, when M. M— sent a ball through his heart. My friend thus bagged two wolves the first day. This was considered a good beginning.

It was now six o'clock, and the huntsman said there was still a wolf in the cover. He again drew it therefore, and some of the hounds gave tongue; but it was getting dark, and we soon gave up.

The huntsman pointed out to me, in a thick part of the wood, what is called the wolves' kitchen. It is their feeding-place, and is all beaten down by their feet, and strewed with bones and fur. I also saw their *salle de danse*, an open place, with a circular beaten path around it. Here they come to play "au claire de la lune." The farmer who lived close by, told us that of an evening he could hear them howl, like dogs, at the sound of the angelus-bell.

To M. B—'s kindness and courtesy I am indebted for a very delightful day. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and keeps horses on the French turf. One of the Edwardses of Newmarket is his stud-groom. We talked of the difference between English and French hunting, and he assigned the supe-

riority to the French. English hunting, he said, required no skill; it was merely riding after hounds; whereas the French method of first marking the game with a *limier*, and not letting the hounds out till the exact spot where the animal lay was ascertained, required the greatest skill and judgment. Moreover, to be an accomplished sportsman in France, you must know more than forty tunes upon the French horn. You must play one tune when the wolf is on foot, another when he is wounded, another when he is killed; and so with every different beast of the chase. I did not feel myself sportsman enough to argue the point with him, nor if I had been "Nimrod" himself would I have done so. But I suspect that the late Mr. Assheton Smith would have hardly subscribed to the doctrine that English fox-hunting requires no skill. It is obvious that the French and English ideas of hunting are fundamentally different. We should consider it a most unsportsmanlike thing to shoot a wild animal just as it was breaking cover, with the hounds in full cry. In the French *chasse*, it is lawful to take every advantage. The game, like the accused in a French court of criminal law, has no forbearance shown him: to take his life is the object. As for the French horn and the enormous amount of talk about what has been done and what is to be done, we should consider the one a great humbug and the other a great bore. I quite agreed with M. B—, that English hounds would be of little use for Breton hunting. They would soon become disgusted; their dash and pluck and speed, which, for our hunting, form their peculiar excellences, would be quite useless in Brittany.

Arrived at our rendezvous, we fell like famished creatures on the provisions; nevertheless, so hungry were we, that when, after a drive of three hours, M. M— and I got into Châteaulin, we knocked up the *chef*, who in a few minutes lighted the kitchen-fire, and served us with potage and an excellent dish of mutton cutlets. This we washed down with a "boll" (a corruption, I suppose, of the English "bowl") of mulled Bordeaux. And thus ended my first, and probably my last, wolf-hunt.

CHAPTER X.

QUIMPER.

A BRETON SPORTSMAN'S TURN-OUT.—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF CORNOUAILLE.—CHURCH AND CALVARY AT KILLINAN.—CEREMONIES OF A KERNEWOTE WEDDING.—THE BAZVALAN AND THE BREUTAER.—THEIR PASTORAL DIALOGUE.—THE SONG OF THE GIRTH.—THE TABLE SONG.—THE BEDDING.—THE FEAST OF THE POOR.—QUIMPER.—CHEAPNESS OF PROVISIONS.—THE CATHEDRAL.—HIPPODROME.—THE BANKS OF THE GOULET.—CHÂTEAU DE LA FORÊT.

THE next morning was dark and lowering, and as I had only seven leagues—a single stride of Jack the Giant-killer's boots—to walk, I waited for the table-d'hôte breakfast. This gave me an opportunity of seeing M. M—, my lively companion of yesterday, before he set out for another wolf-hunt further up the country. He was dressed in a blue woollen blouse, confined round his waist by a belt; trousers stuffed into his long boots, a hunting-cap on his head, and his double-barrelled carabine and French horn slung over his shoulder. He rode a fiery little thorough-bred mare, with an ewe neck, and very shaky fore legs; and, tied to the back of his demi-pique saddle, he carried a store of provisions tied up in a napkin. His appearance would certainly have made a sensation at Melton.

At eleven I was *en route* for Quimper, one of the principal towns of the ancient county of Cornouaille. The general appearance of the country was picturesque and pleasing. The Black Mountains, which I passed, were not, as their name would seem to import, very sombre, while the farms were well cultivated, the cornfields large, and the meadows scien-

tifically irrigated. I was particularly struck by the excellence of the Imperial roads, as they are called. The granite of the country affords good materials for the process of Macadam, and at every two or three miles a man, in the uniform of the Government, is seen at work upon them, or, more generally, lying asleep by the roadside. He is paid by the country for sleeping as well as for working; but this is one of the advantages of living under a paternal government, which, while seated in its bureau in Paris, is kind enough to help the Bretons to keep their roads in repair. Our inhuman parish-surveyor would deprive the poor man of his siesta; and if the surveyor were too kind-hearted to disturb his rest, the rate-payers would take the matter into their own hands.. How strange that any one should prefer an aristocratic circumlocution-office and noisy parish vestries to the kind paternal democracy which so considerately relieves them of the responsibility of looking after their own affairs!

To the left of the road, at a hamlet named Killinan, about three leagues from Quimper, is a very beautiful little church and Calvary. In the latter I counted twenty-two figures. Here no ignorant restorer has meddled with works which are beyond his comprehension. Damp and moss and mildew are not such deadly enemies to art as the chisel of the modern stonemason.

Kerne, or Cornouaille, has its character and its customs peculiar to itself. The Kernewote resembles the Trégorrois in his gaiety and light-heartedness. Unlike the inhabitant of Léon or Vannes, he is fond of entertainments and dances, and sorrow and gravity sit uneasily upon him. He celebrates all the events of social life with merry-makings, in which poetry, and the popular poet, who is generally the tailor, take a prominent part. I have already observed the peculiar position of the Breton tailor in speaking of Tréguier. He is a sort of privileged person, despised by the men for his ugliness and sedentary occupation. His name is never mentioned without the addition, "sauf votre honneur," or "saving your presence." But by the women he is courted and caressed for his *esprit*

and usefulness in all the various conjunctures in which the weaker sex require a trusty and confidential agent. He is the recognized manager and go-between in matrimonial negotiations, and the master of the wedding ceremonies. The enamoured youth is careful to secure his services in the first instance. Then the herald of Hymen, armed with a branch of broom, called in Brezonec *bazvalan*, presents himself at the lady's house. If the mistress delay to invite him in; if, turning her back upon him, she hold up a pancake before the fire on the tips of her fingers, or if the brands are placed upright on the hearth, he may as well return by the way he came: his mission is not acceptable. But if, on the contrary, Bazvalan be invited in before he has well done speaking; if the table be covered with the best tablecloth in honour of his arrival, he may be sure that his embassy is likely to speed.

At first he sits down as if nothing particular were on the carpet; but presently he addresses a few words to the lady's mother, who accompanies him out to confer upon the object of his embassy. Here it is that his talents have full scope for their exercise. He must know how to set off all the personal and other advantages of his principal in their most attractive lights. He must have tact to answer an objection, if it admit of an answer, and if not, to slur it over. In short, the tailor must be master of all the arts of diplomacy on a small scale. The conference satisfactorily ended, he and the mother return, and the object of the mission is disclosed to the blushing daughter.

The wedding generally takes place at the expiration of a month after the first opening of negotiations, and in the meantime all is bustle and activity within the house and without it. The yard and threshing-floor are occupied by carpenters planing boards for the temporary tables, and hammering together trestles to support them. In the barns and attics are tailors and mantua-makers sewing away at those splendid jackets and gaiters, and embroidering caps for the wedding dresses. The *fits-clos* are polished, the linen is washed, and the copper skillets burnished till they shine like gold. The

bridesmaids and groomsmen are next chosen, and on a Saturday night the whole party resort to the parsonage, where the ceremony of betrothal is performed. They thence adjourn to a plentiful supper, and next day at High Mass the banns are published. The bazvalan, accompanied by one of the bride's relations, is now sent round to invite all the neighbours to the wedding. Being generally a great gourmand, he takes good care to arrive just about dinner-time, at any house where he expects to find warm housekeeping; and after striking thrice upon the door, he intones the salutation, "Health and happiness to all in this house; I come the herald of a wedding." Then he discloses the names of the intended, indicates the time and place of the feast, and finally sits down to table.

When the appointed day has arrived, the yard belonging to the bride's house is early filled with a merry cavalcade. At its head is the bridegroom attended by the "best man." At an appointed signal the bazvalan alights, ascends the steps, and improvises a song, which is answered from within by another singer on the part of the bride. These songs are always founded on the same traditional theme, but the manner of treatment varies with the taste of the poetical tailor. Formerly, within the memory of some persons, the rival poets claimed to be the present incarnations of celebrated personages of old; for the bards, of whom the tailor is the successor, held the doctrine "that the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird." In one of these songs the bazvalan says, "I am Samson, who killed the Philistines," and so on in the same strain. The breutaër, or bride's poet, replies: "Knowledge is better than strength. I received the law from God on Mount Sinai. I am Moses. It was I who recovered the Holy Scriptures which were lost when Jerusalem was taken. It was I who made the poems attributed to Theocritus. I was Virgil, the friend of Augustus." This curious relic of an exploded faith was no doubt symbolical, and intended to assert that strength was the excellence of man, and prudence the excellence of woman. That it is founded upon very old

tradition is proved by the fact that Taliessin, a bard of the sixth century, is represented in the 'Myvyrian' as speaking in the same strain: "It was I who gave Moses power to pass the river Jordan; I saw the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; I was Alexander's standard-bearer; I know the names of the stars from the west to the east." I am not aware that Shakspeare's commentators have observed the analogy between Owen Glendower's boasting vein, and these national poems of the Bretons, whether of Wales or Armorica. In every hole and corner of literature one comes across proofs of the great master's extraordinary accuracy in depicting national as well as individual character.—But to return to the bazvalan: the following may be taken as a specimen of the ordinary dialogue carried on between him and the breutaër, or bride's poet, on the morning of the wedding.

Bazvalan. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, blessing be upon this house, and joy, more than has fallen to my lot.

Breutaër. And what is the matter with you, my friend, that your heart is sad?

Bazvalan. I had a little dove in my dovehouse, with my pigeon, and the sparrowhawk came, like a blast of wind, and frightened my little dove, and I know not what is become of her.

Breutaër. You seem very spruce for a man in such affliction. You have combed your fair hair [*the tailor's hair is generally red*] as if you were going to a dance.

Bazvalan. My good fellow, do not mock me. Have you not seen my little white dove? I shall never enjoy a moment's happiness until I have found my little dove.

Breutaër. I have not seen your little dove, nor your white pigeon either.

Bazvalan. Young man, you lie. [*Bazvalan is not very polite, it must be owned.*] The people outside have seen her fly towards your yard, and alight in your orchard.

Breutaër. I have not seen your little dove nor your white pigeon either.

Bazvalan. My white pigeon will be found dead if his mate return not. My poor pigeon will die. I will go and look through the keyhole.

Breutaër. Stop, my friend, you shall not go. I will go myself and see. [*He goes into the house, and returns.*] I have gone into my orchard, my friend, and I have not found your dove, but quantities of flowers, of lilacs, and of eglantines, and above all, a pretty little rose, which blooms in a corner of the hedge. I will go and fetch it to you, if you like, to gladden your spirits. [*He again goes into the house, and leads out a little girl.*]

Bazvalan. Truly a charming flower! beautiful and fit to gladden the heart. If my pigeon were a drop of dew, he would drop upon it. [*After a pause.*] I will go up to the garret, perhaps she has flown in there.

Breutaër. Stop, my friend! Stay a moment, I will go myself. [*He returns with the mistress of the house.*] I went up into the garret, and I found no doves; I found only this ear of corn which has been left behind after the harvest. Set it in your hat, to console you.

Bazvalan. As many grains as are in the ear of corn, so many young shall my little dove gently cover with her wings in her nest, and she in the midst. [*After a pause.*] I am going to look in the field.

Breutaër. Stop, my friend. Don't go. You will dirty your fine shoes. I will go instead. [*He returns with the old grandmother.*] I can nowhere find a dove. I have only found an apple, only this old withered apple, under a tree amongst the dry leaves. Put it in your pocket, and give it to your pigeon to eat; he won't cry.

Bazvalan. Thank you, my friend. A good apple, though wrinkled, loses not its savour. But I don't want your apple, your flower, or your ear of corn. I want my little dove. I must go and look for her myself.

Breutaër. Good Lord, how cunning he is! Come then, my friend, come with me. Your little dove is not lost. It was I who kept her in my chamber, in an ivory cage, of which the

wires are of gold and silver. There she is, all gay, all pretty, all beautiful, all dressed out.

The bazvalan is admitted; he sits down at table for a moment, then goes to fetch the bridegroom. As soon as the bridegroom appears, the father presents him with a horse-girth, which he passes round the bride's waist. Whilst he buckles and unbuckles the girth, the breutaër sings:

THE SONG OF THE GIRTH.

I saw in the mead a young filly, full of joy.
She thought of no harm, she thought of nothing but of playing in the mead,
Of grazing on the green herbs, and drinking of the stream.
But along the road passed a handsome young cavalier, oh, how handsome!
So handsome, so well-made, so full of spirit! his garments glittering with gold and silver.
And the filly, when she saw him, stood still in amazement.
Gently she approached him, and stretched out her neck over the fence.
And the cavalier caressed her, and placed his face beside hers.
And then he kissed her, and she liked it well;
And then he bridled her, and then he girthed her.

When this curious ceremony is over, the bazvalan invokes upon the bride the blessing of God, of all the saints, and of her ancestors, down to her grandfather, at whose feet she kneels. It is *de rigueur* that she should now shed a few tears. The first bridesmaid raises her up; the breutaër places her hand in that of the bridegroom, makes them exchange rings, and pledge their troth one to the other. Then he intones over them the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, and the hundred and thirtieth Psalm, beginning, "Out of the deep have I called to thee." The bride is now led to the door by the "best man," with as many braids of silver on her arm as she has thousands of francs for her dowry. Next comes the bridegroom with the first bridesmaid. The bazvalan leads up the bridegroom's horse, and holds it while he mounts. The "best man" lifts the bride up behind the bridegroom. When all have mounted, the gates are opened, the whole party start off for the church at a gallop, and he who arrives first receives a sheep for a prize.

In some places it is the custom for the bridal party to

follow the parson into the vestry after he leaves the altar, the "best man" carrying a basket covered with a napkin. From this the parson takes a white loaf, and making the sign of the cross over it with a knife, cuts a slice, which he divides between the bride and bridegroom. This is probably the origin of our wedding-cake. He then takes out a bottle of wine, and pours it into a silver goblet, from which the bridegroom drinks and passes it on to the bride.

When the bridal party leave the church, guns are let off in their honour, and all return to the bride's house, preceded by bagpipes and tambourines. Here they find the rooms carpeted with white cloth strewed with garlands, and innumerable tables are laid both inside and out. At the end of one of them is placed the bride, under a canopy of green branches and flowers. Some old man recites the Benedicite, and each course is ushered in by a tune of the bagpipe, and a dance. After the dessert the guests remain at table till bedtime. The following song is a favourite on these occasions:—

THE TABLE-SONG.

O Holy Virgin of Plevin! Night and morning I see the chimney of my beloved.

I see the smoke ascend from the chimney of my beautiful love, who causes me all this grief. I must go and speak to her once more.

Loïzaïk Alan was singing as she drove her cows that morning; as she was gaily driving her cows to the new field, Loïzaïk Alan was singing merrily.

She had raised up her white cap; her eyes are blue, her hair is flaxen, her cheek is pink as the flower of the maple. She disdains all her lovers.

She had mounted the stile, to open the gate for her cows, when she saw Piarik, her lover, who was walking in the valley.

PIARIK.

My sweet one, I was going to your house, to ask you to marry me. Give me a favourable answer, such as your mother once gave to your father.

LOÏZAÏK.

Young man, I will give you an answer, since you ask so politely. I will not tell you a lie. On Thursday I am going to be married.

The work-people are engaged in the village, making tables and joint-stools for the company, who will be at the wedding on Thursday next.

Thursday is my wedding-day. You have come too late. Another has sown the flower of love in my garden.

PIARIK.

It was I who sowed it there, and you have torn it up, and now it is withered; but my heart is not withered.

I love you always. Night and day I think only of you. Your breath comes through the keyhole to waken me when I sleep.

I have passed fifty nights at your door, and you knew it not; I was so beaten by the wind and rain that the water poured off my clothes.

I have worn out three pairs of shoes in courting you; this is the fourth, and I have not yet heard your last word.

LOÏZAÏK.

If you want to have my last word, here it is: Three paths lead to your house; take one of them, and don't come back.

So Piarik returned as sad as death: I came to gather birch, and I found nothing but hazel.

It appears that both in Wales and Brittany birch is the symbol of acceptance, hazel of refusal.

The evening is spent in revelry. Songs like that which has just been cited are sung, and the seeds of many a future wedding are sown. At midnight the bride is undressed and put to bed in presence of the company. The bridegroom places himself beside her. A milk-soup is then served up to them, with walnuts and cakes. The distributing of walnuts at a wedding is a custom of great antiquity. Thus Catullus, in the Epithalamium of Julia and Manlius:—

"Da nuces pueris, iners
Concubine."

Meantime the bagpipes play the tune of the "Soupe au lait," and the young people sing the words. In some places it is customary to fill the bed with young children, sweet emblems of innocence.

Next morning all the beggars in the country assemble at the house, dressed in their finest rags, and are regaled with the remnants of the feast. The bride herself, with petticoat tucked up, waits at table upon the women, the bridegroom upon the men. Then the bagpipes once more come into action; and the most respected of the tattered troop treads a measure with the bride, while the bridegroom leads out a beggar-woman. The favoured beggar next sings a song, com-

posed for the occasion, in praise of the bride. Before they go they wish the newly married

> "Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
> Long continuance and increasing,
> Earth's increase and foison plenty,
> Barns and garners never empty,
> Vines with clustering bunches growing,
> Plants with goodly burden bowing."

Then, as they leave the house, they all recite together the usual prayers for those of the family who have departed with the sign of faith. This last act of charity is never omitted by any parting guest.

Such are the merry and not ungraceful humours of a Kernewote wedding. Many of the customs here described were probably at one time general in European countries. The traces of some of them may be observed in our older literature, and even in our modern manners. In Brittany they have survived even to the nineteenth century. Many persons will say, "What barbarism! What puerility!" But I doubt the wisdom of stripping all social events of everything that appeals to the imagination. When we marry, we go before the Registrar, and notify the fact that we and our bride are man and wife. No doubt that is all that is necessary according to the law of God and man. Or if we are not quite so addicted to mere matter-of-fact, we are married in the church. But I believe that in all cases the lower orders at least have some sort of merry-making afterwards. I have sometimes attended the entertainments given by wealthy farmers or yeomen on such occasions, and I really cannot see that they showed a higher state of civilization than the Kernewote wedding. The bride and bridegroom stole off to church as if they were ashamed of themselves: this in itself does not evince a very high idea of the marriage bond. The merry-making afterwards was absolutely confined to eating, drinking, smoking, card-playing, and coarse joking. There was nothing in the whole affair to indicate a belief that man has a soul as well as a body,—no Benedicite, no prayer, no feast of charity to the

poor, nothing which tended to bind men together by the ties of charity and good-neighbourhood. In this respect, therefore, modern civilization seems to me to be no improvement upon medieval civilization. When we have succeeded in stripping all our social relations of everything that appeals to the higher sentiments of our nature, we have sunk rather than risen in the scale of being. This seems a truism; but it is one which is implicitly, if not explicitly, denied in our modern social system. At the same time, it must be owned that those who are most fully alive to the evils of our excessive materialism, would be the last persons to attempt to obviate them in practice. I should no doubt feel the elaborate customs of a Breton wedding a most intolerable bore, if I were obliged to take part in them. We cannot separate ourselves from the age in which we live, and choose another for ourselves, even if we would. The faith, the charity, the naïve symbolism, the poetical taste, and graceful customs of Brittany, form a curious and entertaining study; but for us they are things of the past, they find no place in our scheme of life.

Quimper, or more properly Kemper, is the capital of the modern department of Finisterre, as it was of the ancient county of Cornouaille. It derives its name from being situated on the confluence of the rivers Stheir (sometimes called the Benoulet) and the Odet; for Kemper, in Brezonec, means "the Meeting of the Waters." The patron of Kemper is St. Corentin, a hermit, who took up his abode beside a well where this town now stands, and converted the inhabitants of Cornouaille to Christianity in the fourth century. King Gradlon granted him the forest of Nevet, and a castle which stood there, in frank almoigne. The castle was, as usual, changed into a monastery, and became the nucleus round which the future city was built. But the sword, having thus been beaten into a pruning-hook, returned, in process of time, to its original use. King Gradlon, on the destruction of his capital of Is, transferred his Court to Kemper, and from that time forth it became a strong city. A curious ceremony, practised annually until the Revolution, preserved the memory of

this ancient Celtic monarch. His statue on horseback adorned the balustrade which united the two towers of the cathedral. On St. Cecilia's day the Bishop, accompanied by the inferior clergy and a numerous company of musicians, ascended to the platform before this statue, where they sang a hymn. Meanwhile, one of the town-sergeants, glass and napkin in hand, placed on the horse's croup a bottle of wine. He then poured out a bumper, presented it to the King, and when he found that his Majesty would not drink, swallowed it himself. He next wiped the statue's mouth with his napkin, and threw the glass, from which he had drunk, among the crowd below, who endeavoured to catch it before it reached the ground. The Bishop was bound to give a hundred crowns to him who should bring it to him unbroken. But his lordship no doubt took care that the glass should be of the thinnest and most delicate manufacture; for it is said that he was never called upon to pay the crowns. This strange ceremony is supposed to have been instituted to keep in memory the fact that by King Gradlon the vine was introduced into Brittany.

But wine brought King Gradlon into difficulties, even as it had done its first inventor, Noah. Fired by the exciting juice of the grape, his daughter Dahut or Ahez gave herself over to the most horrible debauchery. The people followed her example, till Is rivalled the guilty cities of the plain. It was situated at the extremity of the point which forms the southern horn of the Bay of Brest, near where the village of Plogoff now stands. Being considerably beneath the level of the sea, it was preserved from destruction by a great dam, with a sluice-gate, of which the King always kept the key suspended from his neck. Now Dahut, like Cleopatra, was in the habit of putting her lovers to death; and one of them, partly to avenge his predecessors, and partly in hopes of saving his own life in the confusion which would follow, begged of her to obtain this key for him. She consented; and as her father slept, she stole into his chamber, took the fatal key from his neck, and gave it to her lover. Soon the King was awakened by a terrible cry. The sluice-gate had been opened by Dahut's

lover; the sea was pouring in upon the devoted city. King Gradlon called for his horse, and, with the guilty Dahut mounted behind him, fled for his life. But still the waves came on, and he was on the point of being swallowed up by them, when St. Guenole, who had before warned the King to leave his dissolute courses, cried out, "King Gradlon, if thou wilt save thyself, separate thee from the fiend whom thou bearest behind thee." The King cast his daughter to the waves, which immediately retired; and ever after a mermaid was known to haunt the place. On a sunny day she may still be seen sitting on a rock, combing her yellow hair, and endeavouring to lure the unwary traveller to his destruction. The fishermen call the place Toul-ar-Dahut, or the Gulf of Dahut, and, like those on Lough Neagh's banks, see in the waves beneath them the towers of the accursed city. This romantic story forms the theme of a very beautiful ballad, which M. de la Villemarqué heard sung by an old peasant, of the parish of Trégunk, named Thomas Penvenn. I give the names for the sake of their quaintness.

The inhabitants of Quimper have always been celebrated for their valour. In the sixteenth century they took part with the League. One of the suburbs was surprised and taken possession of by Lézonnet, the Governor of Concarneau, for Henry of Navarre; but the people rose in mass, raised barricades, and effectually checked the assailants. Among the most zealous of the Leaguers was Tanguy de Bosmeur, one of the town-councillors. A bullet broke his right-arm as he was defending a barricade, and obliged him to drop his arquebuss. He picked it up with his left, and giving it to one of his friends, said, "Here! fire this arquebuss on those fellows, and hold your ground; I must go and get the surgeon to dress me." He died in a few days of his wound.

Quimper is delightfully situated in the midst of hills and forests abounding with game. The Stheir and the Odet are lovely rivers, and along their banks are charming walks between rows of trees. Stereograph No. 37 gives a bird's-eye view of the city from the heights which dominate the Benoulet

or Stheir.* In the picture the cathedral forms by far the most striking object. It is a glorious pile of early Gothic, and the largest ecclesiastical building in Brittany. The somewhat diminutive spires are modern, having been built from the proceeds of a penny subscription, instituted for the purpose by the late Bishop, Monseigneur Gravant. Stereograph No. 38 gives the west front, from the Rue du Frout, showing to great advantage the two long lancets by which the towers are perforated, as in the church of Our Lady of Creisker, at St. Pol de Léon. But they lack the grace of their prototype.† The interior is very striking, and the more so from the fact that it is all open, and that the eye can range uninterrupted from the west door to the apse. Of the taste of the modern ritual arrangements I cannot say much. The church is indeed kept

* On entering Quimper from the Châteaulin road, we drove to the Hôtel de Provence, and took a picture out of an upper window looking towards the beautiful cathedral, but the roofs of the opposite houses occupied too much of the foreground to please us. We then repaired to a street at the back of the cathedral, but here again the east window was intercepted by some ugly buildings, and the picture, though enlivened by one or two well-costumed figures, did not prove satisfactory. We now drove over to the west front of the cathedral, and across the Benéulet river, to the boulevards, from whence rises a lofty hill, terraced out in promenades at different elevations, and we succeeded in commanding an uninterrupted bird's-eye view of the town, with the cathedral rising magnificently in the centre. It was no small labour to carry the tent, etc., up the steep slopes, but a tumbler of *vin ordinaire* put a little extra vigour into our driver, and he and Mr. Taylor made their way up while I sat in charge of the carriage, much amused with a merry Bretonne, who, while tossing a child up, was lustily singing a French romance of some faithless military lover, of which every verse ended, "Oui, oui, *vraiment* oui!" When the driver returned, and I ascended the heights, my first impression was one of regret, that only a portion of the fine panoramic view that was spread out before us, could be compassed by the camera. The instrument was, of course, directed to the cathedral, and our admirably defined stereograph No. 37 was obtained in the course of a few minutes. The sun, as may be seen by the direction of the shadows, was fast getting round to the west. A few minutes later, and the south side of the cathedral, upon which we were looking, would have been, photographically speaking, in darkness. In the foreground below may be observed the entrance-gate to the Baths, the word "Bains" being legible on the building at the end of the garden. The house on the left, if I remember rightly, is the engine-house. On the side was, I believe, written, "L'Incendie," but the word is hidden by a pent-roof, all except the last two letters.—*L. R.*

† Our only chance of obtaining a near view of the west front of Quimper

neat and clean, but the high altar is very poor and tawdry, and at either side of it are two colossal white marble statues in flaunting draperies, in the would-be classical style. The stupid pretentiousness of these classical gentlemen is something marvellous. A statue may be of colossal size if it be in the open air, independent of any other object of art; or, if it be placed at such a height as that it would be invisible to the beholder, were it of the natural size; but the effect of a colossal statue in an interior is to make the building look mean, because the eye is accustomed to measure size by the ordinary proportions of the human figure. The pseudo-classicist is, however, above or below all such artistic principles; he supposes that he can make his statue grand by making it big; and to this wretched ambition he sacrifices the building, to which, if he had a grain of the modesty and unselfishness of a true artist, he would endeavour to make his own work subsidiary. These big white marble statues, with their wet draperies sticking to their sprawling fat limbs, or flying about in the wind, would be ugly anywhere; but in this fine chaste Gothic cathedral they are positively disgusting; in fact, almost as bad as the statues in Westminster Abbey.

Among the side-altars I observed one dedicated to Saint

cathedral, was to get access to the third-floor window of a house facing it, in a somewhat oblique direction, from an opposite street. The basement was a wine-shop, and the window on which I had my eye, belonged to a room occupied by a female lodger. On being introduced to her, she at once acceded to my request, and commenced making a clearance for our tent, bringing us a plentiful supply of water in one of those pretty urnlike jars, seen in our picture of the fountain of Guingamp. The sun was bright at the time, shining, it may be observed, due south, and Stereograph No. 38 was quickly taken. Meanwhile, our pretty hostess was sitting quietly knitting at a rough deal table, and had a most picturesque appearance. She wore a dress of bright blue stuff, embroidered over the bosom and shoulders, after the manner of the peasants of Finisterre, and around her neck was a closely plaited frill, almost rivalling in stiffness and dimensions the farthingale with which Zuccarelli usually invested his Elizabeths. Her cap, white as the driven snow, was pinned up on each side of the head in huge lappets; and she was greatly amused on my putting my hand within the bow of the lappets to stiffen them in order for her portrait. The room being ill-lighted, the portrait was not good enough for publication, but it served for a private reminiscence of our pleasant visit.—*L. R.*

Anne, the patroness of Brittany, and all around were hanging *ex voto* offerings. Most of the chapels were provided with piscinas and awmries; but the altars, like our communion-tables, were surrounded by ugly railings, which would make it impossible for the officiating priest to use them. The chapel of St. Roch seemed much frequented, and from a litany printed on a board which hung on the railings, I learned that he was chiefly remarkable for his charity to the poor, and his zeal in educating their children. Whatever we may think of the *cultus* of the Saints, it at least teaches the common people to revere those virtues which are conducive to civilization and the well-being of society. The worship of the heathen deities tended to promote cruelty, sensuality, and injustice: these are anti-social vices. The Breton peasant who says the litany of St. Roch must *ipso facto* acknowledge that there is something great and noble in restraining the passions, in sacrificing oneself for the good of others, in being temperate, just, and charitable. But these are the virtues which hold society together.*

From the cathedral I repaired to the Halles. It was market-day, and there was abundance of all sorts of provisions. A butcher, who spoke French, and whom I asked to tell me the price of meat, politely offered to go with me round the several stalls and ascertain for me the prices of everything. With his assistance I learned that the best parts of beef, mutton, and veal, were sold for twelve sous the pound; a pair of ducks for thirty-five sous; a pair of fowls for twenty-eight sous;

* Standing with our back to the west door of the cathedral, we were tempted to take a picture, Stereograph No. 39, of the houses in the corner of the square. Commencing on the left of the picture, the first house, with a niche in front containing a figure of the Virgin, is a tobacconist's, "Articles de Fumeurs;" next to it is a hat-manufactory, "Le Bihan, Fabricant de Chapeaux;" and adjoining is the inn, "Delamon, Hôtel du Lion d'Or," and office of the Messageries, "Service des Chemins de Fer de l'Ouest, Paris, Rennes, Vannes, L'Orient, Quimper." Before the door of the saddler, "Courgeon, Sellier," a diligence is drawn up. On the door of the coupé may be read "Quimper," and on the door of the *intérieur* the word "Morlaix." On the house to the extreme right is also a niche, containing a figure of the Blessed Virgin. The traveller standing in the road is looking up at the west front of the cathedral.—*L. R.*

lobsters for eighteen sous; sardines for three or four sous the dozen. The best butter was fifteen sous a pound; fifty kilogrammes of potatoes were fifty sous. Eggs sold at six sous the dozen; magnificent pears at one sou apiece; peaches at fifteen sous a dozen. These are the highest prices, for I believe the market-people always ask more than they will take, and as this is universally understood, there is no imposition in it. Attracted by the cheapness of living and the beauty of the country, several English families used, I believe, to reside at Quimper; but I did not hear that there were any there now. A letter, indeed, informed me that the daughter of an old friend of my family had married the Secretary of the Préfecture; but on my calling on her, I found that both she and her husband had gone to the Pardon of Sainte Anne de la Palue, the preparations for which I had seen going forward a couple of days before.

Disappointed in this object, I walked out to see the Château de la Forêt. The road runs for a couple of miles along the Benoulet or Stheir, a beautiful stream, strong, swift, and pellucid. At first it was bordered by the picturesque houses of the city, as seen in stereograph No. 40. But soon the town is passed, and it flows between cornfields, formal poplars, and brushwood.* The day was warm and sunny; and earth, air, and water were teeming with animal life. The great woodpecker showed his olive-green back as he flitted from tree

* Our landlady at the Hôtel de Provence, perceiving that we had come in search of the picturesque, commended a château to our attention, which she said all visitors to Quimper made a point of going to see. The road to it was along the banks of the Benoulet, where it flows into the town on the side opposite to that on which it passes out by the boulevard. Immediately at the suburbs, where lavatories abound on either side, the stream, which is shallow and not much affected by the tide, is crossed by a pretty wooden bridge; and Stereograph No. 40 was taken from the end of this bridge looking back upon Quimper. The chief objects, it will be seen, are the ends of gardens, each having a flight of steps down to the river. In a water-shed at the end are two women washing. Several parties of women batting and rinsing linen on the left bank, are not seen in the stereograph. On the other side of the bridge, looking east, towards the Château de la Forêt, lavatories filled up the view for some little distance on both banks, and a very lively scene it was; but the movement was too much for photographic purposes.—*L. R.*

to tree, or clung motionless to the bark by his strong claws, looking like a decayed branch. The blue wing of the jay glanced in the sun, and the magpie displayed the metallic gleam of his tail as he fluttered and shuffled chattering away. Hovering over the surface of the water were myriads of dragon-flies and gnats; and as they settled, the great trout would snap sulkily at them, making a series of widening rings on the surface. Among the dragon-flies I observed one which I had never seen before. I at first took it for a butterfly; but on catching one I found that it was a veritable dragon-fly, with body and wings of a jet-black, which, in some lights, changed to a metallic bluish-green. I have often remarked that animals represent the character of the region they inhabit. This dragon-fly might be taken as the representative of the Stheir, with its dark yet clear and shining waters and deep-green river-plants.

After awhile the road took a turn to the left, and I found myself in the midst of a racecourse, called affectedly, in France, a hippodrome. It is bad enough to give Greek names to flowers; scientific people, however, tell us it is necessary; but to call a racecourse a hippodrome is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the classical mania. It put me in mind of the affected nymphs I had seen over the altar in the cathedral. The course seemed better than its name, for the turf was well kept; but, unlike our racecourses, the actual road in which the horses would run was enclosed by ditches.

I had some little difficulty in finding the château, and was obliged to enlist the services of a company of merry, bare-legged boys, in very scanty clothing, who were wiling away the summer's day in the fields. They could all speak French, an accomplishment in which their fathers and mothers do not share, and had a free, manly, polite manner, which, I am sorry to say, is not to be observed in our peasant-boys. Whenever a gentleman asks a question of a party of young clodhoppers in England, they always assume a demeanour partly shy and partly hostile, and when his back is turned, burst out into a stupid and ill-mannered laugh. These little *gamins* conversed

with me and each other, as we walked along, with the grave, polite, and unembarrassed air of young gentlemen. They left me with a graceful bow at the ancient gate of the château, shown in stereograph No. 41. It is now turned into a farm-house, and with the exception of the doors and windows, preserves little of its ancient character externally.* In the part which is seen in stereograph No. 42, is the principal door of entrance, with some curious carvings at one side of the arch. A little nearer the spectator are some excellent windows, but they are not seen in the picture. Having been kindly invited to enter by the mistress of the family, who may be observed to the right of the stereograph, shading her eyes from the sun, I was surprised to see the noble proportions and fine details of the interior. The kitchen or hall is large, and the rafters are of beautifully carved oak or chestnut. A newel staircase leads to the upper rooms, which are spacious, and ornamented with fine carvings in wood and stone. Over the door of one of the bedchambers is a bas-relief in stone, representing a lady who is the object of the attentions of two gentlemen. It appeared to me to be a burlesque on the story of Susannah and the Elders. The chimneypieces are all of stone, carved with figures of men and animals, as are also some of the doors. The *bourgeoise* told me that there had

* On reaching the Château de la Forêt, we found the inner courtyard, where knights and ladies once mounted their palfreys, a dirty farmyard, ankle-deep with liquid manure, and no signs of life were visible, except what proceeded from some pigs wallowing about among those miry delicacies in which the pachydermata delight. At first we thought we had been misdirected, but on seeing some fragmentary relics of pointed architecture about the walls, we settled that it was indeed the château, and planted our camera in the midst of some rough brushwood at the entrance gateway. Stereograph No. 41 gives this as effectively as the overhanging trees would admit of. The inner courtyard, it will be seen, is in bright sunlight, and as we entered, a numerous threshing-party came out of the barn opposite, where, it may be observed, one or two massive stone pillars of the château are still used for its support. As they began to pry into our apparatus, and chat and laugh together, I spoke to them in French, but they only understood by signs what we were doing. No interruption, however, was offered, and we took a picture of the front of the inner building, Stereograph No. 42, placing a couple of boys on the parapet of a well in the foreground. As usual, their faces were completely overshadowed by the broad-brimmed hat, but they made excellent

been a very handsome old bed in the house some years ago; but that the landlord had sold it for a large sum to a collector of antiquities. In the kitchen reigned the same air of rustic plenty which I had observed in other Breton farmhouses; the *lits-clos* were polished till they shone again, the dressers were covered with brilliant copper and brass vessels, and from the carved rafters hung noble flitches of bacon. The dairy was equally well furnished, and having drunk a "boll" of rich milk, I returned to the town.

The ancient costume of Cornouaille is still worn by the peasantry. A very good idea of it may be obtained from stereograph No. 43. The young man to the left has adopted the modern trousers, but still retains the jacket and sash. His next neighbour wears the *bragou-bras*, or trunk-hose. The coats and waistcoats are of sky-blue, as are the sashes. To the right may be seen that everlasting "Cocked-hat," looking very much as if he were going to pounce upon a travelling Englishman. The little girl in front wears the pretty white collar and cap, the stout woollen petticoat, black cloth jacket, and light apron. These are all the work-day dresses. On a holiday the hats would be covered with gaily coloured galloon, the *sabots* would be exchanged for polished leather shoes with silver buckles, the girl's cap would be embroidered, and the whole turn-out would be much more dressy.*

I had lost so many days in waiting for the wolf-hunt at

models, with their little waistcoats full of embroidery. The mistress of the farmhouse had by this time come out to see what was going forward, and upon my asking her, or, rather, making signs to her, to join in the group of portraits, she sat down upon one of the blocks of stone that lay scattered before the house, telling grievously of the ravages of the Revolution, and may be seen holding up her hand to keep off the sun.—*L. R.*

* Stereograph 43 was taken at Quimperlé, against the south door of the church of St. Michael, but the principal object in it is a peasant belonging to Quimper, in the *bragou-bras* costume, and thick, leather-strapped, wooden shoes. His hair, as well as that of the figure next to him, is uncut, but not so long and flowing as is commonly seen in this part of Brittany. The girl in front stood well for her portrait, and the gendarme is as rigid as could be wished; but he incurred the wrath of my photographer a few minutes later, to a degree that made me tremble for the security of our apparatus. After the pictures were taken, it was Mr. Taylor's custom to place the glasses against a

Châteaulin, that I determined to travel to Quimperlé in the diligence, which left Quimper at half-past eight. Having observed a stout woman get into the interior, I gave the *conducteur* a douceur to allow me to take his place in the cabriolet, while he himself sat on his *banquette* beside the driver. My companions were a lady, who slept, or appeared to sleep, all the way, and a Parisian, who entertained me by a violent harangue against the English. He told me that we were proud, morose, taciturn, insolent, unsociable, in short, disagreeable in every way; and that there was not a man in France who would not respond with enthusiasm to a cry for a war *à l'outrance* with us. The last assertion is, I fear, too true. But the man said it all in such a good-humoured, rattling style, that I could not help laughing, not without a certain inward feeling of pride, to think that our little island has hitherto been, and still is, able to brave all this ill-will. Our soldiers, he said, were drunken, and badly fed, not because the meat they got was not good, but because they could not cook it; and that, generally, they were utterly ignorant of the art of war. This was only what the 'Times' dinned into our ears during the Crimean campaign; but I at last ventured to remind him that, badly fed, badly drilled, and badly officered as we are, we have always, somehow or other, managed to come off with tolerable success in a fair fight with any Continental

wall or stone in the open air, for the collodion to dry, in the custody of our driver, whose business it was to keep guard over the tent, etc., whilst we were absent with the camera. Our cocked-hatted friend, who entered warmly into the spirit of our manœuvres, and had been of great assistance to us, being a little too anxious to look at himself in the glass, went to our *al fresco* laboratory, whilst we were attempting another picture, and took up the negative, in ignorance, of course, of the process, and put his clumsy fingers in two places upon the wet collodion film. In the right-hand picture a break may be noticed in the church wall, about an inch above the Imperial hat; and in the left-hand picture one-half of the head of the last figure is demolished. The defects are not, however, material in the stereoscope, as the two pictures, when combined, repair one another. Our driver had not courage to oppose the prying of a gendarme, and the result was a scolding which made him remember it to the end of our tour. The crowd now began to press upon us, jabbering most vehemently with each other, and fearing some mischief, I hastened the packing up of our things, returning rather ignobly from one of the most exciting photographic adventures we met with.—*L. R.*

people. It was rather chilly in the night air, and I was beginning to get tired of the endless dispute; when we came to Rosporden, therefore, I invited my England-hating friend to pledge me, in a glass of mulled wine, "à la durée de l'alliance entre la France et l'Angleterre." This rather mollified him, and he then began to give me his ideas on the subject of religion; for, said he, "Voyez-vous, je suis un peu philosophe, moi." So I had a specimen of a Parisian philosopher's religion; and I must own that it appeared to me to be, at least, more consistent and philosophical than the creed of the middle classes with us.

The road was very hilly; and at the bottom of every hill it took a sharp turn. Down all these hills we tore at full gallop, having first screwed up our *mécanique*. The consequence was that by the time we got to the turn, the carriage, which was heavily loaded at the top, was plunging wildly from side to side of the road. The first time this occurred, I felt sure we must be over. No known carriage in England could have escaped a tremendous crash under such circumstances. But I soon perceived that it was the usual thing here.

Quimperlé was reached at two o'clock on Sunday morning, the 29th of August. It derives its name, Kemper-Ellé, from being built on the confluence (*kemper*) of the Ellé and the Esole. The Lion d'Or, as well as I remember, was the sign of the inn which once witnessed the splendid hospitality of the Benedictine Abbot whose lodging it was. It is now, alas! fallen from its high estate in cookery and everything else. A Benedictine would have looked with little satisfaction upon the omelette which was served to me for breakfast. I was up early and proceeded to examine the town. It is ancient and very dilapidated. The quays, seen in stereograph No. 44, seem to have been constructed for the accommodation of larger vessels than can now come up the river, which is, in fact, becoming every year more and more encumbered with sand.* There

* The quay seen in Stereograph No. 44 is the same as that seen in stereograph No. 45, the small white house with pent-roof and four windows, two of them with the casements open, being at the extreme right in each picture. In

is a fine Grand' Place, prettily planted with trees, and at one side of it is the ancient Benedictine monastery, now used for the Mairie. Here studied and wrote the learned Dom Maurice. One end of it is seen in stereograph No. 45, with the fine old church of St. Michael crowning the hill behind. This church is very ancient, and apparently of Romanesque construction; but the early details have been adapted to the prevailing taste of the time by successive generations, and the windows are now pointed. The nave is very plain, and has no aisles; but the choir, choir-arch, and vaulting, are extremely elegant. The tower seen in the stereograph rises from the centre. The north porch is elaborately carved, and at each angle of the east gable there are elegant flying buttresses, under which the roadway passes. It is in a wretchedly neglected condition.*

But the most interesting monument of antiquity in the town is undoubtedly the church of Holy Cross, seen in stereograph No. 46. It must be owned that the outside is not inviting. But I was quite surprised, on entering, to find a precious jewel in this shabby casket.. Within that hideous tower with the pepper-caster on the top, is a large and very

No. 44 the camera is presented over the parapet of a bridge in the direction southwise of the quay, so as to command a view of the prettily wooded hills beyond. Of the figures seen in the stereograph, three in the foreground, and one of two in the distance gossiping against the houses, are tolerably well defined.—*L. R.*

* Crossing obliquely to the left from the Hôtel du Lion d'Or, we came upon a bridge, commanding a picturesque view of the upper town and church of St. Michael, rising behind the quay. Stereograph No. 45. The Ellé is a noted trout-stream. While focussing the camera, a fisherman, standing below us on a ledge of rock, caught two splendid trout at the same moment, with hooks about three feet apart upon his line, and I well remember answering, with a jerk of the head, his upward look of exultation, as he popped the writhing fish into his satchel. Just as Mr. Taylor was ready with his plate, a couple of white horses came walking down the slope of the quay to water. They were too far off for a stout halloo to reach the rider with any chance of being understood, so the picture was taken under the apprehension that a white smear would show itself down the front of the quay. It happened, however, that at the moment of exposing the lenses the horses stooped to drink, and remained perfectly still for the time required; the result was a very pretty little accession to our picture. On the house in front may be read "Café Billard" and "Café du Quai."—*L. R.*

ancient Temple church. It is, of course, circular. But to the north, south, east, and west, are apsidal projections, which make the ground-plan resemble a quatrefoil. These are supported by very lofty horseshoe arches, covered with curious carvings. Mass was going on, and I could not examine it so closely as I should have wished; but the present high altar is, I think, a little to the east of the centre. Underneath it is a crypt, intended, I have no doubt, to represent the Holy Sepulchre. The situation of this crypt corroborates the theory with respect to Temple churches, which I advanced in connection with the Temple at Lanleff. In this crypt is the tomb of St. Gurlot, whose prayers are believed by the Bretons to be peculiarly efficacious in cases of rheumatism. In the foreground of stereograph No. 46, is seen the ancient dovecot of the monastery, of which the other buildings may be observed running up to the church. A dovecot always denoted manorial rights in the Middle Ages, and partook of the massive and ornamental character of the domestic architecture.*

* Having taken pictures of the quays and upper town of Quimperlé, with the church of St. Michael, we walked round to the back of our hotel, and descended to the banks of the Ellé on the lower side of the town. The camera was first presented across to the church of Ste. Croix, taking a curious ancient dovecot in the foreground, Stereograph No. 46; and afterwards up the stream, in the direction of a pretty ivy-mantled bridge, with the dovecot on the left. From both these points of view, an artistic picture was obtained. A drizzling rain rather impeded our operations, but the light was good.—*L. H.*

We were not fortunate in getting pictures of costume. Charming head dresses, and picturesque embroidered boddices and jackets we saw in abundance, but it was on figures going to Fêtes, to Pardons, or to church. While travelling from Quimper to Quimperlé, we overtook numerous peasants on the road, driving their pigs and cows, or carrying jars of butter, and seeing that it would be market-day, we agreed to try for some portraits of characteristic costume. The peasants were always too intent upon their marketing to give any attention to us during the hours of business, so we waited until the afternoon, when the crowd would begin to disperse. It was in the upper town, seen in Stereograph 45, that the market-fair was being held on our arrival at Quimperlé, and we ascended to the church of St. Michael, and pitched our tent in a corner, before addressing ourselves to the busy crowd in the market-place. We took our driver as interpreter, and as soon as he made known that we were in search of portraits, and kept a supply of half-franc pieces for the lucky individuals who might be selected as models, the number who closed in upon us with offers of their persons was perfectly overwhelming. All these, however, were the very tagrag and riffraff of the market, and we were glad

enough to make friends with the gendarmes who were attracted to the spot to restore order. "Cocked-hats" may have very impertinent duties to perform, but their vocation is a sort of paternity uncommonly welcome to the traveller at times, and we met here with two right good fellows, who put the rabble back, procured the services of those I had fixed my eye upon, and were rewarded accordingly by being themselves included in the *tableaux vivants*. Stereographs 43 and 48 were taken in the same place, the figures standing against the south door of the church of St. Michael. In Stereograph 48, which, it will be seen on comparing the dial-like shadows of the jutting ledge, was taken first, the central figures are a well-to-do peasant father and son, with the embroidered gaiter, winged leather boot, many-buttoned waistcoat, and flowing hair. The father, whose locks are more scanty than the son's, carries the whip, and has, at my suggestion, thrown his sack down before him. The son, thinking from these directions that to hold the sack was a little *infra dig.*, also threw his down; but my object was to get variety, so I quickly replaced it, tucking his right-hand into his waistcoat, sadly unconscious, all the time, of hiding the face of a little girl who was standing so prettily behind, with her hands folded over the well-filled pockets of her apron. On the step of the door, to the left, I had placed the young woman whose neatly bordered dress and striped woollen apron has so comfortable an appearance, when my cocked-hat friend planted himself in front of her. He soon drew back, however, on my making him aware of his ungallantness.—*L. R.*

CHAPTER XI.

HENNEBON.

M. DE LA VILLEMARQUÉ'S CHATEAU.—THE BARZAZ-BREIZ.—AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.—FROM QUIMPERLÉ TO HENNEBON.—CROSS THE FRONTIER OF FINISTERRE AND MORBIHAN.—CHARACTER OF MORBIHAN.—DRUIDICAL REMAINS.—DOLMENS, MENHIRS, PEULVANS, GALGALS.—DRUIDICAL FESTIVALS STILL CELEBRATED.—THE FESTIVAL OF JUNE.—HENNEBON.—"JOAN O' THE TORCH."—NOT ONLY A HEROINE BUT AN AGRICULTURIST.—FROM HENNEBON TO AURAY.—A "BRAVE BRETON."—RETORT OF AN ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY.

At about ten o'clock, on the 29th of August, I started for my walk to Hennebon. The road ran through a pretty country, here covered with thick forests of Scotch fir, there richly cultivated; sometimes winding beside the rocky beds of rivers, sometimes traversing wild and breezy plains. Besides the usual crops, I observed extensive fields of millet. This crop has a very beautiful appearance when the ear is just beginning to turn, and is so liable to shed its innumerable little round seeds, that it is cut, and laid in rows with great care, long before it is quite ripe. A peasant whom I met on the road told me that the grain was boiled in milk, and that it made excellent porridge. He gathered an ear for me to look at: I have kept it, and intend to see how it will thrive in Essex. Soon after quitting the town of Quimperlé, I observed a château to the left of the road, standing in the midst of grounds prettily laid out somewhat in the English style, and neatly kept. On inquiry, I learned that it belonged to M. de la Villemarqué, the Walter Scott of Breton ballad-poetry. I almost felt inclined to walk up the avenue and thank the author of the

Barzaz-Breiz, in person, for the pleasure I had received from his noble work. If I mistake not, it was the first book which drew the attention of the public to Brittany and its interesting people. It labours however under one great disadvantage. Few persons understand the original language; they can therefore form an opinion of the poetry only from the literal translation into French which accompanies each poem. All the associations of rhyme, rhythm, metre, and verbal allusion are lost. Yet even so, every lover of popular lyrics must feel the extreme beauty of many of these national songs. They possess a tenderness, an elegance, a domesticity, if I may use the term, which is not found in so high a degree in the more rugged minstrelsy of the North. Those who wish to know anything about Brittany and the Bretons, will find the Barzaz-Breiz a better guide than any mere description. Since the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' was published, we have seen no such collection of national song.

The Breton poems in the Barzaz-Breiz possess, besides their intrinsic merits, this further interest—they are still sung by the people. 'King Arthur's March,' 'Merlin the Bard,' 'Merlin the Enchanter,' 'Alan the Fox,' 'Eloïse and Abailard,' 'The Three Red Monks,' 'Du Guesclin's Godchild,' 'The Bay of St. Cast,' are not literary curiosities laid up on the shelves of antiquaries; they form the present aliment of the national imagination. The Breton peasant actually possesses that intellectual and imaginative culture which we are endeavouring to provide for our labouring people by means of mechanics' institutes, parish libraries, and reading-rooms. We discovered some time ago that the principle of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, would not solve *all* the problems of social existence. Members of Parliament, country gentlemen, master manufacturers, clergymen,—Mr. Bright and Lord John Manners,—men of the most opposite opinions, and even the people themselves, were all agreed that society itself will soon be endangered if the only recreation of the lower orders continued to consist of getting drunk in gin-palaces and beer-shops. In our anxiety to remedy the evil,

we began by placing theological and controversial tracts, and treatises on astronomy and logarithms, in the hands of the wearied mechanic. These treatises were found not to have a shadow of a chance beside the social meetings in the beer-shop, and the excitement of dog-fighting. Lord John Russell now, very properly, recommends works of imagination; for after all, we cannot expect the uneducated masses to be more intellectual and fonder of abstract reasoning than men who have been educated at our public schools and universities. But men, whether they be educated or uneducated, look for some other recreation than reading.

I have now before me a series of essays, written by working men at Bradford, "on the most practicable means of promoting rational recreation among the people." The first of these, by William Harrison, compositor, recommends the cultivation of vocal music. The next writer, Mr. Malcolm Ross, lithographic printer, thinks that meetings for the discussion of things in general, would have a happy effect. Mr. Benjamin Preston, woolsorter, suggests music, dancing, and theatrical representations. Now the Breton peasant possesses all these things, and of the best quality too, without the intervention of Parliament, or platform-speeches, or associations for the promotion of social science. The *veillées*, where the peasants, men and women, meet together to spin, sing, and tell stories, are better mechanics' institutes than could ever have been concocted *à priori*, in the brain of a philanthropist. And I think it is not too much to say that the popular ballads are as wholesome food for the imagination as most of the romantic novels and poems which would be likely to attract the frequenters of mechanics' institutes. As for music, the Breton national melodies, sung by the people, though not perhaps so easily reducible to the stiff requirements of the diatonic scale, are as good as any music taught in singing-classes. The rustic theatre and the village-festival supply the popular craving for theatrical representations and dancing. Wrestling-matches provide for the athletic exercise of the men. All these recreations are either shared by the women or humanized by their

presence. In England, our Lady Bountifuls would be frightened at the very idea of collecting the lower orders of both sexes for purposes of recreation. Music and dancing, which are innocent for the higher orders, would be thought sinful for the lower. Yet, notwithstanding the care that we have taken to banish everything like merry-making from the life of all but the rich, female chastity before marriage is confessedly almost unknown among the lower classes both of our town and country population, while the statistical reports of the number of illegitimate births in Brittany indicate a very high standard of morality. The very dress and demeanour of the Breton peasant-girl are enough to show her superiority in modesty and self-respect.

It is of course impossible to form a perfectly accurate estimate of the comparative morality of different nations; but my strong impression, derived from what I have seen both in Brittany and other parts of France, and from what I have heard from persons qualified to form a correct judgment, is, that while the higher and middle classes in England are superior to the French in morality, the lower orders in Brittany are far superior to the lower orders among ourselves. I cannot presume to assign the cause for the superiority of the Breton peasantry over ours in morality and civilization; but I think it might be accounted for by the fact that we have systematically discouraged all popular amusements, while such amusements have, for ages, entered into the social life of the Breton peasant. Without something of the sort, libraries, lectures, and mechanics' institutes, will do little to civilize our labouring population. Social enjoyment seems absolutely necessary to call into play the more refined qualities of the human mind, and even the intellect can hardly be roused into activity while the imagination lies torpid. Every one who has tried to teach the children in a National School, knows that, once you can succeed in lighting up their imaginations, you have overcome the first and greatest obstacle to intellectual exertion. It is like "glorifying the room," as Sydney Smith used to call the process of pulling up the blinds and letting in the sunshine.

The heroes of science and material improvement have been eminently men of fine imaginations. Who can fail to perceive that Bacon, Newton, Franklin, Boulton, Stephenson, owed their greatness fully as much to their imaginative as to their purely reasoning powers? The first step in philosophical investigation is to form a theory, which is to be proved or confuted by subsequent experiment: but the preliminary theory is the child of the imagination. The English character is far from being deficient in imagination; but we have studiously repressed its legitimate exercise among the lower orders, and the result is, that while the country is increasing in material wealth, the peasantry are daily becoming more and more cut off from every civilizing influence. The fact that the Breton cottager, though not possessed of half the material advantages of the English peasant, is moral, polite in his intercourse with his fellows, capable of appreciating the beauty of moral virtue,—in short, comparatively a civilized being,—seems to me to be owing, in a great measure, to the popular poetry, the village festival, the habit of meeting his fellow-men for social enjoyment, and the due admixture of recreation with hard work.

Between Quimperlé and Pont-Scorff, the boundary which divides the department of Finisterre from that of Morbihan is passed. I had traversed the ancient counties of Tréguier or Landreger, of Léon, and of Cornouaille or Kerne. I now entered the county of Vannes, or Gwennet. This is the great seat of Druidical remains. Scattered over its wide and arid plains, are cromlechs, dolmens, menhirs, galgals, peulvans innumérable. At Pheherlin are more than two thousand menhirs; but Carnac, Plouharnel, Loc-Maria-Ker, and the isle of Gavr'-Innis, are the most celebrated. These strange and gigantic monuments of a religion and a form of civilization long passed away, occurring as they generally do in scenes of savage wildness, strike and interest the imagination. Yet there is a great sameness about them; when you have seen one you have seen all. They certainly show that the people who raised them must have been possessed of a good deal

of mechanical knowledge. It would puzzle many an engineer of the present day to raise the great menhir of Carnac, or to balance a peulvan or rocking-stone. But there is nothing in them to admire in an artistic point of view. They are the work of a people who, apparently, had no idea of impressing the imagination but by vastness and size. Perhaps it was a part of the Druidical, as it was of the Mosaic religion, to build their altars of unhewn stones. However this may be, it is certain that in the Druidical remains there is no beauty that we should desire them. Every religion that we know of had its appropriate school of art. The Egyptian pantheism expressed itself in a heavy, dull, and grovelling architecture, ornamented with monstrous animals, the symbols of the operations of nature: it was altogether of the earth, earthy. The hero-worship of Greece produced forms of exquisite beauty, grace, and dignity, symbols of the deification of humanity. Roman art partook of the political and hybrid character of the Roman religion. Out of Christianity sprang the heaven-pointing Gothic. Druidism aspired only to stick big stones on end, or to poise them in a surprising manner one upon another: it had no literature, no art; its monuments give us no clue to discover the social habits of the people, and prove nothing, except it be that the north of Europe, before the invasion of the Romans, was inhabited by one race, which race had no feeling for the æsthetic arts. It was not till this race became imbued with Italian civilization that it emerged from barbarism, but then it evolved a stronger and a better civilization than any that had gone before.

Nowhere can Druidism be studied better than in Morbihan. There, collected within a small area, may be observed all the forms of Druidical remains which are scattered over the surface of Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, and Scandinavia. Among the dolmens and menhirs of the land of Gwennet have been found torques, celts of bronze and stone, flint arrow-heads, beads, ring-money, all formed exactly like those which may be seen in every museum in Europe. Here Druidism made its last stand. The Church fulminated its anathemas against

the cruel and superstitious worship. The Council of Nantes, held in 658, ordered the objects of the people's devotion to be broken,* and the order was no doubt partially, at least, obeyed. The prostrate fragments of the gigantic menhir at Carnac bear witness to the fact that violence was used to destroy them. But even within the memory of man, these huge remnants of an exploded idolatry were the subjects of superstitious beliefs among the peasantry, and the memory of the worship offered to or at them was preserved by tradition. In remote parts of the land of Gwennet and Cornouaille, with every returning June, is still held a festival which is evidently of Druidical origin. A mossgrown dolmen is the scene. Here the youths and maidens from the surrounding country assemble together. None are admitted before the age of sixteen; and once married, they lose their right to join in the festival. The youths decorate their hats with green ears of corn; the maidens wear in their bosoms posies of the flowers of flax. These they deposit on the dolmen; and as long as the object of their affections remains faithful, the ears of corn and the flowers of flax remain unwithered. A hot June must cause many a heartache.

The festival is opened by a youth, who is generally chosen for his beauty, commanding height, and gay dress. He wears in his button-hole a favour of blue, green, and white ribbons, the Druidical emblems of peace, sincerity, and purity. Having chosen a partner, by slipping a ring on the finger of some young girl, he opens with her the "Round," which is danced round the dolmen to a song in the form of an eclogue between the outgoing Patron and Patroness and the new Patron and Patroness.

SONG OF THE JUNE FESTIVAL.

Outgoing Patron. Good morrow, beautiful partner, good morrow. It is a sincere love for you that brings me hither.

* "Lapides quos in ruinosis locis et silvestribus, dæmonum ludificationibus decepti venerantur, ubi et 'vota vovent et deferunt,' funditus effodiantur." Concil. Nannet. apud Dom Morice: Revue de l'Histoire de Bretagne, tom. i. col. 229.

Outgoing Patroness. Think not, young man, that I am your betrothed because you have given me a silver ring. Take back your silver ring; I no longer love either you or it. There was a time, but that time is past, when I gave my heart for a smile. But Time seeks a quarrel with me. Let whoso will smile at me, I will no longer laugh.

Outgoing Patron. Once, when I was young, I wore three ribbons, one green, one blue, and a third which was white. I wore the green in honour of my partner; for I loved her sincerely from my heart. I wore the white in the face of the sun and of the dawn, in testimony of the love which is between her and me. I wore the blue, for that I wished to live always in peace with her; and when I look at her, I heave a sigh. Alas! alas! she has deserted me, as the inconstant little white dove deserts the old dovehouse!

The New Patron to the New Patroness. Now, with the month of June, returns the new season, when youths and young girls go walking together. The flowers now open in the meads, and so do the hearts of youths and maidens in every corner of the world. Now the hawthorn blossoms, and sheds around its perfume; now pair the little birds. Come with me, my sweet one, come and walk in the woods. We will listen to the wind sighing among the leaves, and the water of the rivulet murmuring among the pebbles, and the birds singing merrily on the tops of the trees, singing each his song after his own nature. They will charm our spirits and rejoice our hearts.

At sunset all return through the woods and meadows, singing the last verses in chorus, each youth holding a maiden by her little finger, according to the ancient custom.

M. de la Villemarqué adds to his account of this ancient and now innocent festival,—innocent inasmuch as it is dissociated from idolatrous superstition,—that an old labourer once told him that in ancient times the ceremonies of the June festival were led by the parson, who wore vestments of green, blue, and white, as the "Patrons" do now; that he opened the dance, while his vicar played upon an ivory instrument with golden strings. "But," said the old man, "I can't believe that; for no vicar ever followed the trade of a minstrel, except in old stories." M. de la Villemarqué believes this curious tradition to refer to the times when the Archdruid, called, by the old labourer, the parson, himself led the idolatrous dance to the sound of the harp played by the bard, who figures in the tradition as the vicar; even as we read in the book of Exodus, that Aaron led the dance before the golden calf. It was with feelings of considerable curiosity that I entered these ancient and peculiar domains of the Druid.

After passing the pretty village of Pont-Scorff, and follow-

ing the Scorff for some distance, as it wound between rocky hills on one side and deep meadows on the other, I reached Hennebon at about half-past two. There is a great sameness about Breton towns. They are almost all built on the banks of those rapid rivers which flow down from the Arrhée and Black Mountains, and to this they owe their picturesque beauty. Hennebon is no exception to the rule. It creeps up the side of a steep hill which rises to the east of the Blavet, or Blaoued, and its first appearance as the traveller enters it from the west is singularly picturesque. The best view is from the suspension-bridge which spans it just below the town. Stereograph No. 49 gives some idea of it; but it was impossible, apparently, to get all the features of the landscape into the camera. As I passed along the bank of the river, I observed an artist, with easel and paint-box, busy transferring the scene to his paper, while an elegantly-dressed lady sat by his side. They did not seem to attract much attention.*

But Hennebon is interesting, not only from its natural advantages of situation, but from its historical recollections. It was the scene of one of the most heroic and romantic actions recorded by the prince of chroniclers, Froissart. John of Montfort had been taken prisoner at the siege of Nantes by the brother of the French King, and the long contest for the ducal throne of Brittany seemed to be ended in favour of Charles of Blois. But Joan of Flanders, the wife of the captive Duke, threw herself into Hennebon, gathered the chiefs of the national party around her, and bade defiance to Charles of Blois and the French. Taking her infant son in her arms, she thus addressed her followers:—"Montfort est pris, mais rien n'est perdu, ce n'était qu'un homme; voici mon fils, qui

* At Hennebon we had the mortification of coming upon a picturesque town in rather unpropitious weather, with very undecided impressions as to where to select our points of view. The Blavet, which flows past the outskirts, was too broad to get a view across, so we planted the camera upon a suspension-bridge commanding the quay and wharf, where mineral ore was being shipped. Stereograph No. 49. The workmen are sitting on a bench against the little white house among the trees, and the ore is in heaps beneath the more distant trees. On the quay is our carriage.—*L. R.*

sera, s'il plait à Dieu, son restorier, et vous fera dû bien assez." She then armed herself in a coat of mail, led a chosen body of troops in a night-attack upon the French camp, and with her own hands fired the tents. Hence she is known in Breton tradition by the name of Jannedik-Flamm, or Joan o' the Torch; and the memory of her heroic exploit is preserved in the following ballad, which was sung to M. de la Villemarqué by a blind beggar of Plounevez-Kintin.

JANNEDIK-FLAMM, OR JOAN O' THE TORCH.

What moving mass is that I see upon the distant wold?
'Tis but a flock of black-fleeced sheep slow wending home to fold.
Nay, 't is no flock of sely sheep so stately marching on;
It is the Gallic host that comes to leaguer Hennebon.

The Duchess, on a milk-white steed, her son upon her knee,
Rides through the streets of Hennebon that all her men may see;
And as they pass, the bells ring out, and loyal Bretons cry,
"God save the Duchess and her son! The Frenchmen we defy!"

The Frenchmen saw that noble dame, and loudly 'gan they swear,
"We 'll take the hind and fawn alive within their very lair.
We 'll bind them both in chains of gold, and back to Paris bring,
To grace the triumph of Duke Charles, the nephew of our king."

Then Joan of Flanders sore was chafed, and answered them in scorn,
"I 'm not the hind that shall be ta'en by any Frenchman born.
But let the wolf* look to his lair! I ween, if he be cold,
We 'll light a fire this very night shall warm him in his hold."

She buckled on a corslet bright, and on her head she laced
A coal-black helmet, girt a sword about her slender waist.
Three hundred Bretons bold she chose, a brave devoted band,
And led them 'gainst the Gallic camp with flaming torch in hand.

The French were feasting in their tents, and song and jest went round,
When, lo, a ghostly voice was heard in upper air to sound:—
"Full many a one shall weep at morn, who sings and laughs to-night;
Full many a mouth that eats white bread the cold black earth shall bite;
He that to-night pours out red wine shall soon pour out his blood,
And he shall soon be ashes who to-night doth brag so loud."

Some stretched them on the earth that night and bounèd them to sleep;
Some sank down senseless on their bench, they drunken had so deep.

* Joan, like Hannibal, Cromwell, and all persons of strong will and superior intellect, could be grimly witty. She here makes a *calembourg* on the words *bleiz*, a wolf, in Brezonec, and Blois, the name of her antagonist.

When lo, a cry of craven fear the starry welkin rent:—
"Fly, comrades, fly! The camp's in flames! 'T is Joan that fires the tent!"

With Joan o' the Torch no woman born for valour can compare.
Joan o' the Torch! 't was she who warmed the wolf within his lair!
Three thousand bragging Frenchmen in their tents that night she burned,
Of all the proud invading host an hundred scarce returned.

Joan o' the Torch next morn looked forth o'er forest, field, and flood,—
She saw a smoking heap where erst Gaul's gay pavilions stood.
Joan laughed and said, 'What dunghill 's that, that 's reeking in the plain?
It bodes a golden harvest, sure, and floors heaped up with grain;
For well I wot full true 's the saw that all good Bretons know,
'There 's nothing like the Frenchmen's bones to make the corn to grow.'"

Jannedik-Flamm was not only a heroine, but an "enlightened agriculturist." Our farming societies plume themselves on having discovered the value of bones as a manure; Jannedik-Flamm and her Bretons knew all about it more than five hundred years ago.

Stereograph No. 50 shows the identical tower from which Jannedik sallied at the head of her forlorn-hope, the portcullis which was raised to let her pass, the lucarne windows from which she saw the reek of the burning camp, and standing at which she made the *calembourg* recorded in the ballad.* In stereograph No. 51 may be seen the well from which she and her garrison drank. It is ornamented with ironwork, which, though late, is not ugly. But if any want to know more of Jannedik-Flamm and her might, and all that she did, and how she kissed Sir Walter Manny and his knights, on their arrival from England to her rescue, he will find it all picturesquely described by dear old Froissart.†

* The gloomy Ducal castle at Hennebon, rendered gloomier by the unpropitious state of the weather, yielded a sombre picture. Stereograph No. 50. Our camera was erected in the middle of the road, and the women who were gossiping about, readily complied with my request to remain still. Beyond the two principal figures may be seen a farrier, with his hands under his apron, and in the left-hand corner, near the gateway, are two old women at a fruit-stall. Behind them, pasted on the wall, is a placard announcing the rules to be observed during the Emperor's progress. With a strong magnifying-glass the words "Salon des Fêtes" may be distinctly read.—*L. R.*

† Higher up the street from whence we took our picture of the Ducal castle, we came upon a well, surmounted with curious ornamental ironwork:

Stereograph No. 52 shows one of the country carts, drawn by two small but well-formed and beautifully marked oxen. It will be observed that to the end of the pole is attached a swinging-bar and a pair of traces for a leader. This leader is not seen in the picture, but he was a pony, and this pony is an almost invariable addition to a team of oxen. I could not at first make out his use; but I afterwards observed that his function was to pull the oxen round when they were wanted to turn. They will walk straight forward as long as you like; but they have an insuperable objection to moving out of a straight line, as I perceived one day, when a diligence was kept standing for full five minutes in the middle of the road, while two or three men were pulling a team of oxen, which were unaccompanied by the pony, out of the way by main force.*

Having walked about the quaint old streets of the town, and looked at the antique houses, and the hanging gardens on the side of the steep hill, and the striking old church at the side of the Grand' Place, and the old walls and towers, I thought I had seen all that Hennebon had to show. I was aware that there are in the neighbourhood, numerous abbeys, castles, and dolmens, which would well repay a visit, but time

Stereograph No. 51. It will be seen that there are four wheel-pulleys suspended from the frame, and any one coming to draw water must bring his own bucket with rope attached. A youth in *sabots* is standing in front of the well, and at the back, a cart drawn by oxen is passing. Beyond is a small closed shop, with the name "Poudroux" on the house above it.—*L. R.*

* With the view of getting a picture of the oxen seen in the preceding stereograph, I put a few sous into the hands of the driver, and endeavoured to make him understand that I wanted his team brought round from the well to the front of the shops. Stereograph No. 52. He was rather dull of comprehension, until a bystander explained my purpose to him in Brezonec, and even then it was not without some trouble that I got him and his oxen into a satisfactory position. A more untractable mass than they proved to be, with a pony-leader some distance in advance of them, it would be difficult to imagine; but there was a picturesque hardware-shop that I wanted for a background, "Le Goff, Serrurier, Quincallier, 21." A saw was hanging in front, and there was a nice-looking girl in the doorway, whose portrait was however rendered obscure through her head not being still. The driver's broad-brimmed hat completely overshadowed his face. The oxen stood remarkably quiet, as did also some boys who jumped on to the tail of the cart. At a window over the shop adjoining that of M. Le Goff, some official in a military cap seems interested in what is going forward.—*L. R.*

pressed, and I was anxious to reach the head-quarters of Druidism. I therefore took a place in the cabriolet of the diligence, which starts for Auray at four o'clock.

Throughout my tour I was generally fortunate in my companions of travel. If I could not laugh with them, I could laugh at them. On this occasion my fellow-traveller was a most agreeable and intelligent Breton gentleman. I learned, partly from his conversation and partly from the host at Auray, that having begun life with a moderate competence, he had become a timber-merchant, and was now one of the richest men in the province. He certainly deserved to succeed, for I never saw a man so anxious to please. Every one seemed to know him, and he took off his hat as scrupulously to the peasant returning from work, as to the gentlemen who passed us in their gigs. He was as polite to Monsieur Floriaut, the conducteur, as if M. F. had been his equal. His fine intelligent face and flowing beard had prepossessed me in his favour, and his conversation confirmed my good opinion. He knew many Englishmen, and was about to send his two sons to school in England; I recommended Eton, but he reminded me that Bretons were Catholics, and that he must therefore look out for some Catholic school. This brought out from M. Floriaut, the conducteur, a story of a couple of English school-boys who had travelled with him two or three days before. They were asking him the French for different things on the road. Presently a flock of geese appeared, and they wanted to know their French name. M. Floriaut told them that geese were called *des Anglais;* for, he said to me, you know they hiss and gabble like people talking English. The boys said nothing; but on seeing a pig by the roadside, they asked M. Floriaut how that was called. He replied, "*un cochon.*" "Ah," said one of the boys, "in England we call those animals *conducteurs.*" To do M. Floriaut justice, he enjoyed the retort quite as much as the boys, though it was made at his own expense.

The afternoon was lovely, and the country through which we passed, rich beyond measure; but the recollection of that

drive from Hennebon to Auray always fills me with remorse. My agreeable companion was a great connoisseur in fruit, and particularly curious in peaches. Somewhere near Landevant he had a house and gardens; and when the coach stopped to change horses, his servant came up with two remarkably fine peaches in a basket, the only ones which were yet ripe. One of these he gave to M. Floriaut, the conducteur, and presented me with the other, which was by far the finest. I protested against leaving him without any, but he would hear of no excuse. At last I took it, but never recollected that there was a *via medid*, as Doctor Hook says, between eating the whole and refusing the whole; for I might very well have divided it, and insisted on his taking half. Ever since, I am mortified beyond measure, when I think how selfish I must have appeared.

This is the sort of thing in which an Englishman fails. He is continually guilty of acts which make people set him down as selfish and brutal, when in reality he is only awkward and reserved. But my Breton friend seemed to take it all as a matter of course that the conducteur and I should eat his peaches and leave him without any; and when we got down at the Hôtel du Pavillon d'en Haut, at Auray, he left some friends to whom he was talking to follow me into the hotel and shake me by the hand.

CHAPTER XII.

AURAY.—CARNAC.—LOC-MARIA-KER.

BATTLE OF AURAY.—DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.—DEATH OF CHARLES DE BLOIS.—GWESKLEN TAKEN PRISONER BY CHANDOS.—PILGRIMAGE OF SAINTE-ANNE.—THE CHARTREUSE.—MASSACRE OF THE VICTIMS OF QUIBERON.—MAUSOLEUM ERECTED OVER THEIR BONES.—THE NOMENCLATURE OF CELTIC REMAINS.—PLOUHARNEL, ITS MENHIRS AND DOLMENS.—CARNAC.—MENHIRS OF KEMAON AND MENEC.—MONT ST. MICHEL.—HOSTESS AT CARNAC.—LOC-MARIA-KER.—DOL-AR-MARCHANT.

AURAY is celebrated as the battle-field on which was terminated the long war of twenty-four years' duration, between John of Montfort and the English on the one side, and Charles of Blois and the French on the other. There was a general feeling that the approaching battle was to decide the claims of the rival pretenders to the Dukedom, and to terminate the civil war which had cost Brittany so much blood and treasure. Charles therefore proposed that he and De Montfort should, like Percy and Douglas, fight it out single-handed, while the troops on both sides should look on. This chivalrous proposal was not accepted; but there was an understanding between both armies that no quarter should be given to either of the chiefs; "Car," says Froissart, "en ce jour ils vouloient avoir fin de bataille et de guerre." Charles was recovering from a recent illness, and appears to have had a presentiment of his fate. The night before the battle he dreamed that he saw a peregrine falcon from beyond the sea, accompanied by other birds of prey, pounce upon an eagle and wrench off its head. The peregrine falcon and its companions he interpreted to represent John de Montfort and his English allies, the

cagle meant himself. No doubt our great dramatist, whose keen eye could discern, and whose genius could appropriate, every historic circumstance of interest, had this incident in his mind when he wrote,—

> "A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
> Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."*

The army of Charles consisted of four thousand men-at-arms. This, of course, represented a much larger force; for in medieval warfare none but horsemen were counted. With this force he proposed to raise the siege of Auray, which John of Montfort was beleaguering with two thousand men-at-arms and one thousand English archers. The two armies were drawn up in three battalions between Auray and the village of Sainte-Anne, the French occupying the plain, while the English archers were advantageously posted on the heights. Before the engagement began, Montfort repeated the motto of his family, "Malo mori quam fœdari," and his troops advanced to the onset to the cry of *Malo!* The French ranks were so serried that, in the picturesque language of Froissart, you could not throw an apple but it would fall upon a helmet or a lance. The shock of their vanguard, commanded by Bertram Gwesklen, was received by the English companies of Sir Robert Knolles; but the main bodies of both armies were almost immediately engaged. For a moment Charles of Blois thought that he had slain his adversary. It had been predicted that one who wore ermine should die on that day; and John de Montfort, who bore for his arms an ermine proper, naturally supposed that the prophecy referred to him. To avert it from the Duke, one of his devoted followers put on an ermine robe, and attacked Charles of Blois, crying out, "Bretagne! Où es-tu, Charles de Blois? Viens çà! Je te le chalinge!" Charles struck him down with a blow of his battle-axe, exclaiming, "Bretagne! Or est mort icelui De Montfort, par qui j'ai été ainsi grevé." At this moment the real De Montfort rode up; the two chiefs recognized and defied one another,

* Macbeth, Act II. sc. iv.

and the battle raged more furiously than ever. Charles now ordered up his reserve; but it failed to make any impression upon the Anglo-Breton ranks. He thus left himself no troops to oppose to the English archers, who having expended their arrows, drew their swords, and charged down from the heights upon the now spent and wearied French. The army of Blois was put to flight, and Charles, seeing his banner taken, called for quarter. But in accordance with the understanding that no mercy should be shown to either of the chiefs, an English soldier plunged a dagger into his throat with such violence, that the point came out half a foot on the other side. Charles raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaiming, "Haa! Domine Deus!" expired. When his body was stripped, it was found that under his ordinary clothes he wore a hair shirt, all interlaced with knotted cords and stuck with pins, which were continually lacerating his flesh. Du Guesclin yielded himself prisoner to Sir John Chandos, who commanded the English auxiliaries, after having lost lance, mace, sword, and battle-axe. This battle was fought on the Michaelmas day of the year 1364; and as a thank-offering, De Montfort founded, not only the beautiful church of "Our Lady of the Fool's Well" at Lesneven, but a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, on the field of battle.

Auray, or Alre, was formerly a strong place; but Henry II. of France dismantled the castle to build some fortifications at Belle-Ile out of the materials, and nothing now remains of it but a few arches and vaults. The establishment of L'Orient, in the eighteenth century, ruined the trade of Auray, and it became, to use the expression of Ogée, "the abode of misery and sadness." It is now, however, a thriving, bustling little maritime city, and carries on a considerable trade in horses, cattle, grain, fruit, butter, honey, and leather. In its dock-yards many of those odd-looking vessels called "chasse-marées" are built. It sends several boats to the sardine-fishery, and possesses manufactories of cotton, lace, and earthenware. The church is a good specimen of Gothic of the fourteenth century, and there is a pretty promenade on the heights, above

the town. Stereograph No. 53 gives the quay, lined with picturesque houses, and in the foreground the profile of one of those functionaries in military uniform, whom the paternal government thrusts into every nook of the country.*

Auray is the starting-point for the tourist who desires to visit the Druidical monuments of Carnac and its neighbourhood. But before paying my addresses to the Druids, I determined to visit the Chartreuse, and the shrine and well of St. Anne. "Sainte-Anne d'Auray" is to the modern Bretons what Our Lady of Walsingham and St. Thomas of Canterbury were to our ancestors in the days of Chaucer and Erasmus. Having therefore got up at half-past five, and taken a cup of coffee, I started for my walk of three leagues.

It was market-day; and as I walked along the site of the battle-field, where Chandos and our English archers fought and conquered, I met innumerable peasants driving before them small, but beautiful black and white oxen, and still smaller cows. The latter are admirable milkers, and the beef of the former is tender, juicy, and well-flavoured, if I may judge by the *bif-teks* and *filets de bœuf piqués* which were served up at the *table d'hôte*. After passing a hamlet and crossing some high heathy ground, I arrived at the celebrated village of Sainte-Anne. A gendarme demanded my passport, but I was determined that I would get something out of him for giving me the trouble of unfolding it, and I therefore asked him to be my guide. He seemed a little astonished at

* At Auray we pitched our tent upon a green slope some thirty feet above the quay, and were twice assailed by the authorities inquiring what business we had there. First came an officer in regimentals, an intelligent, gentleman-like man, who upon understanding our purpose and satisfying himself as to the correctness of my passpost, was extremely polite, and begged us not to disturb ourselves. Shortly after this an officious person in plain clothes came up to us with the same questions, and feeling that we had permission to remain here from some one who had obviously the power to grant it, I treated him rather cavalierly, and said at a venture that we had authority from the Commissary of Police. Upon this he flew into a passion, exclaiming, "Monsieur, *je* suis Commissaire de Police, *moi, moi*." It was evidently an officer of some higher denomination that had preceded him, for upon my describing him more fully, the real Commissary relaxed his visage, and bade us politely good-morning. Stereograph No. 53 was then taken on the quay below. The military

my impudence, but politely assented; and we went together to see the lions.

First of all, in the midst of a square planted with elms is a hawthorn-tree, called "La Sainte Épine," or the Holy Thorn, at which St. Anne is said to have appeared to some children. At one side is a rectangular flagged court about four feet below the level of the ground. In this are two octagonal reservoirs of stone, filled with water, one being a little higher than the other. The lower one is the clearer, and supplies the villagers with water for domestic purposes. Below this is a pedestal on which is a statue representing St. Anne teaching the Blessed Virgin to read. From the well we proceeded through the entrance-gate, the inside of which is shown in stereograph No. 54, to the church. On either side will be observed a number of stalls. These are erected for the sale of chaplets, wax tapers, and religious books. That I might do as others did, I bought a wax candle at one of them. It was beautifully made in a tapering form, being in fact literally a taper, and round it curled little frills formed of wax. The thicker end was hollowed out for the convenience of sticking on the pricket provided for the purpose before the shrine. The church is extremely ugly. But the curious part of it is that every inch of the walls is covered with pictures of persons lying on sick-beds, meeting with various accidents, or escaping from divers dangers, from all of which they have been delivered, as they believe, in consequence of the prayers of St. Anne in their behalf. One of these pictures represented a child carried down a mill-stream. Underneath it was the following inscription:—"Joseph Marie Allain, âgé de deux ans, a passé sous les deux roux sans recevoir aucun mal, 17 Février, 1857,"—"Joseph Mary Allain, aged two years, passed

figure in the foreground is a douanier, or custom-house officer, and a very pleasant, well-informed man he was. Round the corner, to the left, in a street leading from the bridge to the Hôtel du Pavillon d'en Bas, we met with an extremely characteristic shop, decorated most profusely with all sorts of wonderments, and we had just succeeded in getting a picture, when a stubborn old hag *would* break through the crowd, which I had managed to keep good-humouredly at bay, and utterly spoiled it.—*L. R.*

under the two wheels without receiving any injury, 17th February, 1857." I recollect reading, in Southey's 'Life of Wesley,' that the great Methodist leader had, when a boy, met with a similar accident, and that he and his followers considered his deliverance miraculous. The difference between the two cases consisted in this, that Wesley attributed his escape to his own sanctity; the Breton parents attributed the escape of their child to the prayers of St. Anne. To the south side is St. Anne's chapel, and here, having lighted my taper, I stuck it on one of the prickets as I saw the rest doing, and then left the church.

I now found myself in the area in front of the building, facing the entrance-gate seen in stereograph No. 54. Here my gendarme was waiting for me, and he explained to me that at the Pardon of Sainte-Anne, when the multitude of pilgrims cannot find room in the church, Mass is said in the gallery which is seen over the gate in the stereograph. The Emperor and Empress, whose cue it was on the occasion of their late visit to do in everything as the Bretons do, had heard Mass here, from a temporary platform raised for them in the midst of the court. Those ugly, attitudinizing statues which may be seen in the stereograph underneath the arch in the gallery, are of white marble, as if the preciousness of the material would atone for the bad taste of the work. The reader must make out the allegorical meaning of the figures for himself; I cannot pretend to interpret the ideas of a modern Parisian sculptor. My "cocked-hat" told me that the flights of steps, at either side, leading to the gallery, were called the "Scale Sante."*

The church was crowded with persons, some praying, some kneeling at the confessionals; and on leaving the precincts I observed several parties of three or four, walking three times

* Our pilgrimage to the celebrated miracle-working chapel of St. Anne, the Mecca of the Bretons, was not, I fear, calculated to inspire the worshipers with any favourable notions of our religion. We looked in and about the chapel for a subject for the camera, but found nothing better worth taking a picture of than the entrance-screen, Stereograph No. 54. Around it were numerous booths for the sale of altar-candles and sundry miracle-working charms,

round the well. My guide informed me that the etiquette for pilgrims is, first to visit the church and confess, then to walk three times round the well saying some prayers, and finally to return to the church and repeat the Litany of St. Anne and any other prayers they like. I think they also communicate. But all this is unavailing, unless it be performed with contrition of heart and perfect charity. So I trust the contrition and the charity will be put down to the pilgrims' accounts; and then the walking round the well may go in for what the lawyers call "surplusage." My hostess at Loc-Maria-Ker afterwards told me that nothing would go on right in a Breton household unless the pilgrimage to St. Anne of Auray had been duly performed by the family.

The road from Sainte-Anne to the Chartreuse is extremely precipitous in places, but very pretty. It passes over heathery hills, and down hollow lanes, through homesteads, and by the side of the valley in which runs the river Loc. This valley is well cultivated, and planted in places with fine oak, chestnut, and Scotch fir, among which is every now and then seen the picturesque wheel of a water-mill. My nose at first, and then my eyes, gave me notice that the pure waters of the Loc were polluted by the process of steeping flax.

The Chartreuse is a dreary place indeed. It derives its name from a convent of cloistered nuns, who employ themselves in the instruction of the deaf and dumb; but it is chiefly interesting from being the scene of the traitorous massacre in 1795, of nine hundred and fifty-two Royalist gentlemen, who landed at Quiberon, and having been defeated after an heroic resistance, were induced to surrender to the Republican troops by a promise of their lives. Notwithstanding this they were marched off to the Chartreuse, and there shot. The place of this massacre is called "Le Champ des Martyrs,"

and in the centre gallery is a concavity with a bas-relief very fairly defined in the stereograph. At the inn-yard where we put up our carriage and pitched our tent, we were much amused by the glee with which the ostler assured us of the humbug of the miracle-workings, and how the priests knew it to be humbug. Laughing immoderately, he said to us, "You have nothing of this sort in your country."—*L. R.*

and is marked by a Grecian temple. One does not exactly see the connection between the monument and the circumstance it was intended to commemorate; but it was considered the right thing in 1815. At the restoration of the Bourbons their bones were gathered together and placed in a vault, over which was built a mausoleum. It is a dreadfully ugly building, somewhat in the style of the National Gallery; but I suppose it would be called "handsome," for it is big and costly. On the architrave is carved, "Gallia mœrens posuit."

On ringing a bell I was admitted by a dumb boy: it is perhaps thought expedient that the guardian should not be able to answer troublesome questions. The mausoleum forms the outer vestibule of the convent church, with which it is connected by an open doorway hung with black curtains. I drew one of these aside, and saw the nuns engaged within in their private devotions. On the wall to the right of this arch is a bas-relief in white marble, of the Duchess of Angoulême laying the first stone of the building, with the date September 20, 1823. On the right is another, representing the Duke of Angoulême praying over the bones, and dated 1824. In the centre is a lofty tomb of different-coloured marbles, with the following inscriptions round it:—"Pro Deo, pro Rege, nefarie trucidati. Accipietis gloriam magnam et nomen eternum. Pro animabus et legibus nostris. Pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus. In Deo speravi, non timebo. Perierunt fratres mei omnes propter Israel. Quiberon, xxi Jul. 1795." On tablets on all the four sides are the names of the victims, among which I observed some English ones, such as De Percy, and also some names of Breton gentlemen whom I had met, such as Madec and St. Luc.

The deaf and dumb boy now opened a bronze door in the side of the monument, and lighting a candle fastened to a string, let it down into the vault. This was done to enable me to see the bones of the victims which were lying in heaps beneath.

A little more than a mile's walk brought me back to Auray

in time for the table-d'hôte breakfast, at ten o'clock, after which I inquired for a boat to take me down the Loc to Plouharnel, Carnac, Loc-Maria-Ker, and Gavr'-Innis. Unfortunately the only one available for this service had gone for a cargo of sand, and I was obliged to go on foot. I rather regretted this, not because I prefer sailing to walking, but because I believe the banks of the Loc are diversified with the ruins of châteaux and of an ancient Roman causeway.

Before describing what I saw of the Celtic remains in Morbihan, it may be well, perhaps, to indicate briefly the various forms they assume, and the names by which they are distinguished. The nomenclature of this branch of antiquities was a perfect chaos of confusion, till it was happily reduced to order by Dr. Frederick Collings Lukis, whose 'Observations on the Celtic Megaliths,' addressed in the form of a letter to Lord Stanhope, then Lord Mahon, President of the Society of Antiquaries, is a model of laborious and conscientious investigation. I shall follow Dr. Lukis's nomenclature as far as it is Celtic and English. His Greek I cannot prevail upon myself to use. Is there any virtue in the Greek language which should make "megalith" a more excellent word than "big stone," "monolith" than "single stone," or "ortholith" than "upright stone"?

The maenhir, menhir, maensaâs, or peulvan, is a long single stone raised on one end. It may have answered the purpose of a landmark, beacon, or monument commemorative of some person or event. But as religion entered into every circumstance of domestic, social, and political life in the early ages of the human race, menhirs, no doubt, became—even if they were not originally—objects of religious veneration. They were analogous to the stone set up by Jacob as an altar on which he poured oil, to the pillar of witness erected by Laban, to the "standing image" forbidden in Leviticus, to various other idols mentioned in Scripture, and to the Dii Termini of Rome. Single menhirs, called according to the theories of the observers, pillars, obelisks, memorial stones, fichade, Bautastein, are found in all parts of Brittany; but groups, more or less

numerous, are also met with, of which those at Carnac are the most celebrated. Sometimes they are disposed in single straight lines, called "giants' teeth," sometimes in many parallel straight lines, called by the advocates of the serpent-worship theory, "dracontium," sometimes in wavy lines, sometimes in circles. The single lines generally run east and west, and are often terminated by a dolmen or a cromlech at the east end. Of this there is an example in the Ile-aux-Moines, in the Morbihan. The parallel straight lines, the circular and wavy rows, seem all to be in some way connected with and subsidiary to dolmens, cromlechs, or kistvaens, and are generally found in wide and extensive plains.

Dolmen is the Brezonec for "table-stone." It is also called lichaven, Druids' altar, trilith, and quoit; and is sometimes confounded with the cromlech. It consists of a chamber formed by a large unhewn stone placed upon two or more upright stones, and having the sides open. A variety is sometimes met with, in which one end only of the horizontal stone is supported. This Dr. Lukis calls a demi-dolmen; but "half-table-stone" is a very unmeaning and inappropriate term. It is important however to distinguish between the two forms.

The kistvaen, or cistvaen, known also as the *roche* or *grotte aux fées*, Druids' altar, quoit, bedd, tomb-coffin, and pouquilaye, is a chamber formed of one, or sometimes two, large flat stones, laid upon several smaller upright ones, which are placed so close together as completely to close in the sides. The only mode of entrance is to remove one of the flat stones at the top.

The cromlech, called also *cercle*, *chambre*, or *creux*, *des fées*, witches' stone, quoit, and pouquilaye, is a conglomeration of dolmens, communicating with one another, and having the sides closed, except at the common entrance. There is a fine example of the cromlech at Gavr'-Innis, or Goat's Island, in the Morbihan.

Besides these early Celtic monuments, there is the form found at Stonehenge, in which horizontal stones are laid across the tops of menhirs, and fastened with mortise and

tenon ; there are sepulchral chambers, cairns, or galgals, rocking-stones, and the needle rock. Dr. Lukis believes all these to be a late development of Celtic art.

The theories respecting the original use and intention of these monuments are various, and some of them sufficiently absurd. At the head of the absurdities we may place that according to which they were dedicated to serpent-worship, the several rows of menhirs representing the serpent's teeth, or his wavy motion, or his circular figure. Dr. Lukis's intelligent and laborious researches have established beyond the possibility of doubt, that the dolmen, cromlech, and kistvaen are sepulchres. The bones of men and animals have been found in all, and in many kistvaens may be discerned several layers of human remains, marking a succession of burials, just as generation after generation in modern times are buried, one on top of another, in a bricked grave. In many cases, too, earthen bowls were found. These were, no doubt, filled with food, and left, according to the custom of many idolatrous nations even now, to be partaken of by the manes of the dead. The menhirs, too, whether disposed in single lines, in several parallel lines, or in circles, are all contiguous to, and apparently connected with dolmens, cromlechs, or kistvaens, either as avenues leading to them, or as boundaries surrounding them. From all this Dr. Lukis justly concludes that the dolmen, in all its varieties and modifications, was a sepulchre, and that the rows of menhirs are connected with sepulchral uses. So far his theory cannot be gainsaid. But when he goes on to assert positively, that they were used for no other purpose, his theory seems questionable. In all idolatrous religions, necromancy and the worship of deceased relatives form an important element. Men and women were sacrificed at the tombs of great men among the Greeks and Romans. They still are among the barbarous tribes of Africa, and even by the more civilized Hindoos and Chinese. One point upon which Dr. Lukis relies to support the exclusively sepulchral theory is, that Latin writers tell us that the sacrifices of the Druids were performed in thick forests, where-

as the Celtic remains are generally found in open plains. Now it does not follow that, because there are now no trees at Carnac, there never were; and moreover, dolmens are found in places which are now, and probably always were, thickly wooded. But the decrees of early Councils, which order these stones to be broken and destroyed because they were applied to idolatrous uses, furnish us with positive historical evidence of the fact that they were so applied.* The universal tradition among the people—and this is by no means to be despised—points to the same fact.

I should therefore be inclined to believe that both the contending parties—both those who maintain the religious, and those who maintain the sepulchral character of these remains—are partly right and partly wrong. They are right in the affirmative part of their creed, and wrong in the negative and exclusive. The plain of Carnac, covered as it is with menhirs, dolmens, kistvaens, and cromlechs, was probably a vast burying-ground for the inhabitants of Armorica; but it would be rash indeed to assert that it was not also a place for religious and perhaps political meetings, even as Westminster is the site of our national mausoleum, cathedral, and Parliament. These huge stones are found in almost every part of the globe, from India to Scandinavia, at Nineveh, in Egypt, and even in America, and constitute a proof of the fact that at no very distant period the world was peopled by tribes of like customs, whether religious, sepulchral, or political, of which these stones, and the implements found with them, are the monuments.

Plouharnel is a large village twelve miles from Auray, on the road to Quiberon. The country became more and more flat and uninteresting as I went on. About half a mile on this side of the village is a plain, covered with heath and gorse; and here, to the left of the road, I observed three very perfect dolmens. A little further on, to the right, on the borders of a wood, was a fourth; and not far from it a menhir, consecrated to true religion by the erection of a cross on its summit. At

* See *ante*, Note, page 183.

Plouharnel I found some difficulty in obtaining a guide. The town seemed to be deserted; and of the few inhabitants whom I saw, many could not speak French, and those who could seemed to be very disobliging. At last I observed a ship-carpenter at work; and as I saw that civility would not make any of the Plouharnelites move, I thought I would try the "almighty dollar." I began my negotiations therefore by telling him I would give him a franc if he would show me the antiquities of the place. This proved instantaneously efficacious. He first took me to the church, in which there was a curious alabaster bas-relief of a Holy Family. From thence we proceeded for a few hundred yards on the road to L'Orient. To the left of this is a slightly rising ground, on which are three dolmens. The first I examined consisted of a passage about ten yards long, formed of upright stones, with flat ones laid on top of them. This passage led into a chamber upwards of four yards wide, and covered by one immense stone. Opening out of it was another smaller chamber. This, in Dr. Lukis's nomenclature, ought properly to be called a cromleeh. The other dolmen, on the same eminence, is larger, has two entrance passages, and is covered by two huge stones, in one of which I observed a row of four holes, two or three inches apart. Were these holes contemporaneous with the dolmen, or were they drilled, in later times, for the purpose of splitting the stone with gunpowder? This dolmen had no second chamber. I descended into all of them, and could stand upright, with some room to spare. In one of these, M. Bail, the host of the inn, some years since found a golden torque, which he willingly shows to the tourist. Stone celts have also been discovered here. In a garden belonging to a house on the border of the town is another dolmen. It is like that shown in stereograph No. 55, and a good idea of its gigantic size may be obtained from comparing its height with the height of the two peasant women who are seen inside it, their white caps and collars standing out conspicuously from the dark background. If I had had time, I might have seen hundreds of these strange monuments of the primeval inhabitants; but there

is a good deal of sameness in them, and I had to push on for Carnac, which is distant about a mile and a half.*

I had been told to inquire for M. Brien, the town-crier, who was an excellent guide. He was, unfortunately, absent at the fair of Auray; but the widow Gildas, the obliging hostess of the Hôtel des Voyageurs, opposite the church, found out a youth, who, she assured me, knew all the principal antiquities.† There are two fields of menhirs near Carnac; one near the town called Ménec; the other at some distance to the north-east, in the parish of Kemaon. The menhirs at Ménec are the more numerous, but those at Kemaon are the larger. The largest menhirs at Ménec are those at the end towards the sea, and they gradually diminish as they stretch further inland. To describe them is fortunately needless; for stereographs Nos. 57, 58, and 59, actually enable the reader to see them without stirring out of his library. Stereograph No. 58 gives a near view of a very curious top-heavy-looking menhir, which is seen in the extreme distance in stereograph No. 57. It will be observed that all the stones are scored with channels and scars. Where these appear on the horizontal stone of a dolmen, the favourers of the "Druids' altar" theory maintain that they were made expressly to carry off the blood of the victims. This seems to be sufficiently disproved by the fact that they are found on the menhirs which could not have been altars. Nevertheless, I observed amongst them a basin-shaped stone, which looked as if it had been artificially hollowed. Another had five lines drawn perpendicularly down

* The fine dolmen represented in Stereograph No. 55 is one which we were directed to visit in a farmyard at Erdeven. It was rather late in the day when we arrived there, but the light was tolerably good, and the farm-people rendered us speedy assistance in supplying water, etc. I placed two women at the entrance as a guide to the dimensions of the structure, and gave as much prominence to the colossal outline of the roof-stone as the point of view would admit of. The interior was in use as a kind of tool-house.—*L. R.*

† On reaching the village of Carnac, we were fortunate enough to meet with a nice intelligent landlady, and while preparations were being made to furnish us with a guide to the Druidical stones, we took a picture of the church-porch, from the inn-door, as a reminiscence of its curious ornamental crown, cut out of a menhir (Stereograph No. 56). Two old women are sitting at the entrance with baskets of fruit.—*L. R.*

it. Stereograph No. 58 shows the smaller menhirs in this remarkable group. It will be seen that the farmer makes them serve the purpose of fences, connecting them by low walls of dry stones. There is every appearance of the whole of the plain having been once covered with groups of dolmens and menhirs; but they have been for centuries used for building and mending the roads.*

The menhirs at Kemaon are really colossal, but many of them have been thrown down, probably in obedience to the decrees of the Council of Nantes, and the subsequent endeavours of the clergy to eradicate all remains of idolatrous superstition. Stereograph No. 60 shows a group of them, and No. 61, a huge misshapen one, which it must have required considerable mechanical skill to raise into its present position. Close to the farm of Kemaon was a dolmen with an entrance passage like those I had already seen.†

I now returned to the road, and ascended the Mont St. Michel, a magnificent tumulus or artificial mound, on the summit of which the Christians erected a chapel to St. Michael, in order, I suppose, to engage the standard-bearer of the heavenly host, to scatter the demons who had deluded men into worshiping the stocks and stones in the plain beneath. At the extremity of the plateau, on the top, are some ruins, called Er C'hastel, or the castle. From this point the view is magnificent. You see the peninsula of Quiberon, the scene of the disastrous expedition of the Royalists in 1795, stretching far out to the south-west. Still further out to sea

* Our first impression, on arriving at the plain of Ménec, was one of disappointment at not finding the stones larger. Like the traveller's first sight of the Pyramids, the reality always falls short of the colossal ideas prefigured to the imagination. When, however, we came to look close to them, and to scan their dimensions and cubic elements, coupled with the conclusion that as they were ranged erect in lines they must have been placed there by human means, they grew larger and larger, and we no longer hesitated to unbuckle the tent and do our best to carry some of them away. Stereographs No. 57, 58, and 59, described in detail above, show with what kind of success this was accomplished.—*L. R.*

† The plain of Kemaon was rather more difficult to approach than that of Ménec, and by this time a sturdy guide was found us in no less a person than M. Brien, the public crier of Carnac. Though he could neither read nor

is the blue outline of Belle-Ile; and to the east, the island of Hedée, and the cape of St. Gildas. You walk across the plateau, and looking inland, you see in the distance the spires of Auray, Sainte-Anne, Plenel, Erdeven, and Crach; while at your feet lie fields of menhirs and dolmens. I first examined the dolmens in detail, and then took a general view of them from St. Michael's Mount; but I should advise the tourist to reverse the process. The view from St. Michael's Mount should come first, to enable him to form some idea of the general bearing of the details. The impression made upon my mind was, that the tumulus now dedicated to St. Michael was originally the principal object, round which the menhirs were placed to give it dignity. It was probably the "high place," on which "the people sacrificed." But all such conjectures are, after all, futile, in the absence of direct evidence.

It was now nearly six o'clock; but I walked on a league and a half, to the village of La Trinité, thinking that I might possibly get on by boat to Sarzeau or St. Gildas that night. But none was to be had, and I was obliged to return to the little inn at Carnac, after having walked altogether not less than thirty miles.

The village of Carnac is a small place, but the little inn, dignified by the name of the "Hôtel du Commerce," is clean, and the fare good. I felt rather tired and not very well, and seeing that the hostess was a nice motherly-looking woman, I called her into my counsels as to what I should have for supper. She immediately suggested a *soupe au lait*, the very thing for a weary traveller who feels faint and yet cannot eat; and I found that, as the French say, "l'appétit vient en mangeant." I mention this as a hint which may be useful to

write, he spoke very good French, and, strolling about among the menhirs together, we had a famous chat over French and Breton politics, the Emperor's visit, the Crimean war, and the rebellion in India. His portrait occurs in both stereographs No. 60 and 61, where he may be seen in his broad-brimmed hat and short jacket, and it only remains to fulfil my promise to send him prints of them in a letter. The menhirs in these views are larger, it may be observed, than those at Ménec, and more promiscuously placed. The one seen in No. 61 is the largest menhir in Brittany.—*L. R.*

travellers. But the widow Gildas,—for such, as I afterwards learned, was my hostess's name,—thought that a little conversation might also be of use to me, and after setting down the dessert, began to let me into some of her personal history, partly, no doubt, in expectation that her confidence would produce a similar disclosure on my part. She was tall and well favoured, with a precise mouth, out of which issued a sweet voice, tuned to a key of gentle and pious resignation. The description of the Prioresse in the Canterbury Tales might have been written for her. She "of hire smyling was ful simple and coy; hire mouth was smal, and thereto softe and reed;" she was also "ful plesant and amyable of port, and peyned hire to counterfete chere of court, and ben estatliche of manere." Throughout the house there reigned an air of piety. The chimney ornaments were little altars; beside the bed was a *prie-dieu;* and the pictures on the walls were saints, with extracts from pious *chansons* underneath. All this was explained when Madame Gildas told me, on my saying that I had just visited the Chartreuse, that her father had been, among the unfortunate Royalists, shot on the Champ des Martyrs, and that her grandmother was one of the most zealous of those who, in the first Revolution, had harboured the persecuted clergy, and arranged the midnight meetings on the ocean, when the people, like the early Christians in the catacombs, worshiped God with death and torture staring them in the face. It was in these bays and creeks, which I had passed in the morning, that when the ministers of religion were hunted down; when not even a barn was to be found in which it was safe to worship God; when French soldiers occupied every village, and no clergyman might invoke a blessing on the union of the bride and bridegroom, or admit the newly-born infant into the fellowship of Christ's religion, the zeal of the people and their clergy bade defiance to the iniquitous law of the State.

"Midnight strikes: a flickering light shines at a distance on the ocean. The tinkling of a little bell is heard, almost lost in the grand murmur of the sea. Straightway from every

creek, from every rock, from every little bay, shoot forth long black lines which glide over the waves. They are the boats of the fishermen, laden with young men and maidens, old men and children. All steer for one point. Presently the sound of the bell approaches nearer, the distant light becomes more distinct, and finally, the object towards which this throng advance with one mind, appears in the midst of the waves. It is a boat in which a priest stands prepared to celebrate the commemoration of Christ's death. Hither, certain of having God only for a witness, he has called together the surrounding parishes, and all the faithful have come to assist. All are upon their knees between the sullenly murmuring ocean and the sky."*

In reading this passage in M. de Souvestre's book, I had thought it almost too romantic to be true. But my hostess talked about it as if it were quite a matter of course. Her grandmother had told her of these midnight meetings on the waves, a hundred times. It must, indeed, have been a scene never to be effaced from the memory, and on which one who had borne a part in it would love to dwell. A gorgeous cathedral, pretty singing, the pealing of the organ, polished rhetoric, and courtly bishops at the rate of ten thousand a year, impress the mind with awe; but what are all these things to the starry heavens, the vocal worship of a congregation of two thousand confessors, responded to by the booming of the ocean, and a poor priest braving death that he may sustain the drooping faith of his persecuted flock by commemorating, in the simple words of the ancient liturgy, the death of Him who was the great protomartyr of righteousness?

I remarked to my hostess on the becomingness of her costume; upon which, looking down and heaving a gentle sigh, she informed me that she was in the first year of her widowhood, and that the dress which I admired, was the deepest mourning she could wear. She then proceeded to tell me that the people of Plouharnel, though living so near, were quite different in character and habits from those of Carnac. The

* Les Derniers Bretons, tom. i. p. 216.

Plouharnelitcs were unsociable, disobliging, and rude; the inhabitants of Carnac, on the contrary, were fond of society, good-natured, and polite. The picture was drawn by one who could hardly be supposed disinterested; but it agreed with my experience. After giving me so much information, the widow Gildas thought that it was my turn to be communicative, and insinuated a wish to know what brought me to Carnac. I told her that I was walking through Brittany out of mere curiosity; upon which she made out the whole history in a succinct form, without further assistance from me. "Ces Messieurs,"—meaning the photographers, who had preceded me by two days,—"ces Messieurs font des photographes, et Monsieur va à pied, n'est-ce pas! Oui, oui! Et Monsieur, sans doute, fera un petit ouvrage. Oui, oui!" Then putting on her best smile, "Et Monsieur aura-t-il la bonté de faire mention de l'Hôtel du Commerce?" I assured her I would, a promise which I thus fulfil.

Carnac is a large parish, and the population is much scattered, which obliges the parson to keep no fewer than four vicars or curates. Next morning, as I was dressing, I heard a magnificent barytone singing the office for the dead close to my window, and looking out, saw one of the stalwart curates issuing from the portal of the church, seen in stereograph No. 60. The ugly ornament on the top is said to have been carved by a native stonemason, out of a single menhir.

The road from Carnac to Loc-Maria-Ker would be very uninteresting, but for occasional glimpses of the sea, and the continually recurring dolmens and menhirs with which the whole of this vast plain is thickly sown. The country seems to be carefully farmed; the fields are large, and on all the dunghills I observed magnificent *citrouilles*, or vegetable marrows, a poor and insipid thing with us, but under the hands of a talented *chef*, a most delicious dish. Before entering Loc-Maria-Ker, may be seen the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, of which the hewn stones have been used to build up the fences of the surrounding fields. One side has been destroyed for the purpose of making the road which leads to the crom-

lech of Mane Lud, or the mountain of ashes, so called not because it is formed of ashes, but because some ashes have been probably found in it. From Mane Lud, a south-west course across the fields brought me to the splendid cromlech called Dol-ar-Marchant, or the merchant's table. I endeavoured to calculate its size by stepping it, and found that the capping-stone measured twelve of my strides, and the passage leading to the chamber, eighteen. Counting my stride as a yard, this would make the cromlech altogether ninety feet long. I found, by the help of my pocket-compass, that the small end pointed towards the south-east. One of the props of this cromlech is elegantly scored with a sort of circular pattern, resembling that on the stones of Gavr'-Innis, and the cromlechs in the county of Louth, in Ireland. The capstone is also ornamented with a pattern in relief, which is supposed by some to resemble a celt. This is however an absurd and fantastical notion. Close to the Dol-ar-Marchant is the prostrate menhir which excites so much wonder. It has been broken into three pieces, probably in pursuance of the decree of the Council of Nantes, and would, if whole, measure sixty feet in length. Many persons suppose that this menhir was an object of worship in the times of the Druids, and that all the other monuments, whether sepulchral dolmens or avenues of menhirs, were subsidiary to it. To the south-west of this gigantic menhir is another, beside which are the remains of a large dolmen.

In the year 1852 were discovered in a courtyard in the middle of the town of Loc-Maria-Ker, the foundations of a Roman villa, supposed to have been built in the reign of the tyrant Maxentius. But they are no longer to be seen. They could not be permitted to interfere with the cultivation of potatoes and cabbages, which are now manured with the Roman mortar. To make anything like an accurate survey of all the Celtic remains between Carnac and Loc-Maria-Ker, would occupy weeks instead of days,

From Loc-Maria-Ker to Gavr'-Innis is but a short way, but it is by water, and not only are the winds and waves uncer-

tain, but sailors are the most indolent and difficult people to manage of any class of the community. Accustomed to occasional large gains, they do not think it worth their while to move out of their established course for a moderate recompense. On inquiring at a sort of jetty on the shore, I was told that there was only one boat that could take me, and that in the absence of the owner I could not have it. There was policy in this; for a group of sailors, who were taking their walk of three yards backwards and forwards, were within hearing; and after a great deal of talk, and when I was almost reduced to despair, one of them thought he might possibly manage to take me across. "For how much?" I asked. "Ten francs." Now I knew that this was the regular charge for a good boat from Auray to Loc-Maria-Ker, Gavr'-Innis and back, whereas the boat in which it was proposed to take me was a mere coble of a thing, with a crooked, unpeeled branch of a tree as a yard for the old patched lug-sail. I had no idea of being imposed upon so grossly. I therefore offered seven francs, which was finally accepted, on condition that I treated the two men to a glass of brandy. I sat down in the little inn while they were drinking it, and they insisted so strongly on my taking some to *trinquer* with them, that I at last consented to taste it mixed with water: it was extremely nauseous. After this they seemed to be quite satisfied, and, to do them justice, they cheerfully fulfilled their bargain.

The cromlech of Gavr'-Innis exactly resembles the moats in the county of Louth, in Ireland, which I had visited many years ago in company with Dr. Todd and Major, now Colonel, Larcom. The stones are all scored with a sort of circular pattern, supposed to resemble the tattooing of a New-Zealander, but which bears a strong resemblance, in my opinion, to the ornamentation on early Irish monuments, book-covers and other objects, even in Christian times. Without venturing one's throat in the "island of saints," an idea may be formed of it from the plates in Dr. Petrie's admirable work on the Round Towers. That the cromlech of Gavr'-Innis and all its class were, like the pyramids of Egypt, the sepulchres of great men,

there can be no doubt. But considering the tendency of all heathen nations to fall into worship of dead heroes, it by no means follows that they were not also the object of idolatrous rites. If they had not been intimately connected with heathen superstition, why should the Church have directed them to be desecrated or destroyed?

I had now seen the Celtic or Druidic remains of Carnac, and I know tolerably well from books what can be said about them; and when all is seen and read, the result is not much. This is the part of my tour which lives least vividly in my recollection, and upon which I dwell with least pleasure. The country was bleak and uninteresting; the people rude and uncommunicative; and the big unhewn stones of the Druidic art were but a poor substitute for the pretty picturesque houses, imposing castles, and noble cathedrals of the Middle Ages.

We had a delightful sail among the numerous islets of the Morbihan, and my sailors were intelligent and good-tempered. They had made several voyages to Cardiff, and assured me that they and the Welsh mutually understood each other, at least as well as a Kernewote understood a Léonard, or a Trégorrois. But their amazement at the power of their Welsh cousins to drink large quantities of the strongest brandy was extreme. They had once taken over a cargo of Cognac; and they declared that the crew of a Welsh vessel whom their captain treated, consumed as much of it as would have killed the same number of Continental Bretons on the spot. Yet the Welshmen came alongside the next morning for more.

When we arrived at the opposite side, about two leagues below Sarzeau, which was the point at which I ought to have disembarked, there was not water enough to land. I suspected fraud; but a boat containing two Abbés was in the same predicament as we, and I could not believe that a Breton sailor would cheat their Reverences. Some men on the shore pointed out a place where we could get within fifty yards of a landing-place, and here I disembarked on one of the

boatmen's backs, the two Abbés from the other boat following my example. They proved to be gentlemanlike, agreeable men, and we had a pleasant walk together. On our way we met a wedding party returning from church, and just after we had passed them, they startled us by a volley of musketry. This led me to speak to the Abbés of Breton customs, particularly the village festivals and dances; but they told me that there was little dancing among the peasantry in this part of the country, except at weddings, and that the clergy discouraged it. Of course the Breton clergy have excellent means of knowing the effect of these diversions on the morals of the people; but I could not help telling them that, in our country, the Pharisaical discouragement of innocent amusements has been most baneful. They explained this by observing, "Ah, chez vous cela tient au dehors." But I am afraid that the necessary effect everywhere of inculcating a system of gloom and unnatural restrictions is to produce this very "outsidedness," if I may coin a word for the occasion. The distinction is seen in the frank open bearing and innocence of a girl educated in a happy home, and the prim reserve, suggestive that all is not right beneath, of a girl educated on the restrictive system in a boarding-school.

Arrived at Sarzeau, we met one of the vicars or curates, and after a most elaborate taking off of hats, followed by shaking of hands and other greetings, my companions begged of him to point out to me the best inn. Neither of them was good, but my clerical guide assured me that the *cuisine* at one which was kept by a German was better than the outside promise. A clergyman's word on such a subject is to be relied upon; here therefore I set up my rest. The landlord told me that two gentlemen who had gone to the castle of Sucinio, had ordered dinner for seven o'clock, and that I might join them. In the meantime I amused myself looking out of the window and speculating upon the early pursuits of the inimitable author of 'Gil Blas,' who was born in a small house within a short distance of where I sat, when a vehicle drove up to the door, and my photo-

graphic friends stepped out. This was an unexpected meeting. After dinner they returned to Vannes, leaving me in this wretched inn; for I would not quit the peninsula of Rhuys without visiting the abbey of St. Gildas, where Abailard retired to expiate his faults in penitence and prayer.

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. GILDAS.—SUCINIO.

FROM SARZEAU TO ST. GILDAS.—A CONVENTUAL BOARDING-HOUSE.—SCENE OF ABAILARD'S BANISHMENT.—HIS LATTER DAYS.—ELOISE A SORCERESS ACCORDING TO BRETON TRADITION.—HER PROSAIC ENDING.—UNPRETENDING GRAVES OF THE SISTERS.—ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. GILDAS.—RELIQUARIES AND PLATE.—CASTLE OF SUCINIO.—WALK TO VANNES.

THE next morning, the 1st of September, proved most unpropitious. The rain fell in those fine drops which so effectually penetrate the clothes and obscure the prospect. But even if I had had time to regard such hindrances, anything was better than to remain in the dirty, expensive inn at Sarzeau. I therefore determined to brave the weather; and defended by my light waterproof coat and umbrella, I started at seven o'clock for St. Gildas, which lies about four miles distant from Sarzeau, at the point of the promontory. The country was most uninteresting, consisting of great plains, all well ploughed and cultivated, like the downs near Ramsgate. Not a tree was to be seen. Arrived at the town of St. Gildas, I found that it matched the country. It was an agglomeration of forbidding-looking granite houses of rectangular shape, interspersed by huge dunghills of mingled farmyard manure and seaweed. Streets there were none. Houses, dunghills, and church, were all huddled together without order or design; and to the essential and inherent ugliness of the place, the rain added the additional depressing circumstances of deep mud, and crest-fallen poultry taking shelter under carts. It was indeed a refinement of cruelty to send the sensitive

and cultivated Abailard, the "subtle Doctor," to such a desert.

I had heard that St. Gildas was a fashionable bathing-place in the summer months, and that the Parisians came down here to recruit after the labours of the season. But where do they live? What hole is there into which they can thrust their heads? There is no hotel, no crescent of boarding-houses. Except in the large towns, the inn-keepers in Brittany do not take the trouble of knowing anything about the objects which attract tourists, and I was obliged here as elsewhere to make out everything for myself. I therefore picked out the most decent-looking house I could see, and engaged a girl, by the promise of half a franc, to show me the way to the abbey. She conducted me to the outside gate of a large uninteresting-looking house. An old nun opened it for us, and demurred rather to admitting me as I was not accompanied by a lady. But I assured her that I was an old man of modest and retiring habits, upon which she conducted me to the "parloir," a square room with a few chairs ranged round the walls, which were hung with moral and religious prints, painted in colours rather bright than well chosen. One of these struck me by its *naïveté*. It represented a Zouave between a Sister of Charity on one side and a smart *cantinière* on the other, each endeavouring, after her own fashion, to secure his attention and to carry him off. It reminded me of Garrick between the Tragic and Comic Muses; but surely such an application of the idea could never have entered into any but a French head.

After I had been allowed to drink in the lesson supplied by this plain-speaking print for some time, a nice old *religieuse* appeared, and offered to conduct me over the building. The mystery of where the bathers from Paris live was now explained. Through the corridors which we traversed were racing handsome, well-dressed boys and girls of from ten to twelve years old, and a lady presently glided past in a dress the stiff crinoline of which contrasted strongly with the graceful habit of the ordinary inmates of a convent. In answer to

my inquiry as to the meaning of these things, my conductress informed me that the community combined with their religious function that of a boarding-house company: and a very rational and useful one it is. Here a Parisian lady with her children can obtain, for the moderate charge of a hundred francs, or four pounds, a month, bathing in the Atlantic Ocean, the regularity and exquisite cleanliness which Georges Sand calls the "luxury" of a convent, together with that nice, quiet, aristocratic, religious small-talk, which is so soothing, for a change, after the racket of a season in the Faubourg St. Germain. There is a certain *genius loci* too, which haunts the place. Here was the retreat of Abailard, whose misfortunes are so calculated to excite pity in gentle bosoms; and as the *blasée* Parisienne walks by the solitary sea-shore, or through the stately alleys of the garden, she may perhaps, without much stretch of fancy, imagine herself a second Eloïse.

Every one knows that the founder of the scholastic philosophy was a Breton, born near Nantes, in 1121. After his marriage with his pupil Eloïse, and the misfortunes he drew upon himself by his dishonourable denial of it, he retired to the abbey of St. Denis. Driven from this asylum for his disputatious temper, he built for himself a hermitage of wicker, which he called the Paraclete, because there he was comforted. But having made even this retreat too hot to hold him, he was elected Abbot of St. Gildas, somewhat on the same principle that an incorrigible bore is got rid of by being made Governor of Hongkong. And here he was very near being finally made away with; for being now himself beyond the reach of temptation, he was much scandalized to find that his monks had wives, or worse, and set himself to reform their morals. The consequence was that they, set on, no doubt, by the said wives or worse, conspired to poison their Abbot, and he was again obliged to fly. My *religieuse* showed me the blocked-up door, through which he made his escape; but as it happened to be built in a style of architecture which was not known till three hundred years after the dust of Abailard was mingled with that of Eloïse, in the church of the Para-

clete, I concluded there must be some mistake. Condemned by the Council of Sens in 1140, and consigned to silence and retirement in some monastery by Innocent II., Abailard was befriended by Peter, Abbot of Clugny, who, calling the Abbot of Citeaux into his counsels, arranged a reconciliation between the heterodox doctor and St. Bernard, who had been instrumental in obtaining his condemnation. At Clugny, then, he passed his declining years, and wrote an apology for all his errors.

This is a part of his life which his biographers pass over, as if to recant and be quiet were derogatory to the "subtle Doctor;" but the picture given by Peter of his last days is touching. In a letter to Eloïse, after her husband's death, he says, "I do not remember to have seen his like for humility, both in dress and bearing. I obliged him to take the first rank in our numerous community; but he appeared by the poverty of his habit to be the last of all. In processions, as he walked before me, according to custom, I used to wonder how a man of his reputation could humble himself so. He observed in his food, and in every outward thing, the same simplicity as in his dress. He read continually, prayed often, preserved a perpetual silence, unless when he was obliged to speak, either in conferences or in the sermons which he preached to the community. He often offered the holy sacrifice (said Mass), even almost daily, since the time that, in consequence of my letters and solicitations, he was reconciled to the Holy See. In short, he spent his time only in meditating upon or teaching the truths of religion or of philosophy.

"After he had lived thus for some time at Clugny, seeing that his infirmities increased upon him, I sent him, for change of air, to the priory of St. Marcellus at Châlons-sur-Saône, which is the most pleasantly situated place in all Burgundy. There, still continuing his studies and pious exercises, he was attacked by a disease which soon reduced him to extremities. All the monks of this monastery are witnesses with what devotion he made his profession of faith, and confessed his sins, and with what holy fervour he received the *viaticum*."

This quite agrees with the account of Abailard's ending given me by my *religieuse*, who anxiously assured me, over and over again, that *il s'est parfaitement converti*, and that he died *en bon Chrétien*.

Eloise's ending is not nearly so romantic. Their son, born before they took religious vows, had been called by the affected name of Astrolabe; for Eloïse, like most learned ladies, was a little *précieuse*. And we now find her bothering Peter of Clugny, who had written her such a nice letter on her husband's death, to provide for this young gentleman, by obtaining for him a prebend in the church of Paris! This is as bad as Lord Byron's "Maid of Athens" marrying a Mr. Smith, and growing fat.

In the Barzaz-Breiz there is a ballad called "Loiza hag Abalard," in which Eloise is treated as a sorceress. It is not at all improbable that she may have practised astrology and cast nativities, as wiser people than she have done before and since.

Beside the garden is a pretty little wood, at the end of which is a terrace, looking out to the south upon the broad Atlantic; to the west, upon the point of Quiberon, and the island of Belle-Ile; and to the east, upon the Rade du Croisée, in the department of Loire Inférieure. Here is also the burying-ground of the community, marked only by a few heaps of turf. Not a stone to mark where the departed sisters lie; no pompous epitaph to commemorate imaginary virtues; no record even of their names.

We now returned through the cloisters,—ugly modern things,—and I was going away, when I bethought me that the community employed themselves in ministering to the wants of the sick and aged poor. I therefore begged my conductress to be my almoner to a small amount. She thanked me graciously for my *aumône*, as she called it; and her heart being opened, apparently, by this little token of goodwill, she told me she had something still better to show me yet. First she led me to the private chapel, where, as she said, the community *psalmodiaient*. It was plainly fitted up with an altar

and benches. In passing along the gallery, I saw, through some doors which were ajar, the cells of the sisterhood, which were simple, and the more comfortable bedrooms of the lady boarders. Thence we passed to the church, and here indeed was a treat.

The choir, transepts, and apse are of the very oldest type of Romanesque, and exhibit in their external ornamentation that fern-like pattern (*opus spicatum*) which was common in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and disappeared in the thirteenth. Hideous faces, too, make mouths at the beholder as he enters, and represent the demons, vexed at the worship paid to their destroyer. The ancient portion of the church was built in the twelfth century; and in its dim semicircular chapels, and under its massive horseshoe arches, may have meditated and prayed the great founder of the scholastic philosophy.

Though inferior in grace and artistic effect to the heaven-pointing Gothic, this old Romanesque is certainly very impressive and grand. It is in such churches as this that men of iron will, like St. Bernard and William the Conqueror, ought to have worshiped. There is nothing small or pretty or sentimental about them; all is solid, strong, and imposing, though there is also a certain quaint beauty in the details. The Romanesque architect had evidently started from classical models; but he did not go pottering about, measuring cornices, and sticking a portico from the Parthenon here, and a pediment from somewhere else there. He adapted his interpretation of classical architecture to the circumstances and requirements of his own time, and suffered his grand northern imagination to develope itself freely through classical forms. The result is not a hideous cast of a style taken after death, but a vigorous offspring which exceeds its parent in strength and beauty, and is itself able to produce a still worthier race of descendants.

In the north transept are two immense vessels for holding holy-water. These I at first took to be ancient fonts; but remembering that it was impossible that there could be two

fonts in the same church, I examined them more closely, and found that they were capitals of pillars, hollowed out.

Scattered about are also several massive stone coffins. Those in the north transept are said to contain the remains of St. Felix and St. Goustan. Behind the high altar is that in which reposes the body of St. Gildas, the patron of the abbey.

St. Gildas is distinguished from the crowd of British saints, of whom nothing particular is known, by being the author, or alleged author, of an historical work, 'De Excidio Britanniæ,' in which there is internal evidence that the writer lived before Bede. The picture it draws of the British Church is so little complimentary, that Mr. Wright supposes it to have been written during the squabbles between the British and Anglo-Saxon clergy, for the express purpose of bringing the former into disrepute. The only other possible hypothesis is, that the monk speaks truth; but this, of course, is not for a moment to be admitted. St. Gildas professes to be a contemporary of King Arthur.

My *religieuse* now conducted me into the vestry, where, in a press with glass doors, she showed me some beautiful reliquaries. They consisted of a silver shrine, containing the Saint's hand in the attitude of benediction, the hand and arm within, and the folds of the sleeve, being accurately represented in their silver covering. This was set with large but unpolished crystals. There was also a silver bust, containing his head, and an upright reliquary of gold, silver, and crystals, in which was enclosed his leg. They were all beautifully wrought. A mitre of the fifteenth century was there also, not one of those hideous towering things now worn by foreign prelates, and painted on the panels of our Bishops' carriages, but a soft and modest-looking cap, sufficiently rich, however, to denote the rank of the wearer. My *religieuse*, encouraged by my admiration of the building and the workmanship of these treasures, now insisted on telling me the legend of St. Gildas and a certain great lord who is the Breton type of the famous Bluebeard. She was infinitely annoyed because she could not

recollect the name of *ce monstre*, as she called him; but I suggested that such a monster did not deserve that we should waste time in endeavouring to rescue his name from oblivion; for I was rather hungry for the breakfast which was awaiting me at Sarzeau.

The rain still poured down in torrents, but I determined to make my way to the castle of Sucinio, which lies some miles to the right of the high-road to Vannes. It is built in the midst of a most desolate, treeless plain, surrounded by a park, of which the wall still remains. You enter by a portcullised gateway of the fifteenth century, between the two towers seen in stereograph No. 62.* Over this gate is a carving, representing two stags supporting the arms of Brittany. A decorated window in the tower to the right marks the ancient chapel of the fortress. An apartment to the left, on entering, is curiously vaulted, and opposite the gate is the keep, to one side of which is attached an elegant octagonal tower, in which is a newel stair. By mounting this, you arrive at the rampart, which leads you to the chief hall, a fine apartment, in which is still to be seen a noble fireplace of the fourteenth century.

Sucinio is a magnificent example of a feudal stronghold, and deserves to rank beside Conway and Carnarvon. It was built by John I., and was often the residence of the succeeding Dukes of Brittany. Bertram Gweskleu seized it in 1373.

* Being heavily freighted, we had not the amphibious capacities of a pedestrian, and were unable to cruise among the numerous tongues of land that compass the Bay of Morbihan. Quiberoh, Belle-Ile, Gavr'-Innis, and Loc-Maria-Ker, were all more or less visible from the shore at Carnac, but they were beyond the range of our camera. One object of historical renown, frowning boldly on these desolate promontories, the ruins of the castle of Sucinio, near Sarzeau, we could not resist, and an expedition was planned from Vannes, which nearly resulted in a failure. The distance appeared trifling on the map, and we unwisely started as late in the day as two o'clock. The road from Sarzeau to the castle proved to be so rocky, we could scarcely get our carriage over it, and our agony at the shaking of our chemicals was even greater than when travelling to Lanleff. It was nearly six o'clock before we reached the towers of Sucinio, seen in Stereograph No. 62, and the wind blowing over from the Morbihan was so boisterous, I tried three different spots within the castle walls before venturing to leave the tent to its own moorings. Mean-

In 1498, Anne of Brittany ceded it in perpetuity to the Prince of Orange; but in 1520 it was confiscated by Francis I., and was soon after assigned as a residence to the Countess of Châteaubriand. Later still, Catherine de Medicis inhabited these frowning old towers. When the civil wars of religion desolated France, Mercœur seized it for the League, and afterwards delivered it to Henry IV.; and we read, that being one day pressed by the merry monarch to taste his best wine, Mercœur consented, only on condition that his Majesty would come and taste the "good wine of Sucinio." I saw, in fact, some neglected-looking vineyards in my walk to Vannes, and at Vannes tasted the wine. It was a poor thin white wine, with a smoky flavour, and not at all likely to satisfy the fastidious taste of the monarch whose earliest nutriment was the generous wine of Béarn. For we read in history that the jolly old King Henry of Navarre insisted on presenting his newly born grandson with a cup of old wine, at the very smell of which the infant smacked his lips; and that when the generous liquor reached his tongue, he testified his satisfaction by still more unequivocal signs of infantine enjoyment. "Va!" said the old King, in rapture, "tu seras un vrai Béarnois!" The white wine of Sucinio which I tasted, could only elicit a grimace from any living creature. Probably the manufacture has deteriorated since the sixteenth century.

I now had to strike into lanes to regain the high-road to

while Mr. Taylor was rushing over the fields with his camera and tripod stand like a maniac, hoping, not without some misgivings, to determine upon a point of view before the light failed. The ruins extended far behind the entrance towers, and the view first attempted from a field of turnips in the rear, embracing the whole mass of buildings, proved too distant and poor. A rush was now made to the front, but the ground across the road, facing the gateway and portcullis, was a steep declivity, with no practicable elevation for the camera. The next and last chance was to climb over a hedge into a field of mangold-wurzel, seen in a corner of the stereograph, and take the front view in an oblique direction. It was now nearly seven o'clock, and how the picture was obtained, and how my photographer managed to develope it,—for I had pitched the tent within one of the towers, and not a ray of yellow light could penetrate the interior,—is still to me a mystery. To our surprise, the picture No. 62 made its appearance, and it was past ten when we got back to our hotel at Vannes, rejoicing over the afternoon's adventure.—*L. R.*

Vannes; and what with not understanding the directions of the peasants, what with the blinding rain, I missed my way, and was obliged to cut across wet ploughed fields to regain it. Altogether it was an uncomfortable walk. But, in the middle of the rain, I met a party of three couples, dressed in their holiday clothes, returning arm-in-arm from a wedding, and singing a Breton March at the top of their voices. As I passed them, without stopping in their song, they all cried out "Goddam yes!" The waggoners whom I saw on the road wore a very picturesque long cloak, of some coarse stuff of a drab colour, striped with scarlet. I arrived at Vannes by five o'clock, having walked about thirty miles, and set up my rest in the Hôtel du Commerce.

CHAPTER XIV.

VANNES.

VANNES ONCE A PART OF THE ENGLISH DOMINIONS—OCCUPIED BY THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM FOR JOAN O' THE TORCH.—A DUEL BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH.—ALLEGED DEFEAT OF THE ENGLISH AND PERFIDY OF AN ENGLISHMAN.—GATE OF ST. VINCENT.—THE CONSTABLE'S TOWER.—TREACHERY OF JOHN OF MONTFORT, AND HIS REMORSE.—THE KLOAREKS OF VANNES.—STORY OF JENOVEFA OF RUSTEFAN.—AN UNSAVOURY MUSEUM.—A FRENCH REVIEW AND MILITARY MUSIC.—MISFORTUNE INCIDENT TO PEDESTRIANISM.

VANNES, or Gwennet, is the most considerable city I had yet seen in Brittany. It is built in an amphitheatre on the side of a hill, at the bottom of which runs a small river, and its precipitous streets, medieval houses with overhanging stories, ancient abbeys, and ruined walls and castles, make it interesting both to the antiquary and the lover of the picturesque. In the twelfth century it formed part of the dominion of our Norman kings. In the wars of Blois and Montfort the citizens flattered themselves that they could remain neuter; but in 1342 Charles seized upon it, and Joan o' the Torch, exulting in her exploit at Hennebon, hastened to dispute it with him. Her first assault was unsuccessful; but Robert d'Artois, who commanded under her, dividing his troops into three battalions, led them to a night attack. The first two marched up to the walls by the light of torches, and while the garrison were entirely occupied in repelling them, the English auxiliaries filed up in silence to another point, and carried the town without difficulty. Soon after, however, it fell into the power of the French party, under Clisson, Hervé de Léon, and Beaumanoir.

After the decisive battle of Auray, and the consequent triumph of John V., son of the last, Vannes opened her gates to the English under Buckingham, who was, however, required to swear that he would evacuate the town within fifteen days after being required to do so by the inhabitants. Its occupation by Buckingham was signalized by one of those duels which were so much the fashion in the ages of chivalry. Five French knights fought in the lists against five English, each being entitled to deal his adversary five blows of a lance, five of a sword, five of a battle-axe, and five of a dagger. The French knights are said by the chronicler to have been victorious in every case, a uniformity of success which is somewhat suspicious. All we can say is, that since then there has been a change in the relative strength of French and English muscles.

It is further stated that an Englishman named Farrington, burning to revenge what he considered a national disgrace, entered the lists on the following day without the usual armour for the thighs, alleging that a hurt on his knee prevented him from wearing it. His adversary, Chastel-Morant, divested himself of his thigh-pieces in order to equalize the combat, when Farrington, contrary to the law of arms, pierced him with his lance in the undefended part. All the knights present, whether French or English, cried shame on this unknightly action; and Buckingham having arrested Farrington, sent a silver goblet containing fifty nobles to Chastel-Morant, together with an offer to deliver up the offending knight to his will. But Chastel-Morant nobly desired that his traitorous adversary should be set at liberty, and sent back the fifty crowns, retaining only the silver goblet as a memorial.

Stereograph No. 63 shows the beautiful ancient Gate of St. Vincent, with its machicolations, from which stones, boiling lead and other destructive missiles were showered upon assailants. The two slides in which the portcullis worked up and down may also be distinguished. In the foreground is the river, while to the right is seen the root of the hill on which the city is built.*

* Favoured with fine weather and a good state of collodion, our first *sortie*

"The Constable's Tower," seen in stereograph No. 64, derives its name and interest from being the scene of one of those deeds of violence and perfidy incident to government by the sword, whether in the Middle Ages or the nineteenth century. John V. had established himself on the ducal throne by the decisive battle of Auray; but the death of Charles of Blois, though it checked, did not put an end to the intrigues of France, which still cast a longing eye upon the dukedom. Oliver de Clisson had been made Constable of France by the French king, and having ransomed the young Count of Penthièvre, son of Charles of Blois and inheritor of his pretensions, had married him to his younger daughter Margaret. John, of whom the chronicler states that he was "extreme in everything, loving even to folly, and hating to frenzy," took umbrage at this alliance between his powerful vassal and the family of his rival, and determined to take off the Constable by a lawless act of treachery, which, like most crimes, turned out in the end to be also a mistake. He convoked the estates of the realm at Vannes, and Clisson attended, as in duty bound, together with his brother-in-law Laval, the Viscount of Rohan, and the Lord Beaumanoir. They were received by the Duke with all courtesy in his castle of La Motte; but before they retired to rest, he proposed to show them the magnificent castle of L'Hermine, which he was then engaged in building. They consented, and when they arrived at the principal tower,—"Sir Oliver," said the Duke, "there is not a man on this side the sea, who knows better than you what

at Vannes was made upon the Gate of St. Vincent. From the road in front it was too much blockaded on either side by shops and houses, and a high brick wall prevented our receding from the gate far enough to get the machicolated towers into view. We soon espied an open gateway, seen in the left corner of stereograph No. 63, and having made friends with an intelligent carver and gilder belonging to one of the shops opposite, a deputation was improvised to the owner of the premises, a wealthy wine-merchant, for leave to take possession of his back attic. The window commanded the excellent view represented in the stereograph, and it is a matter of sincere regret to me that I neglected to take my friend's name in order to thank him personally for his politeness. Beyond the Gate of St. Vincent is the eastern apse and transept of the cathedral.—*L. R.*

belongs to skilful building. I pray you, therefore, Beau Sire, to ascend the tower, and tell me whether you think it be well built. If it be well, it shall remain as it is; if not, it shall be amended." Sir Oliver begged the Duke to go first, out of courtesy; "Go on," replied John, "I have a word or two to say to the lord Laval." Scarcely had the Constable passed the gate when he was seized by armed men, and loaded with irons. The Duke, excited to frenzy by the consciousness of this evil action, and with face "plus vert qu'une feuille," as the chronicler picturesquely describes him, gave immediate order, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Rohan and Laval, that Clisson should be thrown into the river. But, that very night his conscience was racked with remorse; and next morning, having summoned Bazvalan, the lieutenant of the castle, to his presence, he disclosed to him his fears and his regrets. The lieutenant had foreseen this, and had incurred the hazard of disobeying his master's command. Montfort was overjoyed; but he foolishly as well as wickedly neglected to make reparation. Instead of endeavouring to disarm the vengeance of the man he had so deeply offended, he retained him in prison, and exacted from him a promise to pay a ransom of ten thousand livres, and to deliver up all his strongholds. Clisson held the convenient doctrine that a promise extorted under fear of death was null and void, and straightway commenced a war of extermination, which lasted nine years, against his perfidious sovereign. "The Constable's Tower" derives its name from being the scene of Clisson's imprisonment.*

The people of Vannes have always been renowned for their warlike spirit, and in the revolutionary times, even the Kloäreks, as the students for the priesthood are called, threw

* After completing the preceding stereograph, we were led by our polite friend the wealthy wine-merchant, as he was represented to be, through a large and well-stocked garden, to a point of view which he suggested might furnish another excellent picture. It did not, however, tempt us; and bidding him adieu with many sincere thanks for his attention, we were let out through a door in the garden-wall, upon a road immediately commanding the fortifications. Proceeding up the road, we halted at the top of a flight of steps leading down to the river, the topmost parapet of which is seen in the right-hand corner of stereograph No. 64, and a picture was taken of the Tour du

aside their books, and assumed the sword in defence of their religion and laws. The Kloärek remains, in fact, a peasant, notwithstanding his temporary sojourn in the seminary of the town. He hates and despises the new fashions and new ideas which have been imported from France, and clings to his faith and his old traditions all the more desperately, because he finds that they are objects of contempt to those with whom he feels no sympathy. The inhabitants of the town have become half French, or rather, more French than the French themselves. The Kloärek, brought up in the sober and austere manners of his native village, despises these unpatriotic affectations, and is, in his turn, despised for his country manners. In scholastic contests he cannot rival his more learned fellow-students of the town, and he learns not to care for the prizes which are beyond his reach. His aspirations are confined to returning to his village invested with the sacred character of the priesthood; he associates exclusively with the young men of his own class, and regards the town party with dislike.

I was dressing in my hotel at Vannes, when I heard a sound of many feet passing in the street below, and looking out, saw a long line of fine-looking, handsome youths, of from seventeen to two-and-twenty, walking two and two in the street beneath, all wearing the cassock and bands of ecclesiastics. These were the Kloäreks of the seminary. It was the predecessors of these boys, who swelled the militia of George Cadoudal, who, in 1815, marched, with their Professors at their head, to join the Royalist army, and who performed such prodigies of valour, when Brittany a second time shed her best blood at Auray. As long as Brittany possesses a priesthood made of such stuff as this, she has little to fear for her faith.

Connétable and ramparts looking obliquely towards the south transept of the cathedral. Our tent being all this time in the courtyard of the wine-merchant, the running to and fro with the collodion plates occupied Mr. Taylor much time and labour, which we regretted afterwards had not been spared by its removal thither. Meanwhile I sat upon the parapet, keeping guard over the camera, and watching with much interest the passing and repassing of women up and down the steps with tubs of wet linen on their heads. Some of the linen, as may be seen in the stereograph, was hung out to dry upon the spot.—*L. R.*

But the same spirit and self-reliance which, when under discipline, render the Kloärek a valuable instrument for good, often lead him into adventures which oblige him to return to the ranks of the laity. "Kloärek" is, in fact, the "clerk" of our older literature; and the Kloärek often resembles, not only in name but in manners, Chaucer's "hende Nicholas," and the Scottish clerks Alan and Johan, who gird on their rusty broadswords, take the law into their own hands, and perform pranks not quite consistent with the clerical profession. Numberless are the Breton songs and ballads founded on the fierce contest between human and divine love in the breast of the poor Kloärek. Sometimes nature gains the ascendency, and the clerk renounces his ecclesiastical vocation. Sometimes he continues firm in his first resolve, and his subsequent devotion to the duties of his state is all the more fervid from the greatness of the self-abnegation which it cost him to persevere.

A very touching poem, called "Jenovefa Rustefan," founded on this theme, is still preserved by the peasantry of Cornouaille and Vannes. It appears that in the parish of Nizon, near Pont-Aven, there is a ruined castle, called the Castle of Rustefan. As the belated peasant passes it, he sees the bald head of a venerable old priest looking from the lucarne of the donjon. If he venture in, he beholds in the chief hall, four white wax tapers, such as are burned round the coffins of young ladies of rank; and on the battlement walks a lady, dressed in a robe of green satin, embroidered with golden flowers, and as she walks, she sings, but oftener weeps. This is the daughter of John du Faou, Grand Cup-bearer to the King of France in 1426, to which period the following ballad must be referred.

JENOVEFA RUSTEFAN.

Young Jannik Fletcher kept his father's sheep
  Fast by Pont-Aven's wild and rocky shore;
And, gazing on the vast mysterious deep,
  He mused on what life had for him in store.
"Beauty," thought he, "shall hold my heart in keep;
  But little reck I on a book to pore;
For me nor cowl nor vigil pale hath charms,
But Beauty's rosy smile and war's alarms."

But ah! full little dream we, in the spring
Of life's young promise, when the blood 's on fire,
And we are strong to our imagining,
That 't is not what we, sely folk, desire,
That shall be brought to pass, but what Heaven's King
Of us, his thralls, in service doth require.
And so we darkling grope through life's rough ways,
Nor see the hand our every step that sways.

"Jannick, my son," his aged mother said,
"Thou art a lad of keen and subtle wit;
Too long hast thou after thy phant'sy played,
But now I deem the time is come 't were fit
Thou shouldst to learning go, bow down thy head
To discipline, and, if thou canst, commit
Thyself to God, His priest, a man apart,
While yet thou mayst 'gainst folly steel thy heart."

Three daughters had the lord of Faou, allowed
The fairest maidens in West Cornouaille;
When standing 'mongst their youthful peers they showed
Like to the rosy moon 'mong stars so pale:
From their white palfreys' hoofs the red sparks glowed
As to the Pardon in Pont-Aven's vale
They ambled fair in robes of samite green,
And round their necks a golden circlet sheen.

But Jenovefa, youngest of the three,
Was fairest far, and many a lordling strove
To win her pity, but in vain; for she
Had set on Jannik Fletcher all her love;
And now she mourned alone the dread decree
That bound him to that Lord that reigns above.
No comfort would she take, but cried always,
"Woe, woe is me for Jannik of Kerbleiz!"

As Jannik sped to Kemper, on his way
To bind him by the sacerdotal vow,
He passed the portal of that castle grey,
Where dwelt his godsire, the old lord of Faou,
And there sat Jenovefa, woful may,
Her eyne betrent with purpure ring, her brow
With anguish wrung, the while in vain she strove
To quell the tears that stained the flower she wove.

"Oh, go not, Jannik; bow not down thy head
Under the bishop's sacrificial hand!
Bethink thee, is thy heart so cold, so dead
To love, that thou canst lightly burst the band
That binds us each to other? Rather dread
Thy heart's free impulse rashly to withstand,
Nor seek for vain perfection in a state
So lone, unnatural, and desolate.

"For thee my noble father's hall I'll leave,
With thee content in cottage poor to dwell.
My tender hands I'll teach to spin and weave,
My samite robes and precious jewels sell,
And, shod with wooden shoon, at morn and eve,
I'll fill my pitcher at our Lady's well.
Oh, Jannik, think! canst thou so soon resign
A heart that loves thee with a love like mine?"

"Alas, fair Jenovefa, 't is too late
To change my settled purpose, for I'm sworn
To God henceforth my life to consecrate;
And were I now towards earthly joys to turn,
And steal my benefactor's daughter, hate
Would be my lot for aye, and public scorn."
"Then, Jannik, go; thou 'lt soon be called, I feel,
They dying love to housel and anele."

And now, returning past his godsire's hall,
The young priest stopp'd before the well-known gate:—
"Peace to this house!" he said; "I bid you all
To my first Mass!" Whereto with looks elate
The lord of Faou replied, "Whate'er befall,
We'll all be there, and I'll cast in the plate
A score of crowns, my lady ten at least,
To honour thee in thy new state, O priest!"

And so Jan Fletcher walked forth on his way,
But sure, methought, his heart was big with woe.
And I to Penn-al-Lenn to hear him say
His first Mass in our village church; but, lo,
When to the hill I came, in wild dismay
I saw the people running to and fro.
"I prithee say, good mother, wherefore run
The folk so madly? Is not Mass begun?"

"Yea, Sir! to say his Mass the priest began,
But might not end it; for the big tears fell
Adown his cheeks, and on his Mass-book ran,
While sobs his utterance choked; 't was ethe to tell
He wept for Jenovefa Rustefan,
And she, pale lily, knew the cause too well.
Forgetting all but love, herself she flung
Even on his knees, and to his vestments clung."

And now Jan Fletcher 's parson of Nizon,
And 'neath the green turf Jenovefa sleeps;
But when night falls he hies him forth alone,
Beneath the yews, and wrings his hands, and weeps
Upon her grave. Thus, seated on a stone,
Or prostrate flung, his vigil cold he keeps;
And when the cheery cock proclaims the morn,
He hurries home dejected and forlorn.

There is a family of Fletcher still living in the bourg of Nizon. They are peasants, but they have preserved a tradition that there was once a priest of their family, who was brought up at the expense of a lord in the neighbourhood. This was, no doubt, the hero of the ballad. The lord of Faou, seeing that an attachment had sprung up between his daughter and the young peasant, thought that the most effectual way of preventing the threatened *mésalliance*, was to persuade the youth to adopt the ecclesiastical state, and to pay for his schooling. Hence the noblemen's joy on seeing the young priest return. The tune to which the ballad is sung is exquisitely touching and pathetic, though quite irreconcileable with the rules of modern music.

Vannes has been at one time a Roman station, and I was told that in some parts of the walls courses of Roman brick might still be seen. But on making further inquiry, I learned that these had all been whitewashed over, to look tidy against the Emperor's visit!

I next sought out the Library and Museum, and was directed to a shabby house in the Grand' Place. On ascending a dirty staircase to the first-floor, I met with a wretched-looking woman carrying a pitcher of water, who pointed out the door of the Museum at the end of a dirty passage. Over it, however, was a writing to the effect that during the session of the schools it was open on Thursdays and Sundays, but that now, in the long vacation, it was closed altogether. I suppose I had no great loss; for the whole place had a most wretched and neglected appearance, and smelt more like a temple dedicated to Cloacina than to the abode of the Muses.

As I walked through the picturesque streets towards the river, I observed that several well-dressed groups were converging towards one point. To this I directed my course too, and after crossing a bridge near the gate in stereograph No. 63, and ascending a number of terrace walks, I found myself in the promenade or public pleasure-ground, called, I believe, the Garenne, or Warren, where the 57th Regiment of the Line was going through its evolutions before the General of the district,

who was staying at the same hotel as I. After manœuvring for some time, the men piled arms and fell out of the ranks, when the band played some opera airs in a style of which we, in England, can form no conception. It was in the most perfect tune and time, and so light and graceful. I was quite enchanted.

I observed, too, that the officers and men treated each other with much more familiarity than is permitted in our army. They lighted their cigars and pipes, as the case might be, and formed groups close to each other, talking and laughing without the slighest restraint. This arises, partly, no doubt, from the peculiarities of national character, but partly also from the different modes of raising the army in the two nations. Where men are obtained by voluntary recruiting, none but the very lowest will enlist; whereas the conscription seizes impartially upon all classes, and many a poor gentleman finds himself obliged to shoulder a musket, with a tolerable prospect, however, of obtaining a commission after a reasonable time. There is not, therefore, in the French service, that almost impassable gulf which separates the officers from the men in ours. As far as the army itself is concerned, there can be no doubt that the French system is the best. It makes the profession of a soldier popular among a higher class than with us. But it would be an evil day indeed for England when war and a standing army came to be considered as anything more than necessary evils. With us the army is generally considered a means to an end; with the French it is the end itself. Military glory, and the foolish pomp and parade of war, are dear to the people's souls; and for these mischievous toys they sacrifice rational liberty.

After watching the review for some time, and listening to the admirable music of the band, I walked down to the quays or docks, which are handsome. But there were not many ships. The banks were planted with trees and furnished with benches, and the houses on either side appeared to be the best and most modern residences in the town.

I now have to record an accident for the warning of all

future pedestrians. In my walk from Sarzeau I had got my boots thoroughly wet, and directed the waiter to have them placed near the fire. The next morning they were burned to a chip. Having been unwilling to load myself with a second pair, I was obliged to buy the best I could find. These were excellent, and very cheap, costing only fifteen francs: in London they could not have been bought for less than thirty shillings. But they were new, and they did not fit me. The consequence was, that after walking in them a couple of days, I was quite disabled. No pedestrian should be without a second pair of boots, however inconvenient it may be to carry them.

The accident described by Mr. Jephson in the above excellent warning to pedestrian travellers, led unfortunately to our adopting different routes in returning to the point from whence we started. We both visited Ploërmel, Rennes, and Dinan, but diverged between these principal towns. I travelled with my photographer to Ploërmel by way of Baud, Napoléonville, and Josselin, taking pictures at each place, which I shall now proceed to describe; while Mr. Jephson took the road by Elven and Montfort, each party being equally unconscious of the other's movements; and from Rennes I returned to St. Malo, by Dol and Combourg, while Mr. Jephson returned by Dinan, which quaint and beautifully situated town we had made our starting-point, and had an interesting series of stereographs at his service. At St. Malo, we joined company, quite accidentally, and crossed to Jersey together.

I was induced to make a *détour* to Ploërmel, by way of Napoléonville and Josselin on account of the fine châteaux reported to be in those places, belonging to the Prince de Léon, descended from the ancient Dukes of Rohan; and we stopped a night at Baud, to rest our weary horse and search for a colossal statue of Venus, which we had been told was in the vicinity. The journey, over a cross road in pouring rain, was distressingly tedious. The Venus, which Mr. Taylor walked some distance with a guide to see, proved to be a great ugly figure in a most impracticable situation; and at the only inn in this gloomy locality, everything was in comfortless confusion, arising from an exchange of tenants on the very day of our arrival. Two churches stood side by side in the large square before the inn, as dull and dirty as can well be imagined, with no signs of life except a few thinly-cassocked priests flitting about; but the outgoing and incoming inn-keepers and their bustling maids were excessively civil, and we managed to get through the night. The next morning we took stereograph No. 65, in the suburbs, on the road leading to Rennes, placing our slipshod driver in the foreground for lack of figures, and were not sorry to find ourselves shortly afterwards escorted by two splendidly mounted "cocked-hats" on our way to Napoléonville.

On arriving at the city of Napoléon, or Pontivy as it is known to geographers, we made for the Château de Léon. It is a squat, heavy structure, much

dilapidated and built against, and is used as a hospital and prison, with possibly a nunnery attached. At all events, we were watched with great interest by a row of nuns' heads peering over the wall while taking stereograph No. 66. They are not seen in the picture, being much to the left of our field of view. The ramparts extend considerably behind, forming a large square with a tower at each corner; and the surrounding moat, a portion of which is seen in the foreground, is unusually broad and deep.

We now repaired to a broad street overlooking the market-place, for the sake of bringing into view a curious hooded house, devoted to the sale of "Tabac," Stereograph No. 67, and a house beyond it with a corner tower enclosing the newel staircase so characteristic of Brittany. Over the shop-door of the corner house to the right, is a board with the words "Débit des Cartes et de Poudre Chasse," and on the shutter may be read "Pipes." While taking this picture, two smartly dressed girls came to the door, and I went forward and asked them to stand still for their portraits. Their eyes sparkled with delight, but on showing them their figures, with that of a dog they were caressing, in the negative, they exclaimed, somewhat disappointedly, "Oh, *commes* elles sont petites!" Of the two boys in the foreground, whose figures are not very well defined, one is in the dress of the Parisian "Ecole Polytechnique."

Stereograph No. 68 represents the ugly church of Napoléonville, with its clumsy-roofed porch, and tall crucifix, with statues below of St. John and the Virgin, at which my photographer, Mr. Taylor, is looking, whilst I am taking the picture. Over the door of the white shed-like building to the right, is written, "Café Restaurant." As the Emperor Louis-Napoleon had been making a public demonstration of his autocracy during our sojourn in Brittany, there were, of course, plenty of triumphal arches everywhere. At Napoléonville, which city had even laid down its old Breton title to do him honour, we came upon an "Arc de Triomphe," prettily situated on an eminence, commanding a vista of trees with some Government establishment at the end. It was of light painted wood, beginning to break up at the base, and the columns were getting rusty and exfoliated, but the eagle extended its paternal wings far beyond the limit assigned to that carnivorous bird by naturalists, and we present it, Stereograph No. 69, as an appropriate type of the existing Imperialism of France.

To the next place in our itinerary, Josselin, we had been looking forward with interest in expectation of finding a beautiful château. On arriving at this picturesque little town, situated on an elevated slope overlooking the richly wooded valley seen in Stereograph No. 74, it was market-day, and the streets were thronged with groups of gaily-dressed peasants. The scene was one of the most animated we had met with in Brittany, and many were the merry jokes that passed among the women at the booths as we stood quizzing their contents, particularly some decked out with ribbons, where I was tempted by a quaint display of silver-spangled *bonnets-de-baptême*, to make a purchase. Stereograph No. 70 was taken in the principal street, but not without some trial of patience in waiting for a space clear of passers-by. Beneath the first overhanging house on the right, a woman is watching us, with some horse-collars and other trappings about her; and at the next house a medley of shining brass pans, bellows, and tubs, are exposed for sale. On the left, a peasant has just dismounted his white horse, and a woman with a large-

lappeted cap is walking away, while two women lower down the road are approaching. Turning out of this road to the left, by a winding declivity, we came suddenly upon the river, and the château stood before us in all its grandeur. It was evident that our best point of view for a picture would be from the opposite bank, so we crossed a pretty wooden bridge, and walked along the water's edge till we came to some locks. From this point the charming vignette, Stereograph No. 71, was taken. The weather was fine, and the light particularly favourable, the atmosphere being clear and bright, and the intensity of the sun agreeably softened by a thin veil of clouds. The surface of the water was perfectly void of any ripple, and reflected the entire structure. On the bank near where our tent and camera were fixed, an angler in a sort of Flemish jacket and red woollen cap, was looking intently on his float, when I invited him to stand for his portrait. He complied instantly, but it was no easy task for him to hold his rod out rigidly for the time required. The experiment proved successful. The east-end of the château, it will be seen, is in ruins, but the side on which the three towers are standing is partly inhabited. Having learned from M—, a notary of Josselin, who interested himself greatly in our proceedings, that the Prince de Léon and family were staying there for a short time, I took the liberty of writing a letter asking permission to view the interior. An answer was returned immediately, in the affirmative, desiring me to take my own time; and on the following morning I had the gratification of spending from three to four hours with the Prince and Princess, in the inner court represented in Stereograph No. 72. The group of figures, which I regret not having arranged more artistically, consists of the Prince de Léon, wearing a light linen morning coat, with his sister-in-law, and two sons, one a youth, dressed in a jacket of the same light material, and the other a child, in a dark-green velvet tunic. At a later hour of the day a picture was taken from this point of view, with the Princess in the garden surrounded by the younger members of her family, but, unfortunately the sun had got round to the west, and the lights, which in stereograph No. 72 are so artistically projected down the sides of the beautiful transept-like prominences on the roof of the château, were gone. Were it not for this circumstance of the building being in shadow, my gallantry would, of course, have led me to select the last executed stereograph for publication. The Princesse de Léon spoke English fluently, and was much interested in our expedition. She showed us over the grounds while listening to my account of our various adventures with the camera, and begged me at parting to be sure and leave word at the inn that if Mr. Jephson arrived in Josselin she should be delighted to see him at the château.

During the morning, my attention had been called by the Prince to a fine old chimneypiece of white marble, in the banqueting-hall, forming the left portion of the building in Stereograph No. 72, with two casement windows and an arched entrance doorway. Stereograph No. 73 was obtained after one or two experiments, but it required an exposure of fully five minutes. There was not much light in the hall. The ceiling however was gone, and a few rays, more acceptable to the photographer than to the inmates, streamed down from the room above, lighted by the pair of little windows below the two roof-transepts. The carving of the chimneypiece, which is in very deep relief, presents a strange contrast of taste. Mingled with the exquisitely shaped characters of the Léon motto "A PLUS," which may perhaps be best rendered by

"*excelsior*," may be seen a number of grotesque figures of men and animals, as rude and unlike nature as it is possible to conceive. So far, however, was the science of natural history in arrear of the arts during the fourteenth century, when the utmost refinement was beginning to develope itself in stone and marble, that old Aldrovandus, a Professor at the University of Bologna, the Cuvier of that age, was publishing woodcuts of monk-headed fishes and mermaids, in a fine folio work, as veritable creations. The hall of the Château de Léon, so distinguished in those times for its florid embellishment, and the scene, doubtless, of many a chivalrous revel, is now a dilapidated playroom. As a sort of typical reminiscence of this change of things, I placed one of the children's toys before the hearth.

Returning to our inn, we found the notary M— kindly waiting to show us a picturesque view of the north tower of the château, looking up the river from one of the upper windows of his house. We mounted the staircase with the camera, and entering an attic, stepped over a goodly heap of grain just ripe from the threshing-floor, and took Stereograph No. 74. On looking at stereograph No. 71, it will be understood that the picture under consideration was taken from a lofty window in a part of the town concealed from view by the castle. The tower standing by itself in the foreground of No. 74, is seen in 71 rising beyond the eastern extremity of the château, of which only the foundations remain. The distant tower in No. 74, encircled with florid transept-like structures, is the inner side of the tower nearest to the observer in No. 71, and a continuation of the wing, of which the remaining portion is represented in No. 72. The Princesse de Léon informed me that originally there was a similar wing between the two towers, across the gaps seen from opposite points of view in Nos. 71 and 74, but scarcely a vestige of it remains.

We now pushed on to Ploërmel, only five leagues distant, but did not reach there until dark. Our driver had been indulging rather freely in brandy and water during our visit at the château, and involved us in a tissue of adventures which were anything but agreeable. His first misdemeanor was to charge me with having miscalculated his pay, and leaving him a day in arrear. Whilst packing up our baggage at the inn, the boy made his appearance at my bedroom-door with a gendarme in full regimentals, his cocked-hat almost touching the ceiling, and I was marched up the street to the Juge de Paix, followed by all the *gamins* and idlers of the town. The Juge was not at home, and after a great deal of obstinate discussion in the road, which ended in the boy admitting his mistake, I was set at liberty. He paid dearly for his inebriety before we got to Ploërmel. The excitement of our squabble, added to the fumes of the Cognac, made him so uproarious and disgusting, that we determined to take the reins from him. While I pinned his arms from behind, Mr. Taylor seized his whip, and after giving him a sound thrashing, we left him blubbering vehemently on the pathway, and crying, "Oh, là, là, là!"
—*L. R.*

CHAPTER XV.

ELVEN.—PLOERMEL.

ELVEN.—ROMAN REMAINS.—CASTLE OF LARGOUET, THE PLACE OF HENRY, DUKE OF RICHMOND'S, IMPRISONMENT.—KERLO, THE EARLY RESIDENCE OF DESCARTES.—CHATEAU EN ESPAGNE.—IT IS ALMOST REALIZED BY AN ENGLISHMAN.—PLOERMEL.—A CHASSEUR-DE-VINCENNES.—HIS CRIMEAN EXPERIENCES AND STORIES.—A ZOUAVE BAGS HIS COLONEL.—L'ÉTANG-DU-DUC.—LES GRANDS MOULINS.—ANCIENT HOUSE IN PLOERMEL.—THE CHURCH AND ITS QUAINT CARVINGS.—EFFIGIES OF THE DUKES OF BRITTANY.—THE PÈRE LAMENNAIS AND THE 'CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.'—THEIR RULE.—MECHANICAL TASTES.—LOW STATE OF ART.—DRIVE TO RENNES.

At Elven, I had heard that there were two objects worth visiting. One is the site of a Roman villa, which was discovered in 1842, and in which were found a bronze key, some pottery, a medal of Claudius the Goth, and a votive column dedicated to Aurelian. This column has been raised on end and surmounted by a cross, to ensure its preservation. The other object is the Castle of Largouët, interesting to an Englishman as being the place where the Duke of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., was for many years imprisoned.

The time for my return was now drawing near, and I wished to visit Elven and to reach Ploërmel on the same day. With this view, I took the diligence, which leaves Vannes at seven, and reached Elven, about three leagues distant, at nine. It was market-day; the drizzling rain had again come on, and the usual guide was not to be had. The hostess of the miserable little inn, however, engaged a hag to conduct me over the hills, through the woods, and along the intricate paths which lead to the ruins, and we both set off together on our

expedition with umbrellas spread. After going back for about a mile along the road by which I had just come from Vannes, we struck off to the right, across the fields. Presently we came upon a heathery rising ground, from whence I saw the magnificent donjon of the castle rising up from the opposite hill. Diving down by a narrow path into the thickly wooded valley, we passed through dripping trees, up to the castle itself, which I found to consist of the great octagonal tower which I had seen from a distance, and of a lower round tower connected with it by the ruins of various buildings belonging to the ancient stronghold.

There has been a dispute among archæologists as to the date of the donjon, some assigning it to the twelfth, others to the sixteenth century. It is probably of the latter end of the fifteenth, and was most likely built by Marshal Rieux after he recovered the favour of the Duchess Anne, who had dismantled his castle to punish him for his revolt against her authority. Having obtained the key from an old peasant who lives in a cottage close by, I entered the donjon, and proceeded to examine it in detail. The walls are no less than eleven of my paces thick, and by the windows, fireplaces, and supports for the joists, which still remain, I judged that the building must have consisted of seven stories. Up one side runs a broad and perfect newel stair, by which I mounted to the very top, and there enjoyed a view of the surrounding country, which was sufficiently imposing, but which would have been really delightful had the weather been at all favourable. All around, as far as I could see, were wooded or rocky hills, interspersed with homesteads or old manor-houses. To the south might be descried among the thick woods, the ruins of Kerboulard; a little nearer, to the west, the ruins of the castle of Pé; still further to the westward, those of Bésy; and towards the north, the remains of the castle of Kerlo, where René Descartes, the most illustrious of the many illustrious men to whom Brittany has given birth, passed his early years. In this old château, surrounded by woods and mountains, the philosopher's opening mind received its first impressions; and to his early

associations with the beauties of nature may, no doubt, be attributed much of that solidity which is generally wanting in the systems of town-bred philosophers. There is nothing like converse with Nature for correcting the extravagance of speculative reasoning. To the north, and in the far distance, may be descried the castle of Kerfily, which proudly dominates the course of the Arz, and the valley of Pont-Guillemet.

As I looked at the lovely view, the fine oaks and chestnuts growing beneath, the noble rooms with their chimneypieces entire, the newel stair perfect, and nothing wanting but a roof and flooring to make this magnificent building habitable, I wondered why no one had ever thought of making it his residence. Three or four thousand pounds, in this country, where labour is so cheap, would convert this ruined castle into a country house such as is seldom to be met with. Here would be a noble dining-hall; there, in the thickness of the wall, a charming boudoir; those great rooms with large windows would make splendid airy nurseries; and that rather smaller one, looking out on the early residence of Descartes, I should seize upon for my library. Here, what with hunting, shooting, and occasionally the society of a neighbouring *seigneur*, an Englishmen of savage taste might live in bliss.

I returned to the inn, building these *châteaux en Espagne*, and found the only room occupied by some ladies and children plainly dressed in black, but of very prepossessing appearance. In an inner chamber I heard the gruff voice of a gentleman, talking much, and giving many directions about his horses. Presently breakfast was served, consisting of sardines and an omelette, for it was Friday; and, tired of sitting without saying a word, I addressed some observations to the gentleman, who had now returned and seated himself at table. He was a tall stout man, dressed in country fashion, but with a certain air about him which showed that he moved in good society. On my observing that I had just returned from visiting the tower of Elven, he told me that his father had been an Englishman, who had come to live in Brittany many years ago; and that he had actually been in treaty for

the purchase of the castle of Elven, intending to fit it up as a residence, but that he was deterred by the price demanded for it, and the probable expense of restoration. So I found that there were other people foolish enough, not only to build such castles in the air as I had so systematically constructed on my way back from Largouët, but actually to contemplate placing them on *terra firma*. I now felt myself almost among countrymen, and we all began to talk English; for my companions had kept up their intercourse with the country of their ancestors, and occasionally went over to visit their friends.

I afterwards learned that my companion at breakfast bore the name of one of our most distinguished Catholic families; that he had been a Major in a crack regiment of Cuirassiers, and had lately resigned his commission on succeeding to his father's estates.

After a somewhat meagre breakfast, I again shouldered my knapsack, and started on my walk to Ploërmel. It was still raining, but the weather occasionally cleared up, and then from the tops of the heath-clad hills there were pretty views over the surrounding cultivated country. I was greatly amused by the terror my appearance excited amongst the sheep and cows. They are generally remarkably tame and docile; but as soon as they saw me they stared and snorted and started off, with their tails up, leaving the little gentle peasant-girl who kept them, in utter dismay. It seems that the Breton animals have not many opportunities of observing English tourists.

On my arrival at Ploërmel, at five o'clock, I put up at the 'Lion d'Or,' and found that my walk of about four-and-twenty miles in my stiff new boots had tired me dreadfully. I had only one companion at dinner; he was the son of the hostess, and a *sous-officier* in the Chasseurs de Vincennes. In England a non-commissioned officer would not be a very agreeable companion; but my friend had "made his studies," as they express it in France, in the college of the province, and afterwards at Paris. He was well informed and gentleman-

like for a mousquetaire, and was now about to join a regiment of Zouaves as a sub-lieutenant. In the Crimean campaign he had more than once acted, he said, as French orderly to Lord Raglan, of whom he spoke with great goodwill. His opinion of the English soldiers was that they were very good at the actual fighting part, but that for working in the trenches and providing for their own health and comfort, they were utterly helpless. He assured me that Lord Raglan used to say in a good-humoured way to the French soldiers, "Come, lend a hand here, and show these men how to manage their tents, there's a good fellow," a request which was always cheerfully complied with. He added that the English had much better appliances of all sorts, even from the very first, than the French; but that in consequence of their utter ignorance of all the routine work of actual service, and their helplessness in all that related to preparing and cooking their food, they were reduced to great misery.

Since my return home I have gone over the barracks of the East India Company in my neighbourhood, and was struck with the order and cleanliness of everything. The kitchen was fitted up with large boilers and ovens, presided over by a clever *chef*. I tasted the soup: it was excellent; the baked beef and potatoes, and the apple-pies and rice puddings, unexceptionable. But I could not help thinking that to accustom the men to have everything done for them, was calculated to unfit them for actual service. If the English, like the French soldier, were obliged when at home to make his own *pot-au-feu*, instead of having it brought ready-made and placed before him on the table, he would not be so much at a loss when he found himself without a patent boiler or an oven.

Among other Crimean stories, my military friend told me one which is characteristic of the French service. In the first assault upon the Malakoff, a Colonel of a regiment, seeing that the attack had failed, was retreating under cover, or perhaps, we should say, running away. At that moment a Zouave came up, and crying out, "The rappel has not been beaten; you have no right to retire," ran him through with his

bayonet. The Zouave was never called to account, though the whole army knew what he had done.

Next morning, before breakfast, I went to see the fine piece of water outside the town, called L'Etang-du-Duc. It is what would be called in Norfolk a "broad," formed by the Hiver, and is situated on the right of the road to Loudeac. The banks abound with picturesque little bits of scenery, of which the Grands Moulins, seen in Stereograph No. 75, may be taken as a specimen. On the opposite side of the stream is a hill from whence an extensive view may be obtained of the whole extent of the lake, and its banks sprinkled with farmhouses and villages, and crowned by the ruins of the Castle of Loyat. Stereograph No. 76 represents a picturesque little rustic bridge which spans the dried-up watercourse of the Hiver.*

On my return to Ploërmel, my Chasseur de Vincennes politely offered to show me the lions; and after leading me round the ruins of the ancient walls, took me down a narrow street, where was a house with the date 1568 carved on its face. It was ornamented besides with grotesque figures of knights, monks, and bishops. From thence we went to the church, which, though old, was much modified in the sixteenth century; but the stained glass in the windows is very fine, particularly that in the east window and the north transept. There was also some good glass in a window behind the organ, but it is now taken out to be "restored." A "restored" window in the body of the church makes one tremble for its fate. My Chasseur told me that he remembered that, when he was a boy, he and his companions used to think it good

* Ploërmel we visited solely for its beautiful lake, but on reaching it the view was found to be too open and widely extended for the stereoscope. We were tempted, however, to take pictures of two extremely picturesque objects in the immediate vicinity, one a rustic water-mill, Stereograph No. 75, and the other the dry rocky bed of a waterfall, Stereograph No. 76, crossed by two or three rude wooden bridges, beneath which the water overflowing from the lake in winter rushes with majestic force. Our driver being rather sore with his previous day's cudgelling, and so much offended with Mr. Taylor that he always spoke of him afterwards as "Monsieur le Mauvais," I had to hire a boy to carry our tent to the lake. He figures in both stereographs.—*L. R.*

fun to have a "shy" at these windows which are now the objects of so much curiosity and admiration. In one of the aisles were set up, in 1823, the statues of John II. and John III., Dukes of Brittany. They had been originally erected in the church of the Carmelites, were torn down by the Huguenots in the sixteenth century, and, after being replaced, were again nearly demolished at the Revolution. John II. was Earl of Richmond in England, and married Beatrice, daughter of our Henry III. John III., surnamed "the Good," died without legitimate issue, in 1341, and having married his niece Joan to Charles of Blois, left him in his will heir to the Duchy of Brittany. Charles's title was disputed by John of Montfort, half-brother of John III., whence the long war of the succession, which lasted twenty-four years, and desolated Brittany.

"Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

The most beautiful portion of the church is the door of the north transept. All up the slender columns and mouldings creep delicate shoots of ivy and hawthorn, developing themselves into a thousand quaint and fantastic shapes. On the left portal is a series of grotesque bas-reliefs. One represents a woman pulling her husband's nose; in another a pig plays upon the bagpipe or biniou. The tower is imposing, and the rain is carried off it through gurgoyles of portentous ugliness.

Ploërmel is the head-quarters of the "Brothers," or "Friars," (for "friar" is only a corruption of *frère,*) "of Christian Instruction;" commonly called, for shortness, "Christian Brothers." About forty years ago, the Abbé Lamennais, brother of the celebrated but heterodox preacher of that name, seeing that "the schoolmaster" was not "abroad" among the rural population of France, determined to send him out on his travels. For this purpose he established an institution for training young schoolmasters in Ploërmel, and the success of his scheme was such, that there are now two hundred Brothers in the house, besides those who have charge of schools in all parts of the world. When a young man applies for admission he is taken in for two years as a postulant. If he perseveres,

and his conduct and abilities are satisfactory, he then assumes the dress of the Order, a cassock and bands, and becomes a novice; and finally, as vacancies occur, the young men, thus tried and experienced, are sent by two and two to fill them up. At the house in Ploërmel they not only study under professors, but they learn the art of teaching in the primary schools for the inhabitants of the district, and also in a boarding-school attached to the establishment, and in which there are now about a hundred and fifty pupils. About seventy of these, being intended for the navy, learn only French and mathematics; the remainder receive the education usually supplied by colleges in France, to fit them for civil and military appointments; for every man who lives under the centralizing despotism, looks to it for bread and distinction; and the whole of the social life of the country is mapped out for the people by the State. The only institution which provides the slightest amount of independent power to counteract this deadening bureaucracy, is the Church.

The Brothers are not under any vows, but are bound of course to obey the laws of the society as long as they continue members of it. Many however leave the Order, and marry.

My Chasseur had been educated in these schools in his native Ploërmel, and seemed proud to show me over the establishment, where he was kindly received as an old pupil. It was the long vacation; but I was glad to see what I could of so excellent an institution, even though I could not observe the system in operation.

The "Frère" who opened the gate for us, showed us first into a room containing an orrery, an astronomical clock, and other instruments, all constructed by one of the Frères. These are not very interesting things to any one but an astronomer or a mechanic, and after duly admiring the ingenuity of the several contrivances, I begged to be shown the library. This was a good large room; the books were well arranged according to their subjects, and were by no means confined to theology. The garden, like all gardens in religious houses, was a

model of neatness and good cultivation. It was spacious, laid out in large compartments, some devoted to flowers, others to vegetables and fruit-trees, which were pruned and trained in the most approved style, by the hands of the Frères themselves. In the flower-garden was a niche containing a statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Saviour, before which the choicest plants in blossom were arranged with refined taste. Beside this was the modest cemetery, with its crosses over its graves. The Frères seem fond of scientific toys, for in the middle of a grass-plat was a gun, with a burning-glass so placed over the touch-hole as to let it off at noon; and in a room close by, we saw, through the windows, a young Frère, surrounded by a troop of merry volunteer-assistants, busily occupied in constructing an organ. We were next introduced into the *atelier* of one of the brothers who was fond of painting. My companion observed, truly, that his pictures would have done well for sign-posts. Our next visit was to the church, of which I can only say that it was as bad as the "Peel Churches" erected in this country in the early part of the present century. I should desiderate a little more taste for the arts among these instructors of the rising generation,—a little of the spirit of Fra Angelico. But these men are intended for rough work, and rough work requires rough instruments. There is no use in attempting to cut blocks with a razor.

We then went through the back yard, where we saw a number of Frères and novices in their ecclesiastical costume, but with sabots on, engaged in rinsing out the casks preparatory to the manufacture of this year's cider. All seemed to enjoy the active labour as if it were quite an amusement. Some of the novices, too, were remarkably fine-looking, handsome young men; and from their cheerful appearance and intelligent faces, I augured that if they persevere in their tremendously painful vocation, they will make excellent teachers. What attraction a schoolmaster's life could have for some of these handsome, broad-shouldered fellows I could not conceive. For such is the irksomeness of the employment, that Christian Brothers seldom live long, and their little cemetery is already well fur-

nished. The venerable founder, who is now quite bed-ridden, is beloved and respected by all his pupils, and my conductor spoke of him with the utmost affection. His services to the cause of primary education have been acknowledged by the Government, which has conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, a distinction of which, by all accounts, he is not very proud.

Ploërmel is celebrated as being the scene of the Stourm-ann-Tregont, or Battle of the Thirty. A truce had been proclaimed between Charles of Blois and John of Montfort; notwithstanding which, it is alleged, a band of English adventurers, under a chief named Pembroke, having seized upon Ploërmel, continued to commit terrible excesses, and to tyrannize over the peasantry. On the 3rd of March, 1350, the Lord of Beaumanoir, who held Josselin for Charles of Blois, presented himself before the English captain and complained of the infraction of the truce; and then he saw a sight that made his blood boil. A long train of peasants were working like oxen, loaded with fetters and chains. "Knight of England," said he to Pembroke, "you are in the wrong thus to torture those who sow the corn, and obtain for us meat to eat and wine to drink. I tell you frankly, that were there no labourers, we of the nobility would have to cultivate the earth, and to handle the flail and the hoe, and to endure hardship. Let them, then, live in peace, for they have suffered too long as it is." "Let us talk of something else, Beaumanoir," replied Pembroke; "the English are masters, and will be masters everywhere." "All your boasting," rejoined Beaumanoir, "will lead to nothing. Those who talk the most do the least. But if you please, let us appoint a day to fight, and the result of the battle will show who is right and who is wrong." "Agreed!" said Pembroke; and so they swore to meet each other on a day appointed. We have seen, in "Jannedik-Flamm," how the Bretons hated the French invaders; from the following ballad we find their English allies were equally odious to them. All strangers are, in fact, abhorred with a perfectly impartial detestation.

STOURM-ANN-TREGONT, THE BATTLE OF THE THIRTY.

I.

March, with his mallet, comes to knock at our doors; the woods bend down under the torrents of rain, and the hail rattles on the roof.

But these are not the only mallets that knock at our doors; it is not the hail only that beats in the roof; worse than pelting winds and rain and hail are the hateful Saxon.

II.

O St. Kado, our patron, give us strength and courage, that we may this day vanquish the enemies of Breiz.

If we return from the combat, we will offer to thee a coat and a girdle of gold; a sword, and a mantle blue as the heavens.

And all will cry, "O blessed St. Kado; in earth and in Paradise St. Kado has no peer."

III.

"Tell me, my little foot-page, how many are they?" "How many? I will tell them: one, two, three, four, five, six." "How many?" "I will tell you, my lord: five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Fifteen, and as many again."

"If they are thirty like us, forward, my countrymen, and take courage! Straight to the horses with the scythes! They shall no longer eat our green rye!"

The blows fell as thick as when the blacksmith smites upon the anvil. The blood flowed as when the stream is swollen with rain.

The coats of mail were torn like the rags of the beggar; the voices of the knights in the *mêlée* were cruel as the voice of the great sea.

Pembroke said to Tinteniac, who came up to him,—

"Hold, Tinteniac, here is a blow of my good lance. Tell me if it be empty like a reed."

"It is thy skull, my good friend, that shall soon be empty; many a raven shall peck, and whet his beak upon it."

Scarce had he spoken, when he dealt Pembroke a blow of his mace, which crushed both helm and skull together like a snail-shell.

When Keranrais saw that, he laughed aloud:—"If they were all like this one, it is they that would conquer the country!"

"Tell me, my little foot-page, how many are dead?" "I cannot see for the blood and dust." "How many are dead, my little foot-page?" "I see five, six, seven stone-dead."

From dawn they fought till noon; and from noon till dark they fought the Saxon.

And the Lord Robert cried out, "I am athirst, I am sore athirst." But Du Bois hurled at him, like a sword-blow, these words:—"If thou art athirst, my friend, drink thy blood."

When Robert heard this, he turned away his face for shame, and falling on the Saxon, slew five of them.

"Tell me, tell me, my page, how many are there still?"

"My lord, I will tell you; one, two, three, four, five, six."

"These shall have their lives, but they shall pay a hundred golden pence; a hundred pence of glittering gold, towards the charges of the country."

VI.

He were no friend of the Bretons who would not have rejoiced to see our countrymen return to Josselin, with flowers of broom in their helms.

He were no friend of the Bretons, nor of the Saints of Breiz, who blessed not St. Kado, the patron of our country's warriors.

Who rejoiced not, who shouted not, who gave not thanks, who sang not,—

"In Paradise as on earth, St. Kado is without peers?"

This ballad is still sung in the mountains of Cornouaille, and it has an air of freshness and nature which would seem to prove it to have been the composition of an eye-witness, or, at any rate, of a contemporary. The *mot* of Du Bois—so called by the French, his Brezonec name being Ar C'hoad, or Wood, —has been much admired; but a French ballad on the same subject adds an additional circumstance which is characteristic of the times. The reason that young Beaumanoir was so thirsty was, that he was fasting, the battle being fought on Easter Even.

"A ce bon Samedi, Beaumanoir si jeûna;
Grande soif eut le Baron, à boire demanda;
Messire Geoffroy du Bois tantôt répondu a:
'Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir, ta soif se passera.'"

But there is a circumstance recorded in the Breton ballad which seems to me to be highly important. Beaumanoir, before the combat commences, cries out, "Straight to the horses with the scythes." Now scythes were not a knightly weapon; it would therefore appear that there was foul play on the part of the French, and that the horses of the English knights were slain by the peasants before the fight began. The poet too, adds, in the true spirit of a peasant, "They will eat no more of our green rye." Pembroke and his men had evidently made themselves very unpopular, and in all probability the lists were not very well kept. It would have been difficult indeed to have prevented a hostile population, as the Bretons of Ploërmel evidently were, from breaking in to help their countrymen, Beaumanoir, Tinteniac, De Keranrais, and Du Bois, against a mere handful of English!

But the French ballad further lets us into the secret that Pembroke was overwhelmed by numbers, and not struck dead by Tinteniac's mace, as the Breton ballad-maker would have us believe:—

"Alain de Keranrais l'eut à présent féru
Pardevant de sa lance, dont le fer fut aigu,
Jusques en la cervèle lui a le fer embattu.
Il étendit son glaive si que Bembrough est cheu.
Bembrough saillit sur pieds et cuida joindre à lu,
Mais Sire Geoffroy du Bois si l'a bien reconnu,
Et le fiert d'une lance si qu'il l'a accouchu,
Et Bembrough chait mort, à la terre abattu."

Pembroke died like a good knight and a brave man, and it is no reproach to his valour that he was not a match for two at a time. If Du Bois had been an Englishman, he would probably, with an innate love of fair play, have let Pembroke and De Keranrais fight it out without interfering.

The castle of Josselin is within twelve miles of Ploërmel; but as it is generally well known, and as my description would add little to the effect of the stereographs which my photographic colleagues were taking, I determined to push on to Rennes, and visit the picturesque medieval town of Vitrée, and Montfort-sur-Meu, celebrated for its Roman remains and its romantic associations. Unfortunately my new and stiff boots had made a long walk today impossible, and Rennes being at least five-and-thirty miles distant, I was obliged, much to my disgust, to take a place in the cabriolet of the diligence.

The country through which we passed was hilly, well wooded, richly cultivated, and thickly peopled, like most parts of Brittany that I have seen. It was market-day at Plélan, through which we passed about halfway, and the roads were filled with peasants, driving light and convenient carts, drawn by two oxen preceded by a pony. I observed the same breed of brownish-black and white cattle which is universal about Auray; but a still prettier kind, of a fawn-colour, with black muzzle, like those of Guernsey, was the most prevalent. The harvest of the *blé noir*, or buck-wheat, had begun, and the fields were enlivened by crowds of peasants busily employed

in mowing and gathering it in. At Mordelles we crossed the river Meu, and here was a pretty château with turrets at the corners, and straight avenues, in the French taste. The growing richness of the landscape as we went along, indicated our approach to the capital of Brittany, which we reached at five.

CHAPTER XVI.

RENNES.

EARLY HISTORY.—CONAN THE CROOKED'S TREACHERY.—TRAGICAL END OF GEOFFREY HIS SON.—DUKEDOM OF BRITTANY PASSES BY MARRIAGE INTO THE FAMILY OF PLANTAGENET.—CURIOUS ECCLESIASTICAL CUSTOMS.—BIRTHPLACE OF BERTRAM GWESKLEN.—HIS UNPROMISING YOUTH.—HIS UNPATRIOTIC POLICY AND UNPOPULARITY.—BALLADS FOUNDED ON HIS EXPLOITS.—THE RETURN OF JOHN V.—VITRÉ.—MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ'S RESIDENCE.—OLD CASTLE OF THE DE LA TRÉMONILLES.—PROTESTANT MINISTER.—LA BARRATIÈRE, AND THE TALE WHICH HANGS THEREBY.

RENNES, the ancient capital of Brittany, is now, in fact, a French town, hence the proverb, "Bon Breton de Vannes, bon Français de Rennes." It is situated on the confluence of the Ile and the Vilaine, from whence the modern department derives its name. In the wars of the early Bretons with Franks and Normans, Rennes was the scene of many a bloody battle; and later it became the residence of a powerful Count, of Celtic race, who took from it his title. In the ninth and tenth centuries the history of Brittany consists of little else than a record of the battles, murders, and acts of treachery which signalized the perpetual wars between the Counts of Rennes and Vannes. As a specimen of the crimes with which these petty feuds were stained, may be instanced the treacherous murder of Hoel IV., Count of Vannes. In a long series of battles he had worsted his rival, Conan the Crooked, Count of Rennes, whom he had at length succeeded in confining almost within the walls of his capital. But Conan, no less crooked in mind than in body, resolved to accomplish by perfidy what he could not bring about by open war, and employed a trusty follower, named Galuron, to murder his enemy. Ga-

luron, pretending to have been banished, like Coriolanus, from his own country, came to the court of Hoel, and by a feigned devotion to the interests of his new master, succeeded in lulling all his suspicions. One day Hoel was hunting the stag in the forest of Nantes, and stopped to hear his chaplain read Vespers, while his attendants went on to prepare a lodging for the night. Galuron only remained behind. After some time he also withdrew to a short distance, under pretence of tightening his horse's girths, and when he saw Hoel unprepared, and alone with the priest, he put his lance in rest, spurred his horse, and transfixed the Count with his lance. But Conan was soon punished for this crime. Attacked by Fulk Nerra, Count of Anjou, who had taken up arms to vindicate the rights of Hoel's son, he was twice defeated on the plain of Conquereux, and in the last battle, fought in 992, lost his life.

Geoffrey his son was at first a fortunate prince, and succeeded in forcing the petty chiefs among whom the country was portioned out, to recognize him as Count of Brittany. During the course of his wars, he had vowed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and as he passed through the country on his return, he levied the usual tax, called the tribute of the "Happy Return." One day he pitched his tent on a village-green, under the shade of some trees, and was amusing himself, during the heat of the day, in beholding the feats of a juggler. At the other end of the green his tax-gatherers, seated on the steps of the cross, were receiving the tax. They had just seized the bed of a poor woman who, having made up the sum required, all but twopence, had offered to pay the remainder by spinning for them a distaff of flax. This they refused, and the Duke, attracted by the uproar which ensued, came up just as the poor woman had returned from her cottage with a hen which she proffered in payment. Now the Duke bore upon his fist a falcon, which chanced, as it appears, to have been unhooded, and seeing the hen, it swooped upon it and killed it. The poor woman began to cry and lament, but the Duke and his courtiers burst out laughing at the feat of the falcon,

and so, mounting their horses, were riding away. Their heartless cruelty filled the woman with fury, and concealing herself behind a hedge, she hurled a stone at the Duke as he passed, and killed him on the spot.

About the middle of the twelfth century, the sovereignty of the native princes of Brittany came to an end. England, mistress of Normandy and Anjou, already possessed the virtual, if not the actual sovereignty of Brittany; and Conan IV., unable to maintain himself against his vassals, married his daughter Constance to Geoffrey Plantagenet, third son of Henry II. of England, and gave her Brittany as her dowry. Geoffrey made his solemn entry into Rennes in 1169, and was received at the Morlaix gate by the Bishop and clergy, whose rights he swore to maintain.

The ecclesiastical establishments of Rennes were very rich, and many were the curious customs connected with them. The cathedral was commenced in 1180, but was not consecrated till 1359. It was celebrated for the magnificence of its nave, and the splendour of its high altar, over which was a group of statues in solid gold, representing the principal events in the Saviour's life. The abbey of St. Melaine, founded in the sixth century, and rebuilt in 1054, had accumulated so vast a number of ecclesiastical benefices, that it had not monks sufficient to present to them, and was obliged to bestow some upon secular priests. In the following century the abbey obtained the privilege of holding an annual fair, and exercised what was called the right of "quintain." The quintain was a very popular game in the Middle Ages. On one end of a horizontal pole which revolved on the top of a perpendicular one, was fixed a ring, on the other end was hung a bag of flour. The player, mounted and armed with a lance, endeavoured to drive it through the ring as he rode past at full speed. If he failed, he would drive the revolving pole, called the vane, or quintain, round, and would receive a blow on the back from the bag of flour, a result which would likewise follow if, having driven his lance through the ring, he was not quick in getting out of the way. This game was

an excellent athletic exercise, and, no doubt, attracted many persons to such fairs as it was held at. Now the abbot's "right of quintain" consisted in his being empowered to enclose a list, and to oblige all the newly married men in the diocese to present themselves there on the Sunday of *Quasimodo*, that is, the first Sunday after Easter, and to run a course at the quintain, under penalty of a fine.

Another curious custom, called "la Chevauchée de l'Abbesse," or the "Abbess's Cavalcade," was attached to the abbey of St. George, founded in 1032 by Alain III., for Benedictine nuns. All the men who had been married in the course of the preceding year were obliged, on Mid-Lent Sunday, to ride through the fair-green, calling out, "Gare la chevauchée de Madame l'Abbesse!"—"Waur the Abbess's cavalcade!"—overturning in their way any stalls which might remain in the market-place. This was perhaps intended to discourage Sunday trading.

Also, on the first Sunday in Lent, all the women who had been married during the year had to repair, under penalty of a fine, to the church of St. Hélier, in the suburbs, where they leaped over a stone a foot high, singing, at the same time, the following verse:—

"Je suis mariée, vous le savez bien;
Si je suis heureuse, vous n'en savez rien."

This was perhaps intended as a warning against imprudent marriages.

Again, the Chapter of the cathedral were obliged to walk in procession, on Easter Tuesday, to the abbey-church, there to sing High Mass, after which the nuns served them with "bouillie urcée," or porridge made in an earthen pot. The Canons having eaten as much as they wished, carried away the rest in procession. What the symbolical meaning of this custom could be, it is hard to determine.

These old customs were swept away, with many other things both good and bad, by the Revolution, even as the ancient town itself was consumed by the lamentable conflagration of the year 1720. The fire raged unchecked for five

days and five nights; and wide, straight streets, and plain square houses, and ugly churches rose upon the ruins of the ancient city under the direction of an engineer and an architect appointed by Government. It is to this that Rennes owes its present commonplace appearance.

But the capital of Brittany derives an interest from being the scene of Bertram Gwesklen's early years. I call the celebrated Constable by his Breton name, for the numerous other forms by which he is known in history are only attempts on the part of the French to express by letters a sound which they could not pronounce. His name is indeed a sore puzzle to orthographers, who endeavour to render it by Claquin, Claicquin, Klesquin, Cleaquin, Cleyquin, Clasquin, Guescquin, Guaquin, Glayaquin, and Glay-Aquin. Gwesklen is the name in its native Brezonec, and it seems absurd for an Englishman, who can find no difficulty in pronouncing it, to substitute in its stead the abortive attempts of the French to translate it into their own language.

Bertram Gwesklen, then, was born about the year 1320, in the château of La Motte-de-Bron, near Rennes. Shrewd, bold, and unscrupulous, he may be called the Breton Clive; and his boyhood and youth, like those of the founder of our Eastern empire, were such as to give little promise that he would one day re-establish by his eminent abilities both in the council and in the field, the tottering fortunes of a great empire. The statues which have been raised to him in modern times follow the description of the chronicler, in representing his outward appearance as singularly forbidding; Cuvelier, his earliest biographer, tells us that his excessive ugliness and the grossness and turbulence of his manners rendered him hateful to his parents, and describes him thus:—

"Il n'ot si lait de Resnes a Dinant;
Camus etoit et noirs, malostrus et massant.
Li peres et la meres si le héoient tant,
Que souvent en leurs cuers étoient desirant
Que fust mort ou noiez en une eaue courant."

He would neither learn nor submit to the discipline of the

household, but spent his time among grooms and horse-boys. At his father's house he was not even permitted to eat with his parents, but sat with the servants at the second table. His great pleasure consisted in fighting with the peasant-boys of his own age; and in these combats he no doubt learned that self-dependence, boldness, and cunning which he afterwards turned to account in the guerilla wars in which he was all his life engaged. His first appearance in the lists was in 1338, when Charles of Châtillon, Count of Blois, celebrated at Rennes his marriage with Joan of Penthièvre. Here the young Gwesklen unhorsed some of the *preux chevaliers* of Brittany. The long and bloody war which followed, between Charles, claiming the dukedom in right of his wife, and John of Montfort, the heir male, proved the occasion of his fortune and renown. From the beginning to the end of this contest Gwesklen consistently sustained the French party under Charles of Blois, and at the head of a troop of adventurers—for he had no vassals of his own to lead—did immense mischief to the cause of John of Montfort, supported by the English. He took a distinguished part in the siege of Vannes in 1342, when we lose sight of him for a time. His biographer, Cuvelier, assures us, however, that he was not idle.

To this period of his career ought probably to be referred the feats celebrated in two ballads selected by M. de la Villemarqué, from a vast number which are still sung by the peasantry. The first of these, entitled 'Fillorez ann Aotrou Gwesklen,' or "The goddaughter of the Lord Gwesklen," records the slaughter of an English Captain, named Rogerson, who held the castle of Plogoff for the Duke. Rogerson inveigles the young Margaret, Gwesklen's goddaughter, into his castle, where, to save herself from dishonour, she plunges a knife into her heart. Word is brought to her godfather, who straightway sets forward to avenge her death, kills Rogerson with a blow of his sword, and rases the castle of Plogoff to the ground.

The second is called 'Gwaz Aotrou Gwesklen,' or 'The Vassal of the Lord Gwesklen.' A noble young cavalier,

named John of Pontorson, a vassal of the Breton hero, asks and receives shelter for the night in an English castle. At supper the English knights characteristically sit silent round the table, and when John retires to rest, he is informed by Biganna, the maid, that they intend to murder him in his bed. By her assistance he escapes, flies to Guingamp, and entreats his feudal lord to take vengeance on the perfidious English. Gwesklen cries out, "By the saints of Brittany, as long as there is an Englishman alive, there will be neither peace nor law!" This castle is likewise destroyed and the garrison put to death.

Thus, as Cuvelier tells us,—

> "De jour fust ès forès, et par nuit chevaucha,
> Et de nuit et de jours plentó d'Anglais greva."

He traversed the country, in fact, attacking the English wherever he could find them, and storming and rasing their castles. Sometimes, however, he was reduced to great straits. Englishmen refused to be knocked on the head; castles were not always to be had; English plunder was occasionally scarce, and his followers were importunate. It was on one of these occasions that he broke open his mother's jewel-case, and carried off her diamonds and gold. We may imagine that the kind parent, who when he was a boy wished that he might be drowned in some running water, was not very indulgent to this new escapade. But an old uncle who lived in Rennes, in a "vieil ostel" between the church of St. Peter and the Mordelaise gate, excused his unscrupulous nephew.

> "Quant son ante le vit, si fu moult tourmentée.
> Dame, dist ses mariz, vous estes rassotee;
> Il convient, et c'est droit, jeunesse soit passée."

His exploits at the taking of Fougeray, and at the battle of Montmuran, where he was knighted on the field by a Norman lord named Elatre du Marais, gilded over this bad deed; and he was one of the Breton lords who in 1351 went to England to treat for the release of Charles of Blois.

Charles was not restored to liberty till the 10th of August,

1356, about a month before the battle of Poitiers, which established the English supremacy in the west of France; and the only towns which remained to him were Nantes and Rennes. On the 3rd of October, 1356, John of Gaunt laid siege to Rennes; but Bertram Gwesklen threw himself into it with Bertram of Saint-Pern and other gentlemen, and defended it till June 1357, when the siege was raised in pursuance of the truce of Bordeaux. For this service he received from Charles of Blois the lordship of La Roche d'Airien.

On the expiration of the truce, Gwesklen attached himself to the party of the Regent of France. He was then little known out of Brittany, and received only a command of a hundred men-at-arms in the French army. We now lose sight of him for a time, but there can be no doubt that he distinguished himself in his new position; for Charles V., on his accession, entrusted to him, in company with Boucicaut, the office of expelling the foreigners from the district of the Lower Seine, and driving the King of Navarre out of Normandy. But the Breton followers of Gwesklen, after having succeeded in taking Mantes and Meulan, committed such frightful excesses that the King was glad to get rid of such troublesome friends, and despatched them against the Captal de Buch, one of Navarre's Generals, who had landed at Cherbourg with the intention of penetrating into the interior of France. A decisive battle was fought at Cocherel, on the 16th of May, 1364; the Gascons were defeated, and the Captal taken prisoner. The news of this victory reached Charles on the eve of his coronation at Rheims, and he hastened to show his gratitude to his lieutenant by naming him Marshal of Normandy, and conferring upon him the county of Longueville, forfeited by the house of Navarre.

In the meantime, the war between Charles of Blois and John of Montfort had again broken out in Brittany, and Charles V. despatched the Marshal of Normandy to the aid of the former, with one thousand lances, while Montfort was reinforced by two hundred English men-at-arms, and a like number of archers, under Sir John Chandos. The two parties

came to an engagement, as we have seen, at Auray. Charles of Blois was killed; and Gwesklen, taken prisoner by Chandos, was held by him to ransom at a no less sum than a hundred thousand livres. Fortunately for him, Charles V. had work for him to do. The country was ravaged and its revenues eaten up by the bands of unruly mercenaries who had served under Gwesklen in the Breton wars. No one but he could control them; and the Pope, the King of France, the bastard Don, Henry of Transtamare, resolved to subscribe the sum between them to pay his ransom, on condition that he would restore to the King the county of Longueville, and lead the mercenaries out of the kingdom to the assistance of Don Henry in his rebellion against his half-brother, Peter the Cruel, of Castile. The captains of the mercenaries were invited to meet their proposed commander at Châlons on the Saône. Gwesklen addressed them, promised them the Pope's absolution, and, what they probably valued more, two hundred thousand florins and a new country to pillage. Cuvelier, like Thucydides or Sallust, gives the Marshal's oration. Here is the conclusion:—

"Faisons a Dieu honneur, et le deable laissons.
A la vie visons, comment usé l'avons,
Efforcées les dames et arses les maisons;
Hommes, enfans occiz, et tout mis a rençons;
Comment mengié avons vaches, buefs et moutons;
Comment pillé avons oies, poucins, chappons,
Et beu les bons vins, fait les occisions,
Esglises violées et les religions.
Nous avons fait trop pis que ne font les larrons;
Pour dieu avisons nous, sur les paiens aions;
Je nous ferai tous riches, se mon conseil créons,
Et arons paradis ausi quant nous morrons."

This war was, in fact, a sort of crusade; for Peter the Cruel had been excommunicated for his many crimes, had adopted the manners of the Moors, and was suspected of not being very orthodox in his faith. Had he been suffered to pursue the course upon which he had entered, not only would he have ruined his own kingdom of Castile, but the progress of civilization would have been arrested in the Peninsula.

With the powerful help of Bertram Gwesklen and his mercenaries, Don Henry soon made himself master of Castile, and Peter fled to Aquitaine to engage the Black Prince to assist him in the recovery of his kingdom. In this application he succeeded. The Black Prince arrived in Spain with his army in February, 1367, and on the 13th of April fought the decisive battle of Najara, in which he totally defeated Don Henry. Gwesklen was amongst the prisoners, and was only released on paying a hundred thousand doubloons. Don Henry escaped; and on the departure from Spain of the Black Prince, the war between the brothers was renewed. Peter, left without the aid of his powerful auxiliary, was defeated under the walls of Montiel, and retired into the town, which was surrounded by the forces of his brother. In this extremity he sent to Gwesklen to offer him two hundred thousand crowns if he would favour his escape. Gwesklen communicated the offer to Don Henry, who doubled the bribe on condition that Gwesklen would betray his brother to him. The Breton captain was never very remarkable for his sense of honour,—witness his razzia on his mother's jewels,—and agreed to sell Peter, whom he accordingly inveigled out of the town, and led into the tent of Don Henry, who gave an amusing example of the proverb about the pot and the kettle, by calling out, "Où est ce fils de putain Juif qui se appelle roi de Castille?" The two brothers immediately rushed at each other's throats, and Peter, being wounded in the face by a dagger-blow, grappled with his antagonist; both fell, Don Henry being undermost. One of the bystanders of Henry party's,—some say Gwesklen himself,—now came to Don Henry's aid, and held Peter while his brother poniarded him. Chaucer, a friend and dependant of John of Gaunt, who married Blanche, daughter of Peter the Cruel, seems to lay the whole blame of this dastardly murder on Gwesklen.

"The feld of snow, with th' egle blak ther-inne,
Caught with the leoun, reed coloured as is the gleede,
He brewede the cursednesse and synne,
The wikked nest-werker of this deede.

Nought Charles Oliver, that ay took heede,
Of trouthe and honour, but of Armoryk
Geniloun Oliver, corrupted for neede,
Broughte this worthy King in such a bryk."*

The traitor is here described by his arms, and these agree with those of Gwesklen—which were argent, a spread eagle with two heads, sable, beaked, and membered, gules—in everything except the lion gules, which may possibly have been added or used as a supporter. Gwesklen is first compared, for his prowess, to Oliver, the celebrated Paladin of Charles, or Charlemagne; and then the poet goes on to say that, for his treachery, he ought rather to be compared with Ganilon, also a Breton, the traitor who betrayed the Christian host at Roncesvalles. It may be, however, that Oliver, Bertram's brother, was really the contriver and executor of this foul treachery, a supposition which would erase one blot from the fair fame of the great Constable. With this supposition the passage would certainly seem most easily reconciled.

For this piece of dirty service, Gwesklen was created Duke of Molinas; but after spending a year in Spain, he was summoned to France by Charles V., who had need of his services in the war just declared with England. After a successful campaign, in which he took the towns of Moissac, Agon, Tonneims, Aguillon, and Limoges, he presented himself at Paris, where he was declared Constable of France, but "disabled" himself, like the Speaker of the House of Commons in former times, alleging that he was "a poor man, a mere knight-bachelor, and of no family," and that he should be afraid to give orders to the Lords of France.

The rest of Gwesklen's life was spent in a continual petty warfare with the English and Gascons. In this he displayed a military and political genius of the highest order. Never hazarding a battle when time would fight for him, he recovered the soil of France to the French Crown, town by town, and castle by castle, until the Anglo-Norman Sovereigns of

* See Chaucer's Works: Annotated Edition of the English Poets, vol. iii. p. 200: The Monke's Tale.

England, from being the aggressors, saw themselves reduced to defend their Duchy of Normandy itself.

The destruction of the party of Blois had thrown Gwesklen into the arms of France. He had almost ceased to be a Breton; and circumstances now occurred which made it difficult for him to combine allegiance to the French King with anything like regard for the country of his birth. John V., Duke of Brittany, had hitherto preserved a neutrality in the war between the French and English; but now, feeling himself menaced by Charles, he called in the assistance of the English. Charles, strengthened by a series of successes, immediately invaded the Duchy with an overwhelming force, at the head of which was the Constable, accompanied by Laval, Rohan, and Clisson, still burning to revenge his imprisonment in the castle of L'Hermine. John hurried to England to seek for succour, but soon returned with a band of English auxiliaries. The Constable had learned from experience that it was not safe to face an English army in the field; he therefore pursued a Fabian policy, harassed their outposts, cut off their convoys, destroyed their commissariat, and obliged them to demand a truce. They suffered all the miseries incident to a prolonged war in an enemy's country, with an imperfectly organized commissariat. Charles V., emboldened by his successes, now determined to confiscate Brittany, and annex it finally to the French Crown. This act of imprudence was consummated by a decree of the Parliament of Paris, of the 18th of December, 1378.

Scarcely had the iniquitous decree been published in Brittany, when the whole country rose in mass to resist it. There was now no question about Blois or Montfort; even the national hatred of the English was absorbed in the unanimous determination to maintain the Breton nationality. Charles persisted, however, and summoned Gwesklen and Clisson to Paris, when he confirmed them in their offices, and obliged them to swear to aid him in his ambitious designs against their native country. Clisson, who, as we have seen in the matter of the castle of the Hermine, was not scrupulous about

oaths, did not even pretend to keep this. Gwesklen endeavoured to reduce the county of Rennes, but not with his usual spirit.

M. de la Villemarqué has preserved a fine ballad illustrative of the patriotic ardour of the Bretons in defending their liberties thus invaded by the French King. He took it down from the mouth of an old comrade of Tinténiac and Georges Cadoudal, named Michael Floc'h, of the village of Kerc'hoant, the same, probably, who acted as agent for the warlike Bishop of St. Pol-de-Léon, when the latter was obliged to emigrate. John had given deep offence to his Barons by the favour he showed his English allies, and had been obliged to retire to England. But when the intentions of the French King became known, he was recalled by the unanimous voice of the country, to place himself at the head of the resistance to foreign domination. Even Rohan, his most determined antagonist, and, more wonderful still, Joan of Penthièvre, the widow of his rival, Charles of Blois, came to meet him when he disembarked.

The following extract from this war-song, which is still sung, to a grand, triumphant minor air, in the mountains of Cornouaille, will give the reader some idea of its spirit:—

A swan from beyond sea (John of Montfort) is seated on the battlements of the old tour of Armor.

Ding dong, to the fight! to the fight! Oh, ding dong! I am bound for the fight.

Happy news to the Bretons! and red malediction to the French!

Ding dong, etc.

. . . . . .

The mountains of Laz resound; the white horse (the sea) neighs and bounds with joy.

The bells ring joyously in all the towns for a hundred leagues round.

Summer returns, the sun shines; the Lord John is come back.

The Lord John is a good fellow; his foot is swift, his eye ready.

He has sucked the milk of a Breton mother, milk more nourishing than old wine.

. . . . . .

The wolves of lower Brittany gnash their teeth when they hear the ban of war.

They howl when they hear the war-cry; at the smell of the French they howl with joy.

. . . . . .

Where the French fall, there shall they lie till the day of doom;
Till the day when they shall be damned and punished with the Traitor who commands the attack.
The drip of the trees shall be the holy-water that shall sprinkle their graves!
Ding dong, to the battle! to the battle! Ding dong! I am bound for the battle.

He whom the popular voice brands in this fine ballad as "the Traitor," was Bertram Gwesklen. William of St. André tells us that the change in the sentiments of his countrymen towards him, in consequence of his desertion of the national cause, broke his heart. "Wherever he went, Bretons turned their backs upon him. Even his relatives were grieved to see him leading Picards and Genevans against his rightful lord. That was not a loyal war. His own soldiers deserted him, to pass over into the Breton ranks. Constable though he were, no one was faithful to him."

Impelled by these unmistakable indications of the unpopularity of the measure, Gwesklen recommended his master to abandon it; but Charles persisted, and even expressed a suspicion of Gwesklen's fidelity. Gwesklen, without a moment's hesitation, sent his Constable's sword to the King, and announced his intention of retiring to the Court of his friend Don Henry of Castile. Charles, seeing that the man he had to deal with could not be insulted with impunity, acknowledged his error, and despatched the Dukes of Anjou and Bourbon with a message conjuring him to resume his office. But nothing would induce him again to command in the war against his country. He retired to the south of France, where he resumed his old occupation of harassing the English and Gascons, and died in the beginning of July, 1380, while besieging Château-Neuf de Randon. On the morrow the garrison capitulated, and laid the keys of the place on the knees of the dead Constable.

Gwesklen's body was embalmed at Puy, preparatory to being transported to Dinan, where he himself desired to be buried near the remains of his first wife. But the King caused the funeral procession to be stopped at Mans, and the body

to be interred near the tomb which he had constructed for himself at St. Denis. We shall presently see that Dinan obtained the hero's heart, which was deposited in the church of the Jacobins, afterwards rased to the ground by revolutionary madness.

Bertram Gwesklen was twice married, first to Tiphaine Raguenel, beside whose remains his heart was deposited; and secondly, to Joan de Laval, the daughter of Clisson's brother-in-law, who accompanied him in his unfortunate examination of the masonry of John of Montfort's tower. By neither of these marriages did he leave issue, and was succeeded in his property by his natural son Michael and his brother Oliver.

I stopped at the Hôtel de la Corne de Cerf. On looking out my window the morning after my arrival, I saw a company of Artillery marching out to exercise. They were remarkably soldier-like men, and their loose trousers and tight jackets seemed well adapted for their work. But I was surprised to observe that, whereas in our Artillery the guns are always drawn by horses, and the men sit on the ammunition-tumbrels, the French artillery-men were actually yoked to the guns or ran alongside of them. Not even the officers were mounted.

In the paucity of interesting objects in Rennes, I was anxious not to lose any, and therefore hired a *commissionnaire*. He took me first to the cathedral, an ugly pseudo-Grecian structure. Thence to a square, on one side of which is the Palais de Justice, a large Vitruvian building of the seventeenth century, redeemed from ugliness by its noble high roof. On the steps are statues of celebrated Breton jurisconsults. You ascend a wide staircase to the hall, a fine apartment in which the States of Brittany formerly assembled, but now lawyers. Here the Emperor was entertained at dinner, by the authorities of the town, on his recent visit to Brittany.

The most interesting object at Rennes, perhaps, is the Mordelaise gate, connected as it is with old historical associations. The two flanking towers remain. One of these is square, massive, and thick; the other lighter; and between

them are seen the slides for the portcullis. Here Geoffrey Plantagenet, the son of Henry II., and the first Norman Duke of Brittany, made his formal entry into his capital, and swore on the Holy Evangelists, to maintain the customs of Brittany and the rights of the Church.

Passing through some fine streets, we came to a hill, on the top of which was the church of St. Blaenas (I understood my guide), the Bishop's palace, and a convent of nuns. The group is seen in Stereograph No. 77.*

Thence we passed to the Mont Thabor, a pretty promenade, laid out with trees, gravel walks, and benches, and with a statue of Bertram Gwesklen in the middle. It commands a fine view of the course of the Vilaine, and of the forest of Fougères. On one side are the botanical gardens, but they did not seem to contain much beyond a fine show of China asters in full bloom.

The quays were what struck me most in Rennes. The river is defended on either side by low walls; and, unlike the Thames, its banks are free from wharves, and are lined with fine broad streets, along which you may walk or drive from one end of the town to the other. Stereograph No. 78 exhi-

* At Rennes we had returned to the uninspiring region of railroads and metropolitan industry, and found little that was quaint and picturesque enough to tempt us forth with the camera. The cathedral front is a huge mass of barbarous Renaissance. The Palais de Justice, with four admirable statues of eminent *jurisconsultes*, is an effective building, and we took a picture of it, as well as of the Mont Thabor public gardens, but only the Stereographs No. 77 and 78 were deemed of sufficient interest for publication. The first, commanding a view, across the Vilaine, of the open space in which a handsome crucifix is erected, just takes in the towers of the cathedral. Very little was stirring, and the only figures in the view are one or two men sitting on the parapet at the end of the bridge, and a woman at the water's edge, near the boat, whose large flaunting cap is seen reflected. We begged permission of the buxom proprietress of a woodyard, to pitch our tent among her heaps of timber, and being able, through her politeness, to pursue our avocations quietly, we carried our camera to the bridge, and took the second view, No. 78. In the foreground, on either side, troops of women were busy washing, and in the distance, before a bridge, may be seen the floating baths. The large building on the left, formerly a convent, with the letters "TAL ST. YVES" rudely traced upon it, is now used as a barrack; that on the right, with a poplar-tree before it, is new, the scaffolding not yet taken down. On the railings before it, round the edge of the quay, a quantity of linen is hung out to dry.—*L. R.*

bits these quays, not however at their broadest part. To the left is a convent of the seventeenth century, now used as a barrack; on the inclined causeways in the foreground are seen crowds of white-capped laundresses, while another crowd of white-caps may be observed peering over the parapet on the top.

The guide-books speak of a library and museum; but I had not come to Brittany to see libraries and museums, and my attempt at Vannes did not give me much encouragement to renew it. I therefore resolved to spend the rest of the day in visiting the ancient and picturesque town of Vitré, which lies about twenty miles to the east of Rennes, on the Paris railway.

On arriving at the station, I was amused at the contrast it presented to the terminus of an English railroad. You were not allowed to take your ticket after fifteen minutes before the train started. An English merchant would make perhaps a thousand pounds in the fifteen minutes which every one is here obliged to waste in waiting. Then, at a given signal, immense halls are thrown open, and the passengers are arranged in them according to the class of carriage they travel by. At length the doors of these are opened, and then you find the carriage in which you ought to take your place opposite the door. Now all these mighty precautions against confusion are utterly disproportioned to the occasion, and the whole thing conveys to your mind the impression that you are in direct contact with Government, bureaux, and red tape. This continual pressure of authority in things indifferent was more disagreeable to me than I had expected, and I felt that it must have a most baneful effect upon those who live under it.

> "Power, like a desolating pestilence,
> Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
> Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
> Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
> A mechanized automaton."

It would be much better if a little of this pedantic overcarefulness were subtracted from the railway arrangements, and added on to those of the douane.

The country through which the train carried us at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, was rich and well cultivated, the apple-trees laden with rosy fruit, and the fields strewed with the buckwheat, or *blé noir*, which was in course of being cut. Here again we come upon the stratum of slate which runs through Brittany from Châteaulin. The cottages are no longer, therefore, the massive structures of granite which I had been for some time accustomed to see, but mostly buildings of lath and plaster, covered on the most exposed parts with weather-slating. After enjoying for so long the freedom of travelling on foot, the being obliged to sit up in the railway-carriage, with a row of men before me, whose eyes it was necessary to avoid catching, was very irksome, and I felt thoroughly relieved when the train pulled up at Vitré, and I saw the picturesque towers of the castle, rising over the Vilaine river, opposite the railway-station.

Vitré was the most thoroughly medieval town I had yet seen, notwithstanding the intrusion of that great innovator the railway. After leaving the station, I turned up the principal street to the right, and walked, as it were, in a cloister, under the projecting stories. The whole ground-floor of most of the houses was open to the street, nothing intervening between the passengers and the *intima penetralia*, except the wooden pillars upon which the upper stories rested. Arrived at the top of this precipitous street, I found myself in a pleasure-ground, with a church on one side and a cemetery on the other. Vespers had begun, for it was Sunday, and the people were singing the Magnificat as I entered. The choir sat on stools round a tall reading-desk in the middle of the chancel, and sang from a great antiphonarium placed on it. The leader, as in our village churches, was evidently a person of immense importance, continually giving directions to his subordinates in a low voice, and evincing the utmost anxiety that all should go off properly. The antiphons were sung by the choir-boys alone, the Psalms by the men and the congregation, which was large, and contained quite as many men as women.

After Vespers the choir, preceded by a processional cross, walked down the nave, singing a litany, and were followed out of the west door by the whole congregation. Still singing the litany, they all walked round the church, and then returned, and were dismissed with a blessing. It was pretty, and put me in mind of Wordsworth's lines:—

> "At length a spirit more subdued and soft
> Appeared—to govern Christian pageantries.
> The cross, in calm procession borne aloft,
> Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
> Even such this day, came wafted on the breeze
> From a long train—in hooded vestments fair,
> Enwrapt."*

The view from this hill extended over a wide expanse of wooded and cultivated country, and was very striking.

I now returned down another street, even more picturesque than the former, till I came to the principal church, dedicated to Our Lady. This is in course of restoration, apparently in good taste, and a new and rather too elaborate pulpit has lately been put up. In the chapels are some good painted windows, but the east end is disfigured with a frightful modern transparency. Vitré was once a bishopric, and the *misereres* are ranged round the back of the altar as in a cathedral. Happily there are no pews. The south porch is a rich flamboyant structure.

The town had struck me at first as having a somewhat deserted appearance; but the fact was that the whole population was in church. Vespers over, they streamed out in crowds, and the streets became very animated and gay. In the interior of the houses, open as they were to the street, might be seen little family parties dressed in their Sunday best, and chatting with their friends and acquaintances who had accompanied them from church or dropped in afterwards. The cake-shops, of which there were a good many, were the resort of numbers of country-people and children, who were playing at a sort of *roulette* for gingerbread-nuts and macaroons; and

* 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent,' xxxii.

"Cheap Jacks" were holding forth, at the corner of every street, on the excellence of their wares. The festive appearance of the scene was enhanced by the abundance of beautiful flowers, chiefly China-asters, tastefully arranged before the statues of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Saviour, which occupied a niche in almost every house.

I was anxious to visit the Château des Rochers, rendered celebrated by having been the residence, for many years, of Madame de Sévigné. It is only three miles from Vitré; but as I wished to return to Rennes the same night by a late train, I resolved to drive thither, and was not long in reaching the classic spot. It is a fine old manor-house of the latter end of the sixteenth century, with towers at the angles, and noble high-pitched roofs, pierced by lucarne windows. In front is a picturesque seigneurial dove-house. A house-keeper showed the Marquise's bedchamber, the cabinet in which many of the celebrated letters were written, and her portrait by Mignard. She was certainly not handsome, and the fantastic dress in which she is represented adds nothing to her small stock of attractions. Yet this plain old woman, living in a lonely country house, in a remote province, has, by the mere power of genius, imparted to her letters to her friends, about her everyday life, a charm which has secured them a lasting immortality; even as Maestro Giorgio could spread such a lustre over a piece of pipe-clay, as to stamp it with a value greater than belongs to the precious metals moulded by a vulgar hand.

On my return to Vitré I found that it was still early, and that I should have ample time to visit the old castle which I had seen at a distance on my first arrival. I entered through the principal gate, between two very beautiful flanking towers, machicolated, and surmounted by peaked roofs. Slides in the wall mark the place of the portcullis. On entering I was accosted by one of those "old fellows with blue coats and badges," who still linger in this medieval province. After informing me that he was the guardian appointed by the municipality to take care of the public places, he offered to act

as my cicerone. We were now joined by a gentleman, accompanied by two boys, who was also bent on sight-seeing, so we went together. But it proved no easy task to see the castle. Our guide, to the garrulity of age added that of partial ebriety,—

"Fœcundi calices quem non fecêre disertum?—"

and insisted on telling us, over and over again, that he was an old soldier of the first Napoleon, and that he had been for many years a prisoner of war at Portsmouth. The French gentleman here suggested that he should now make reprisals by turning the key on me, and leaving me in one of the *oubliettes* through which we were passing.

One wing of the castle is now used as the prison; the guide told me that he remembered the other being taken down, but the gate, with its fortifications, is still in perfect preservation, though uninhabited, the roof, ceilings, boarding of the floors, remaining just as they were in the palmy days of feudalism. In the courtyard, against one of the towers, is a stone pulpit, where, as the guide informed us, the owner of the castle, the Huguenot Duc de la Trémouille, used to beat the "drum ecclesiastic" for the edification of his followers assembled in the *basse-cour*. The castle is, in fact, of the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, and the pulpit is of late Renaissance work. The mention of the Huguenots brought out my French friend, who began to declaim in a loud voice, and in terms which seemed to me rather violent and uncharitable, against Catholic Christianity, and to lament the decay of Calvinism in France. I do not at all like discussions about religion, I therefore turned the conversation to something else; and having seen the castle, and given the old soldier wherewithal to continue the carouse which he had already begun, I left the place.

My Calvinistic friend was, however, an amusing person, and I gladly agreed to accompany him a little way out of the town, to a promenade called La Barratière, which, as he said, was worth seeing. After about half-a-mile's walk along a pretty road, we turned into a green lane, planted on each side

with two rows of trees. This led to a "moated grange," surrounded by gardens and meadows. These were separated from one another by high ditches, on the tops of which were gravel walks shaded by oaks, elms, chestnuts, and beeches, of very fair growth, and furnished with stone benches for the convenience of promenaders.

My companion now related to me the history of La Barratière. It formerly belonged to a rich old maiden lady of good birth, who, finding that she was dying, called her two nephews to her bedside. First she asked the son of her eldest sister what he would do with La Barratière if it were his. Now it happened that this young gentleman's mother had married a grocer; he was therefore possessed with very aristocratic and exclusive ideas, and replied that the first thing he would do would be to close it against the *canaille*. "And what would you do with it?" asked she of her other nephew. "I would continue to permit the people to share with me the pleasure of looking at so pretty a place," replied the thorough-bred one. "Then," replied the old lady, "you are my heir." So the insolent young sham-aristocrat was punished for his snobbishness. We both agreed that even if the story were not true, it contained an excellent moral.

On our way back to the town, we talked about German, French, and English books, and my companion observed:—"You have a very fine literature; but there is one branch in which you are miserably deficient—in fact, beneath contempt. Can you guess which it is I mean?" I had begun to suspect that my friend was a Protestant minister, both from his dress, which was of black throughout, and from his voice, which seemed to me to have acquired a sort of loud, declamatory tone from frequent exercise in *le prêche*. I therefore guessed that he meant theology. Not that I thought he was right, for considering that the Church of England has produced such men as Hooker, Taylor, Hammond, Pearson, Sanderson, South, Bingham, Barrow, Waterland, and Milman, her theological writers can scarcely be said to be beneath contempt from a literary point of view; whatever may be thought of their opi-

nions, they were at least able writers. But I found that he referred chiefly to our modern biblical commentators, such as Scott and Henry, and to a living writer, whose name it would not be perhaps safe for me to mention. Of this last in particular, he declared that his little girl, who was at school, could write a better commentary. This led him on again to talk about religion, a subject which I particularly wished to avoid; and he at last worked himself up into such a state of flaming zeal, and railed in terms so coarse and violent against the religion of the Bretons, that people stopped on the road to look after us. Every effort of mine to moderate his Protestant ardour seemed only to add fuel to the flame; and I was glad when we arrived at the Hôtel de Sévigné, and dinner put a stop to the discussion. I could not help contrasting this fiery polemic with my courteous host the parson of Lanleff, and thinking that, whatever the relative goodness of the causes advocated by them respectively, the latter was superior in that charity, without which we are told that all knowledge is but sounding brass. My Protestant friend, however, was a clever, agreeable man, with a Voltaire-like curl of the upper lip; and his conversation, seasoned as it was by a certain dash of the *esprit moqueur*, was very amusing as long as the subject was not religion. I must do him the justice, however, to say that his was a philosophic Protestantism, and not the dull, dead, unreasoning bigotry to which we are accustomed at home. Controversy however was little to my taste. I had hoped that I had left it behind in England, and I was not a little provoked to have it thrust upon me in a remote town of Brittany. Perhaps the air of Vitré is provocative of polemics; for it was the residence of the Huguenot De la Trémouilles, and of the celebrated Christine de Rieux, one of those female firebrands who, for the sake of *le prêche*, kept French society in hot water during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The dinner at the Hôtel de Sévigné was excellent, and amongst the *entrées* was a dish which, as my controversial friend informed me, was not to be had in Paris. It was simply stewed mushrooms. But it seems that the paternal Government is

so careful of its children, that it will not permit those who are so happy as to dwell under its immediate surveillance to endanger their interiors by eating of the savoury fungus so dear to gourmets. Truly that "Minister of the Interior" has a heavy charge with such a gastronomic nation as the French. We go to the other extreme perhaps, in making no effort to prevent the shopkeepers from mixing poisonous adulterations with the food of the people; and it must be owned that the exact point where government should step in to protect the weak against the strong is difficult to fix. In a great commercial country like ours, he would be a bold statesman indeed who should venture to interfere with the profits of the virtuous middle classes, out of a Quixotic regard for the health and lives of non-mercantile consumers.

From Rennes we returned to St. Malo, by way of Combourg and Dol, having visited Dinan at starting. The main attraction at Combourg was the picturesque Castle of Châteaubriand, and we had the good fortune to find it admirably well-situated for our purpose. The inns at Combourg are execrable, but our ill-humour at having fared badly, and being not a little imposed upon by an old hag of a landlady, was rewarded by a delightful photographic morning and a charming picture. Stereograph No. 79. The road seen in the foreground is the entrance to Combourg from Rennes, and the Castle stands well in the midst of its encircling wood. On the right is a fishpond, sometimes flooded into a lake, beyond which the road turns into the town, represented in Stereograph 80, and to the left, beyond the cottages, the road winds round the Castle in the direction of Dinan. While fixing our camera on the bank, I observed a pedestrian traveller approaching, and determined to accost him. By the time he reached us, our collodion plate was ready, and he cheerfully halted for a moment, allowing me to guide him to a spot which I had marked in the dust. His portrait was quickly secured, and he walked on with a hearty "Merci" after him, carrying his wardrobe in a handkerchief at the end of a stick, as seen in the picture.

As it may give our readers an interest in this Stereograph to hear what Châteaubriand himself said of his early residence at Combourg, I venture to transcribe the following from the poet's autobiography, published in 1848, shortly after his death.—

"On my return from Brest, four masters (my father, my mother, my sister, and myself,) inhabited the Château of Combourg. A cook, a housemaid, two footmen, and a coachman, formed the domestic establishment; and a hound, and two old mares, were confined in a corner of the stable. These twelve living beings were quite lost in a place where there was ample room for a hundred knights, with their ladies, squires, and pages, and the steeds and hunting-packs of King Dagobert. During the whole of the year, no stranger came to the château, except two gentlemen, the Marquis of Monlouet and the

Count de Goyon-Beaufort, who requested our hospitality, on their way to Parliament. They came in winter, on horseback, with pistols at their saddle-bows, hangers by their sides, and followed by a valet, also on horseback, and having behind him a large portmanteau. My father, who was always very ceremonious, went bare-headed to receive them at the door, in the midst of the wind and rain. The guests recounted their adventures during the wars in Hanover, their family affairs, and the history of their lawsuit. At night they were conducted to the northern tower, to the apartment of *Queen Christina*, a room of state furnished with a bed seven feet every way, with double curtains of green gauze and crimson silk, and supported by four gilt Cupids. The next morning, when I was going down to the parlour, and looked through the windows at the country either flooded or covered with hoarfrost, I could see only two or three travellers on the solitary road by the fishpond; they were our guests riding towards Rennes. These strangers knew but little of the world, but still our view was extended by their means a few leagues beyond the horizon of our own woods. As soon as they were gone, we were reduced, on working-days, to a family *tête-à-tête*, and on Sundays, to the society of the people of the village and a few neighbouring gentlemen. On Sunday, when the weather was fine, my mother, Lucile, and I, went to church across the little mall, along the country road; when it rained, we went through the abominable street of Combourg. We did not go, like the Abbé de Marolles, in a light chariot drawn by four white horses taken from the Turks in Hungary. My father only went to church once a year, at Easter, to receive the Sacrament; the rest of the time he attended Mass in the chapel of the château. Seated in our pew, we performed our devotions opposite to the black marble tomb of René de Rohan, contiguous to the altar; image of human honours! a few grains of incense before a coffin! The dissipations of the Sunday concluded with the day; they did not even return regularly. During the severe weather, entire months passed without any human creature knocking at the gate of our fortress. If the solitude was oppressive on the heath around Combourg, it was still more so in the château; one felt on passing under its arches the same sensation as on entering the *Chartreuse* at Grenoble. When I visited the latter in 1805, I crossed a desert which seemed ever increasing: I supposed it would terminate at the monastery; but I was shown within the convent walls, the gardens of the Chartreuse still more desolate than the woods. At last, in the centre of the building, I found, enveloped in the solitudes, the burying-ground of the monks; a sanctuary from whence eternal silence, the divinity of the place, extends his power over the mountains and forests round about. The sombre quietude of the Château of Combourg was augmented by the taciturn and unsociable disposition of my father. Instead of collecting his family and people about him, he had scattered them to the four winds throughout the building. His bedroom was in the little tower at the east, and his study in the little tower at the west. The furniture of this study consisted of three chairs covered with black leather, and a table covered with deeds and papers. A genealogical tree of the Châteaubriand family hung over the mantelpiece, and in the recess of a window were to be seen all sorts of arms, from a pistol to a blunderbuss. My mother's apartment was immediately above the great dining-hall, between the two little towers: it was inlaid and adorned with Venetian mirrors. My sister had a little room opening into my mother's. The housemaid's room was some distance off, in the

wing with the large towers. As for me, I had nestled myself in a kind of little isolated cell, in a tower at the top of the staircase which led from the inner court to different parts of the château. At the foot of this staircase my father's valet and the other man-servant slept in a vaulted cellar; and the cook kept guard in the great tower to the west. My father rose at four o'clock in the morning, winter and summer: he went into the inner court to awake his valet, at the foot of the tower staircase. A cup of coffee was taken to him at five o'clock; he then occupied himself in his study till noon. My mother and sister both breakfasted in their own rooms at eight o'clock. I had no fixed hour, either for getting up or for breakfasting: I was understood to be studying till noon, but the greater part of the time I did nothing whatever. At half-past eleven a bell was rung, and dinner was served at twelve. The great saloon was at once a dining-room and a drawing-room; for we dined and supped at its eastern extremity, and, after meals, we went to the western end, and sat round an enormous fire. This apartment was wainscoted, painted in grey, and adorned with old portraits from the reign of Francis I. to that of Louis XIV. Conspicuous amongst these portraits were those of Condé and Turenne; and a painting representing Hector killed by Achilles under the walls of Troy, was hung over the fireplace.

"Dinner over, we remained together till two o'clock; then, if it was summer, my father amused himself in fishing, visiting his kitchen-garden, and walking in the grounds of the château. In autumn and winter, he went out to hunt; and my mother retired to the chapel, where she spent some hours in prayer. This chapel was a solemn oratory, embellished by some good paintings of the great masters; such pictures as one could scarcely expect to find in a feudal castle in the heart of Brittany. I have at present in my possession a Holy Family, by Albano, painted on copper, which was taken from this chapel: it is the only memorial I have of Combourg. My father being gone out, my mother gone to prayers, and Lucile shut up in her chamber, I either returned to my little cell, or went out and ran about the fields. At eight o'clock the bell rang for supper. After that was over, in fine weather we sat at the door. My father, armed with his gun, shot the owls as they flew out from the battlements at nightfall. My mother, Lucile, and I, gazed at the sky, the woods, the last rays of the sun, and the first-appearing stars. At ten o'clock, we re-entered the house, and retired to rest. The evenings in autumn and winter were quite different. When supper was over, and the party of four had removed from the table to the chimney, my mother would throw herself, with a sigh, upon an old cotton-covered sofa, and near her was placed a little stand with a light. I sat down by the fire with Lucile; the servants removed the supper-things, and retired. My father then began to walk up and down, and never ceased until his bedtime. He wore a kind of white woollen gown, or rather cloak, such as I have never seen with any one else. His head, partly bald, was covered with a large white cap, which stood bolt upright. When, in the course of his walk, he got to a distance from the fire, the vast apartment was so ill lighted by a single candle, that he could be no longer seen; he could still be heard marching about in the dark, however, and presently returned slowly towards the light, and emerged by degrees from obscurity, looking like a spectre, with his white robe and cap, and his tall, thin figure. Lucile and I used to venture upon the exchange of a few words, in a low voice, when he was at the other end of the room, but were silent as soon as

he again approached us. He would say to us in passing, 'Of what were you speaking?' Seized with terror, we made no reply, and he continued his walk. During the remainder of the evening, no sound struck the ear but the measured noise of his steps, my mother's sighs, and the moaning of the wind. When the castle clock struck ten, my father would stop; the same spring which touched the hammer of the clock seemed to have arrested his steps. He would draw out his watch, wind it up, take a great silver candlestick, surmounted by a long candle, go for a few minutes into the little tower to the west, then return, candle in hand, and advance towards his sleeping-room in the little tower at the east. Lucile and I placed ourselves in his way, embraced him, and wished him good-night. He bent down to us his withered and hollow cheek, without giving us any reply, continued his course, and retired into his tower, the doors of which we could hear shut upon him. The charm was broken; my mother, my sister, and I, who had been transformed into statues by my father's presence, now recovered the functions of life. The first effect of our disenchantment was manifested by an inundation of words; if silence had oppressed us, we paid it in full. When this torrent of words had flowed by, I summoned the maid, and accompanied my mother and sister to their apartments. Before I came away, I was obliged to look under all the beds, up the chimneys, behind the doors, and to examine the staircases, passages, and galleries, in the vicinity. The various traditions of the château, about thieves and spectres, were recalled to memory. The belief was pretty general, that a certain Count de Combourg, with a wooden leg, who had died about three centuries before, appeared at stated times, and had been met on the great staircase of the tower: his wooden leg walked about also, sometimes in company with a black cat."

After traversing the fishpond, or rather, dried-up lake, inspecting the inner courtyard of the Castle, and exploring the mall described in the foregoing extract, we repaired to what Châteaubriand calls the "abominable street," and took a picture of the Halle and cloistered houses, with the towers of the Castle in the distance. Great amusement was caused here by my allowing a number of young girls who came round me, to look by turns into the camera, and see the landscape inverted. Presently I told one of them to run up the road in front, and the astonishment at seeing the moving figure of their companion, head downwards, elicited such a jabbering and frantic desire to repeat the phenomenon, that we hastened to take the picture, placing three of our merry little friends in the foreground.

We were now within a day's drive of St. Malo, and prepared to take our last picture *en route*, at the old diocesan town of Dol. Many tempting subjects presented themselves in the form of cloistered houses and quaint street architecture, but being rather weary after a month's unremitting toil and travel, and not having a single glass uncovered, we contented ourselves with a stereograph, No. 81, of the fine old cathedral porch, washing off one of the least interesting views taken in the early part of our tour to make room for it. It is of colossal dimensions, richly ornamented with Gothic tracery, but sadly battered and disfigured.—*L. R.*

CHAPTER XVII.

MONTFORT-SUR-MEU.

FLOATING LAUNDRIES ON THE MEU.—MY FIRST SIGHT OF A GENTLEMAN'S CARRIAGE IN BRITTANY.—LEGEND OF THE CASTLE OF MONTFORT.—THE POLITENESS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—EXCURSION TO THE FOREST OF BRESCILIEN.—OAK CALLED 'AUX VENDEURS.'—GENERAL CAVAIGNAC VISITS IT AND CARVES HIS NAME ON THE BARK.—CHAPELLE-ÈS-ÓRÈVES.—LITTLE RED-RIDINGHOOD.—GRÈS-SAINT-MÉEN.—MERLIN'S GRAVE.—BALLAD OF MARZIN-DIVINOUR.—ROMAN BATHS.

NEXT morning, being September the 7th, I set out to walk from Rennes to Montfort-sur-Meu, about fifteen miles to the west. The road, which was planted with rows of trees on either side, lay for about a mile along the river, upon which were moored several floating laundries. They consisted of long barges, down either side of which were little chambers, each furnished with a kneeling-place and block, on which the laundress beat her clothes. These are let at so much by the year. At one end was a larger cabin, in which the proprietor resided; and here there was generally a statue of the Virgin and Child, before which was a fine display of potted flowers in full bloom. Some of these were creeping plants, and were prettily trained round the niche in which the statue stood. The fields and trees were larger than any I had met with; and now for the first time since I came to Brittany, I saw a gentleman's carriage, with coachman and footman in livery. But I had seen better things than gentlemen's carriages and liveried servants. I had seen a well-fed, well-clad, contented, and intelligent peasantry, who had the leisure and the taste to indulge themselves occasionally with some rational amusement.

After passing through the picturesque little village of Hermitage, I arrived at Montfort at about noon. It is built upon the confluence of the rivers Meu and Chailloux. Having crossed a pretty bridge, you are admitted to the town through the fortified gate of the fine old castle, which, like most Breton monuments of antiquity, has its legend attached to it. Having been taken by Bertram Gwesklen for Charles V., that monarch directed that it should be thoroughly repaired. The governor who was directing the works, was struck by the beauty of a maiden whom he used to see daily carrying the noontide meal to her father, one of the workmen employed upon the building. The wicked governor seized her by force, and shut her up in one of the towers. But the maiden, thus threatened with dishonour, as a last resource, committed herself to the protection of St. Nicholas, and was changed into a duck —a very appropriate metamorphosis. In this new form she took her flight to the lake formed by the overflowing of the Chailloux; and ever after, on the anniversary of the maiden's deliverance, a duck, attended by twelve little ones, would present herself annually before the high-altar of the parish church during Mass. After having thus returned thanks, she would return to her retreat among the reeds, accompanied by her interesting little family. This miracle has ceased since the draining of the lake, the site of which now consists of fertile water-meadows.

I knew that in the neighbourhood of Montfort there were many objects to interest a tourist, but at the inn where I breakfasted I could obtain no information respecting them. In any country, however, where there is an established church, one may always be pretty sure of finding in every town a gentleman able and willing to give a traveller information on any point of local history. I had recourse therefore to the parsonage-house, where I found a very gentlemanlike and obliging clergyman, who not only took the trouble of explaining to me the names and position of the places I was in search of, but told me of a guide who would direct me.

While I was sitting talking to him, an old gentleman,

with the ribbon, as I thought, of St. Louis in his button-hole, came in, and embraced the parson, who introduced me to him as the Marquis de Labédoyère. This was the brother of the unfortunate nobleman who was shot at the Restoration. He has extensive estates in the neighbourhood, and had come down from Paris to spend a few weeks among his tenants. It was quite refreshing, after dining at *tables-d'hôte* for so long, to see the courtly politeness of these two old gentlemen to one another. Indeed the clergy were the most gentleman-like men I met in Brittany, and they and their parsonage-houses often reminded me of Wordsworth's sonnet:—

> "A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
> And a refined rusticity, belong
> To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
> The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful lord."*

My guide was a cobbler who had learned all the country roads and short cuts in passing from farmhouse to farmhouse in the exercise of his calling. For in Brittany you must provide your tailor and shoemaker with a shop as long as they work for you. After passing through some cultivated fields, and threading the mazes of the hollow lanes for about a mile, we entered the forest of Brescilien, famous for being the site of Morgan le Fay's and Merlin's graves. But when we talk of a forest in Brittany, we do not mean a vast company of monumental oaks, but a tract of country covered with underwood of from twenty to thirty years' growth, in which you cannot see a yard before you. This is periodically felled, chiefly for firewood.

Our first visit was to the Chêne-aux-Vendeurs, why so called I cannot tell, nor could my guide inform me: perhaps a fair was held here in former days. However, it rears its majestic and hoary head among its younger compeers, like a venerable shaggy old he-goat among a flock of kids. The top is withered, the heart is rotten, but the lower branches were covered with leaves, and it measured seventeen of my paces round the base. Tourists come from all parts to see it, as they do to see the

* Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xviii.

Cowthorpe Oak among us, and carve their names on the bark of one of its younger companions hard by. Among these I observed the name of General Cavaignac, who had visited it shortly before his death, and had thus recorded the fact with his own hand.

Near the oak are some old ruins called La Chapelle-ès-Orèves. Here we were joined by a lady, accompanied by her handsome son and daughter, and guided by the little *Chaperon Rouge* in person. The little guide was not more than seven years old, but light and intelligent as a fairy. Like the heroine of the fairy-tale, she wore a little hood, from under which her long fair hair escaped in ringlets; she knew every stick of the forest, and could find her way through the intricate paths by which it is intersected, on the darkest night. It was pretty to see the little thing tripping on lightly before us with so much confidence and fearlessness; and on my asking her whether she was not afraid of the wolves, she said, No; that that very day she had seen one, and that, though they nightly howled under the window of her father's cottage, which was in the midst of the forest, they never attacked her.

Our next visit was paid to the Grès-Saint-Méen, a huge mass of Kersanton granite, said to mark the grave of Merlin the Enchanter. For we read in the Mort d'Arthur, that "after these quests of Sir Gawaine, of Sir Tor, and of King Pellinore, Merlin fel in a dotage on the damosel that King Pellinore brought to the Court with him, and she was one of the damosels of the lake which hight Nimue. . . . And so upon a time it hapned that Merlin shewed to her a roche where as was a great wonder, and wrought by enchauntment, which went under a stone. So by her subtile craft and working she made Merlin to goe under that stone to let her wit of the mervailes there, but she wrought so there for him, that he came never out for all the craft that he could doe. And so she departed and left Merlin."*

Here, then, under this rock of Kersanton granite, Merlin

* 'La Mort d'Arthur,' etc., compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, Knt.; vol. i. chap. lx.

remained in durance, like Ariel in his cleft bough, for ages, until St. Méen, detesting all such heathen enchantments, came and released him, leaving the print of his foot on the stone, hence called the Grès-Saint-Méen. And there the said print still remains.

A wild ballad, still sung in Cornouaille, to an equally wild tune, exactly represents the principle of the legend of St. Méen. Both speak of a purer faith destroying the fables of Druidism and sorcery.

MARZIN-DIVINOUR, OR MERLIN THE SOOTHSAYER.

Merlin, Merlin, whither goest thou so early with thy black dog? Iou! iou! ou! iou! ou! iou! ou! etc.

I come to seek here the means of finding the red egg.

The red egg of the sea-serpent, on the brink of the ocean, in the hollow of the rock.

I go to seek in the mead the yellow cress, and the golden herb,
And the oak-apple, in the wood, at the margin of the well.
Merlin, Merlin, go back by the way thou camest; leave the oak-apple,
And the cress in the mead, and the golden herb;
Leave the sea-serpent's egg in the foam of the hollow sea-cave.

Merlin, Merlin, go back by the way thou camest; there is no soothsayer but God.

This was a pleasant walk. The sun was shining brightly through the thick leaves; the heather on the margins of the forest paths was loaded with its purple bells; and the little Red-Ridinghood who tripped on before us with a sort of elfin intelligence,—the hermitage and Chapelle-ès-Orèves,—the old oak which had probably seen the expiring worship of the Druids,—and the wild legends with which every stone we passed was associated,—all these things, I am not ashamed to say, exalted my imagination a little above its ordinary level. I do not think I should have been much surprised, if, on arriving at an open space where four forest roads met, I had seen Sir Gawaine, Sir Launcelot, Sir Percivale, and Sir Galahad taking leave of each other to go their several ways in quest of the Sangreal.

But we cannot long indulge in day-dreams in this workaday world. The forest was soon left behind, and we emerged upon the high-road, which we soon left, however, to re-enter

the town by some ancient Roman baths, on the banks of the Chailloux, now forming pieces of ornamental water for a gentleman's country house. Some of the old masonry is visible, and may be easily distinguished by the courses of Roman brick by which it is bound together, as at Burgh Castle in Suffolk.

In the course of our walk, my guide the cobbler told me that a gentleman, whose father had been English, had a handsome house in the neighbourhood; that he was a large and successful farmer, and that he was much respected by every one for his integrity and kindness to his neighbours. This was the second instance I had met with in the course of my short tour, of Englishmen having become naturalized in Brittany.

On my return to the Cheval Blanc, at four o'clock, I found that my day's walk in new boots had somewhat disabled me, and I doubted whether I should be in a condition for a tramp of thirty miles to Dinan the next day. I therefore resolved to push on at once, and having hired a sort of cabriolet, started at about five. The road was not very interesting, and by the time we got to Bécherel it was dark. But as we neared Dinan, I could see, by the moonlight, that we were passing wooded hills; and on reaching the heights above the town, the view was beautiful. I could distinguish the river by the light of the moon, and beyond it, hundreds of lamps had a most charming effect. Then we rattled down the hill, and traversed the whole town, I believe, until we issued from the gate at the other end, outside of which is the Hôtel de Bretagne, where I had resolved to set up my rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DINAN.

AN OLD ENGLISH RESIDENT.—EARLY IMPORTANCE OF DINAN.—BESIEGED BY JOHN OF GAUNT.—BERTRAM GWESKLEN'S COMBAT WITH THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.—ABBEY AND CASTLE OF LEHON.—TOMB OF THE DUCHESS ANNE.—FINAL ANNEXATION OF THE DUKEDOM OF BRITTANY TO THE CROWN OF FRANCE.—CHANTRY CHAPEL OF THE BEAUMANOIRS.—VILLAGE AND CROSS OF ST. ESPRIT.—LUNATIC ASYLUM KEPT BY FRIARS.—ASSOCIATION OF LABOUR.—CHATEAU OF LA GARAYE.—WAYSIDE CHAPEL.—INSOLENT CABMEN.

I REACHED the Hôtel de Bretagne, Dinan, at about eight o'clock, and joined a party of travellers who had just arrived by the diligence from Rennes, at dinner. At the top of the table was a gentleman who looked like a Frenchman, but in whose accent I recognized a little of *l'accent Britannique*. Presently he asked me in French to drink wine with him, and then addressed me in English. We finally exchanged cards, and he invited me politely to his house in the neighbourhood. I told him that I did not intend to make any stay in Dinan, but that I should do myself the pleasure of calling upon him next day. After breakfast, therefore, on the following morning, I was directed to his house in the environs, where he showed me, with no small pride, the pretty gardens which he had laid out in the English fashion, the Alpine scenery which he had formed out of an old stone-quarry, and the exquisite panorama of Dinan which lay before the balcony of his drawing-room. He was one of the earliest English residents in Dinan, and had seen it at one time crowded with his countrymen; but they had almost all been scared away by the belligerent attitude of France at the time of the Spanish

marriages. The present doings of our ally are not likely to lure them back.

England is not a small place, yet I have observed that I never yet went anywhere that I did not meet either some one I knew, or the friend of some one I knew. So it proved in this instance. I found that my entertainer was intimate with a near relative of my own; but my time being limited, I was obliged to decline his proffered hospitality, and proceed on my journey.

Dinan is built in a singularly beautiful situation. It crowns a lofty and steep eminence, at the foot of which flows the rapid Rance. Wooded hills, studded with the ruins of ancient castles and abbeys, rise up on all sides around it, and smiling cornfields, green meadows, and orchards teeming with ruddy fruit, nestle in the valleys. On its site the Romans had a fortress, the ruins of which served as a foundation for its Celtic lords in the Middle Ages to erect a formidable castle upon. One of the subjects of the Bayeux Tapestry is the taking of Dinan by William the Conqueror, to whom Conan II., Duke of Brittany, is represented delivering up the keys of the town. It suffered, like most of its fellows, in the wars of Blois and Montfort, having been burned by an English chief named Thomas d'Agworth. Froissart and the French chroniclers are not safe guides for the spelling of proper names, even in French, still less in English. I would therefore venture to suggest that Agworth is an attempt at Edgeworth, a name afterwards rendered celebrated by the good abbé whose noble eloquence sustained Louis XVI. on the scaffold, and later, by his distinguished relative, the Irish authoress. In 1359 Dinan was besieged by John of Gaunt; and though Bertram Gwesklen, at the head of six hundred men-at-arms, succeeded in throwing himself into it, it was obliged to capitulate. A truce of fifteen days was accorded to the garrison, at the end of which time, if no succour arrived, they were to open their gates. On the faith of this treaty, Oliver Gwesklen, Bertram's younger brother, rode out to amuse himself, as he alleged, in the country; but Thomas of Canterbury, an English captain, thinking that

the truce did not authorize such a proceeding, took him prisoner. Bertram was playing at tennis in the market-place when the news reached him, upon which he mounted his horse, and rode straight to the quarters of the Duke of Lancaster, from whom he demanded redress. Thomas of Canterbury on his side alleged that he was justified in arresting Oliver, and it was agreed that the question should be settled by a single combat between him and Bertram, to be fought on the following day in the market-place of Dinan.

Now it happened that a young maiden of Dinan, named Tiphaine Raguenel, had fallen in love with the Breton hero; and being an enchantress in every sense of the word, she not only charmed his heart, but by her magic art foretold his success in the forthcoming duel. Her prediction proved true. Bertram Gwesklen overthrew his adversary, whose life he granted to the request of the Duke of Lancaster; and in guerdon of her divination, married Tiphaine. The Duke accepted an invitation to a banquet given that night by the inhabitants, in honour of the conqueror.

This story well illustrates the humanizing influence of the spirit of chivalry upon the usages of war. First Bertram Gwesklen is not afraid to ride unattended into the English camp. Next, he spares the life of his adversary; and finally, John of Gaunt is so free from all personal rancour towards his redoubted enemy, that he is content to swell his triumph, to accept his hospitality, and to trust himself in his hands. In reading the history of these wars, we feel that we are conversant among men who were governed by a higher code of morals than Greeks and Romans had any conception of. The Gwesklens and Plantagenets were emphatically gentlemen. It may well be questioned whether military honour be as strict in the nineteenth as it was in the fourteenth century. Would it have been safe for the Duke of Wellington to have ridden alone to Napoleon's head-quarters to complain of Soult's misconduct?

Here is a subject for a tragedy. The Viscounty of Dinan, having passed by sale or marriage through the hands of several

noble families, became, about the middle of the fifteenth century, the heritage of a young lady of the house of Châteaubriand. Now it happened that the reigning Duke, Francis II., had a younger brother named Giles, to whom a fair heritage was no less agreeable than a fair wife. We might have supposed that a man of his rank could hardly have been unsuccessful in his suit, had he chosen to lay siege to the young lady's heart in the usual form. But perhaps his brother was jealous of him; in short, there may have been a thousand obstacles. However this might be, he carried off the young lady by force, and married her. It so happened, however, that an Italian gentleman, of the family of the Visconti, a courtier of the Duke's, had already destined the rich heiress for himself. But a rich widow would answer his purpose quite a well as a rich heiress, and he formed the resolution of getting rid of Giles. With this view he insinuated into the Duke's mind dark suspicions of his brother, who, finding himself an object of distrust, began to make preparations for his safety. He strengthened the fortifications of his newly acquired fortress of Dinan. He took large bands of men-at-arms into his pay. He sought the assistance of the English. The suspicion of treason made him a traitor. This was exactly what the wily Italian wanted. Giles had by his conduct justified his calumniator. Arrested before his preparations for resistance were completed, he was tried by the States of Brittany for high treason, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The Duke, egged on by Visconti, added to this sentence one little circumstance, which, however, made all the difference in the world. He forgot to give directions for supplying his brother with meat and drink down in the dungeon of his castle of Dinan. Under these circumstances, Giles's perpetual imprisonment would not have lasted long; but a woman—that ministering angel in our hour of need—contrived, not only to gain access to his cell and to supply him with food, but to introduce a friar also, who received his confession. These priests and women are terrible people for meddling with little family arrangements of this sort! There is always some Elijah who

"troubles Israel." The mild method of starvation having thus been frustrated, Italian poison was tried; but the strength of Giles's constitution triumphed over its potent influences, and the unfortunate Viscount was such "an unconscionable time a-dying," that his brother was obliged to resort to the unmannerly expedient of smothering him between two feather-beds. Some time after this, as the Duke was riding along the sea-shore, he was met by a friar, who thus addressed him:—"Duke of Brittany, it was I who shrove thy brother Giles, whom thou didst put to death. Thy victim summons thee by me, to appear before the tribunal of God within forty days." On the fortieth day, that is to say, on the 9th of September, 1488, died Francis, the last Duke of Brittany; for the dynasty, like that of Scotland, "went out with a lassie." It is satisfactory to find that poetical justice was not violated by the issue of the story. Visconti did not enjoy the fruits of his perfidy, for the rich widow married the Count of Laval.

The streets of Dinan are extremely picturesque. Ascending from the Brest gate, I came to a sort of square surrounded by houses with overhanging upper stories, which form a kind of cloister beneath. Stereograph No. 82 gives an excellent idea of it. A little further on, another picturesque street-view is obtained, as shown in stereograph No. 83,* while in No. 84 are some towers of the castle in the dungeons of which

* The streets of Dinan, which place we had visited on starting from St. Malo, were rather busy with traffic, but we managed to take some pictures of the quaint old cloistered and overhanging houses. Although the square in Stereograph No. 82 looks deserted, we had to wait for some time for a clear space, and spoiled two or three plates from the interruption of passers-by, before a good picture was secured. The girl standing in the foreground belonged to a shop on the right of our camera. She was unusually bashful, and no entreaties of mine would induce her to go and stand against the old wooden pillar, until some one from within remonstrated with her for her apparent reluctance to oblige us. The female sitting on the right, on a window-sill, knitting, we did not observe until after the picture was developed. Over the words "Billard" and "Café de Commerce," on the house across the square, it may be curious to notice a lamp suspended, upon which "Café et Restaurant" may be discerned with a magnifying-glass. Stereograph No. 83 is taken in a declivitous street leading down to the banks of the Rance. On the right an old man is approaching, with a broken piece of lead pipe under his arm, and with a hammer in his left hand. He halted at a sign from me, and was promptly made to un-

poor Giles de Montfort was murdered.* The castle, once the scene and the instrument of crime, has now become the scene of its expiation and the instrument of its punishment. It is the prison of the Department.

The church of St. Saviour is the principal ecclesiastical edifice in the town. The western front consists of three fantastically carved Romanesque doorways of great antiquity. The rest of the church is pointed, and, of course, not nearly so ancient, and the interior has a mean look, from the fact that the piers on which rest the aisles, have no capitals. The mouldings of the arches die into the pillars. It was refreshing to see a good old font, but the carving upon it is mutilated. There is also some good stained glass in the windows, but pews disfigure the nave. The chief object of interest is the monument to the heart of Bertram Gweskleu, or, as his name has been Frenchifièd, Du Gueaqui. It is in the north transept, and consists merely of a slab let into the wall, and inscribed with the following inscription, which cannot be recommended as a model of the "lapidary style:"—

CY : GIST : LE : CUER : DE : MESSIRE :
BERTRAN : DU : GUEAQUI : EN : SON :
VIVĀT : CONESTABLE : DE : FRĀCE : QUI
: TRESPASSA : XIII^{e} : JOUR : JUILLET :
L'AN : MIL : III^{cc} IIII^{xx} : DONT : SON :
CORPS : REPOSE : AVEC : CEULX : DES :
ROYS : A : SAINCT : DENYS : EN : FRĀCE :

Beneath are his arms, a spread eagle, sable, beaked and

derstand the reason by the proprietress of the 'Café de la Marine,' who had been watching our preparations, and is seen intently curious as to the result. The gutter, as in the preceding picture, is in the middle of the road, and it required some nerve to be operating so near to the effluvium which rises from these exposed sewers.—*L. R.*

* From the Hôtel de Bretagne we passed down a pretty mall or boulevard, collecting a motley escort of urchins by the way, and pitched our tent beneath the trees opposite to the Castle of the Duchess Anne. Stereograph No. 84. The wind prevented Mr. Taylor from getting the trees so nicely defined as could be wished, but the old castle walls are very fairly portrayed. The castle is a gloomy structure, now used as a prison, as may be seen by its few, scattered, iron-bound windows. From among the troop of boys who surrounded us, we selected a sharp little fellow to carry our tent. He may be seen on the right of the picture, just beyond the base of the nearest tower, sitting on a stone

membered, gules.* Another inscription states that Gwesklen's first wife, the *enchanting* Tiphaine, was buried near. Both these slabs were rescued from the church of the Franciscans destroyed at the Revolution, when the heart was of course mingled with common dust, as were also the rest of the hero's remains, which had been laid with so much pomp at St. Denis.†

The leaders of the Revolution thought, it seems, that the Republic would not be safe while even the mouldering dust of the great lay undisturbed. Every unwashed ruffian felt his petty vanity stung, and his brutal self-degradation rebuked, by a monument which told of the greatness or virtue of the mighty dead. It was deemed necessary therefore to protest against eminence of any kind, for all time, past and present. In 1830, I remember seeing painters, armed with pots and brushes, hurrying about, under the orders of a General of Division, to paint out the monarchical and aristocratic names of streets, and to substitute *rational* ones in their stead. You had a letter of introduction to a gentleman in the Rue Royale or the Avenue de Berri, but you were told that these places had ceased to exist within the last two hours. You were horrified. Had a volcano swallowed them up, or had they been burned to the ground by the mob? Oh no! it was only that there had been a change of government, and the new people could not recognize the existence of any former dynasty. The Rue Royale was now the Rue Vingt-Neuf-Juillet or some such thing, and the Avenue de Berri, the Avenue de la Mairie. We have had revolutions in England, but not such puerilities as this. The gentry of the Praise-God-Barebones stamp used, I believe, to publish their nonsense in Paternoster Row and

with his arms akimbo, and not apparently unconscious of the dignity of his official appointment. The figures standing and sitting about the wall, were merely stragglers attracted to the spot. Within the wall, a man was weaving a band of thread or flax, after a very primitive fashion, working with both feet and hands. A wooden support to which his threads were attached, reaching to some distance, after the manner of a rope-walk, may be seen, like a small gibbet, just beyond the head and shoulders of the man leaning against the end of the wall.—*L. R.*

* See *ante*, p. 263.

† See *ante*, p. 266.

Ave-Maria Lane, nor fear lest the purity of their supralapsarianism should be soiled by the "mark of the Beast" on the titlepage. Not even Mr. Bright complains, as far as I know, that the power and dignity of the Crown and of the hereditary peerage are enhanced by there being places called King's Cross and Duke Street in London; nor does he deem it indispensable to the complete triumph of the mercantile and manufacturing interest, that these well-known localities should be for the future known as "Bank of Deposit Place," "Tommy-shop Street," or "Shoddy Lane."

The other church is dedicated to St. Malo, or St. M'Leod, the Scotchman, who, as we have seen, founded the neighbouring town at the mouth of the Rance. It was begun early in the fifteenth century, by the Vicomte de Rohan, but the choir only was completed. A nave is now building to match it. Church-edification is everywhere the order of the day.

I now hired a guide to conduct me, through the hollow lanes and bye-roads by which the country is intersected, to the abbey and castle of Léhon, and the other objects of interest in the immediate vicinity of the town. In making for the abbey we passed the fine viaduct shown in Stereograph No. 85,* and obtained the exquisite bird's-eye view of the town, the Rance, and the neighbouring country, given in Stereograph No. 86.†

* The noble viaduct of Dinan, with its magnificent scenery, was early visited, and we selected as our point of view a heap of stones, among some brushwood, on the lofty bank of the valley, just within a low granite wall that borders the road. There was not much passing, and we pitched our tent unmolested, by the roadside, in a place capitally sheltered from the wind. From this point we looked almost due north, in the direction of St. Malo and Jersey, and were just low enough to see through the arches of the Rance, and its quays, of which a more lofty bird's-eye view forms the subject of the next stereograph. Below us was another road, bordered by a low granite wall, as seen in the picture, with a curious bell-shaped haystack by the side. The river, with a boat and white sail on its glassy surface, may be seen through the second arch. Through the first and third arches appear the houses which abut upon the quays, and over the top of the viaduct appear the heights beyond.—*L. R.*

† Although situated on a lofty eminence when taking our preceding stereograph of the viaduct, the ramparts enclosing the plateau on which stands the Church of St. Sauveur towering up behind us to the height of probably four

At the bottom of the hill, by the banks of the river, among some mean houses inhabited by poor people, is seen the late-Gothic entrance-door of the abbey. Within the enclosure is the church, of which a good view, showing the west window through the late round-headed east one, is given in Stereograph No. 87.* Inside, stone coffins are lying about in all directions, and are said to have formerly enclosed the remains of the Beaumanoirs. Beneath a pointed recess, in the north wall, is the tomb of the Duchess Anne of Brittany, surmounted by her recumbent effigy. Heiress of her father, Francis II., last Duke of Brittany, the same who behaved so badly to his brother Giles, she had many royal and noble suitors for her hand, and was actually married by proxy to Maximilian of of Austria. But Charles VIII. of France wooed her as Theseus wooed the "Queen of Feminye;" and when Anne could no longer resist his "*gros bataillons*," she married him, on the 6th December, 1491. This is a mode of courtship to which the softer sex are by no means averse; Anne became sincerely attached to her rough wooer, and was in despair at his death. For two days she lay on the ground without tasting food, but was at length consoled by a second offer of the matri-

or five hundred feet above the level of the river. The ascent, chiefly by zigzag flights of steps, was tolerably easy, and it was resolved to attempt a panoramic view of the Rance and surrounding country from the topmost bastion. Stereograph No. 86 shows with what success this view was obtained, and it will be interesting to any one visiting the spot to compare it with the original. If the boats which repose on the glassy surface of the Rance are not there, nor the carts moving along the overshadowed road to the left, the bridge and other equally permanent features of the landscape will doubtless be seen, even to the tiny hand-rail along the riverside, and to the cottages up the steep road to the pretty villa on the hill. The boat with the white sail, in the centre of the picture, is the same as that seen in the preceding stereograph, taken a few minutes before, through the second arch of the viaduct.—*L. R.*

* The ruins of the Abbaye de Léhon are much less picturesque in appearance than numbers of ruined abbeys familiar to the photographer and antiquary in the British Isles; but as a remnant of medieval ecclesiastical architecture containing the ashes of Anne of Brittany, they were not, of course, suffered to escape the notice of our camera. After fixing our tent in a dark corner of the interior, almost knee-deep with stinging-nettles, we passed through to a field in the rear, and took Stereograph No. 87, looking back upon the East Gable. The West Door, Stereograph No. 88, was next taken, and here we managed to enliven the otherwise dreary scene with a few figures. On the

monial crown of France. In 1499 she married Charles's successor, Louis XII., and by her prudence and virtue obtained higher privileges, and a larger share in the government, than any queen-consort before her had enjoyed. Among her virtues may be classed her love for her native Brittany; and Brantôme informs us that, "Aussi le roi, dans sa goguette, l'appeloit quelques fois sa Bretonne, parce que elle avoit réellement le cœur plus Breton que François." She died at Blois, in 1514, and, as it appears, her remains were deposited in her native country. Thus ended the independence of Brittany, after having been maintained for so long, at such a cost of blood. But even now the people preserve their original language, their peculiar customs, and their national affections. A Breton is not altogether a Frenchman; and when all France pronounced for atheism and anarchy, Brittany held fast to her religion and her laws.

Beside the nave of the church is a very beautiful little chapel, in perfect preservation, called the chapel of the Beaumanoirs, whose castle crowns the neighbouring heights. Here dwelt the noble Lord Robert Beaumanoir, whose valour is celebrated in the Stourm-ann-Tregont.* The chapel has been

left of the door may be seen a marvellously good-tempered old woman, a *rara avis* in Brittany, knitting. I had some difficulty, however, in making her understand that while the picture was being taken, she was not to knit, but to keep her hands perfectly still, and only *pretend* to knit. It will be seen, on an examination of her figure, that she is trying her utmost to appear unembarrassed. On the opposite side of the door I placed three girls, who tittered so immoderately one with the other, that I left them in despair. Our tent-boy, the same depicted in Stereograph No. 84, proved a more tractable model, and I placed him in the foreground, among the blocks of stone that were being used for the purposes of restoration. The glare of the sun caused too violent shadows to make a very effective picture. The Tomb of the Duchess Anne, in the right wall of the ruins, Stereograph No. 89, owing to its damp and dark situation, was not taken without three or four trials, severely testing the patience of our tent-boy, whose services were again in requisition as a lay figure. From the apparent length of his nose in the stereograph, he must have raised or dropped his head a good inch during the operation. The wild pink and valerian were growing luxuriantly out of the ruined parapet above the two recesses, and their bright red flowers contrasting with the dilapidated stonework, and dense growth of nettles upon the ground, had, in the extreme quiet of the place, a most solemn and picturesque appearance. —*L. R.*

* See *ante*, p. 249.

saved from ruin by its fine vaulted roof; but it cannot much longer resist the ravages of time and neglect. Unfortunately time and neglect are not its only enemies. Under the plea of a desire to preserve the monuments of the Beaumanoirs, they have actually been torn from the sacred edifice and placed in the museum. Beneath the arched roof, and in the dim religious light of the chapel, their effect was fine and solemn; packed into a museum, among stuffed alligators, they are as out of place as a requiem sung in a concert-room.

The ruins of the castle of Léhon, consisting of foundations of the outer wall, and the towers which protected the angles, are so thickly encompassed by trees, that it is impossible to obtain a satisfactory view of them. Some vistas at least should be cut in the wood.

From Léhon a series of pretty green lanes brought me to the hill on which stands the village of Saint-Esprit. Why it is so called I could not discover. The graceful stone cross which dominates the village, has been well transferred to paper in Stereograph No. 90. It has unfortunately been much mutilated. The elegant flying buttresses at the base appear to have been originally surmounted by pinnacles, which are now gone. The figure of Our Lord on the Cross, and the first Person of the Trinity above, may be easily distinguished; but the rest is much decayed, and can scarcely be deciphered. To the right is a good specimen of a Breton cottage, with its massive pointed arches, all built of granite, and which may have stood for centuries. Past its gable dives down into the vale the hollow lane which leads to the town, while in the extreme distance, beyond the bosky valley, may be seen the outline of lovely Dinan herself, seated like a queen on her hill, and lifting her tower-encircled head in the midst of her subject villages. An English lady, accompanied by her father, was engaged in transferring the pretty scene to her sketch-book when I visited the place.*

* Our pilgrimage to the beautiful Cross of St. Esprit, to which we had been looking forward with a kind of reverence, was rewarded with a charming vignette. Stereograph No. 90. Turning out of Dinan, the road was hot and

In the course of my walk I had been several times annoyed by having my view intercepted by a high bleak stone wall. On inquiry I was informed that it enclosed the precincts of a lunatic asylum. A mad-house is not a pleasant object to visit; but my countryman whom I had met at the *table-d'hôte* the day before, had informed me that it was well worth seeing. I therefore applied for admission at the great gate, which was opened for me by a man in a coarse brown habit, with a cowl attached to the back, such as one sees in pictures of St. Francis. As I walked down the long avenue to the house, I met with many workmen, whom I knew from their faces to be lunatics, working a fine granite quarry at one side, and crowding wheelbarrows filled with the stone, all under the superintendence of persons habited like the porter who had admitted me. Arrived at the house, I found that the granite was all going to build a new chapel for the establishment, and while waiting for about twenty minutes, till the time arrived when strangers are admitted, I walked about the grounds. Presently I came to the farmyard, a magnificent place, surrounded by stables, byres, and sheds, where oxen were fattening which would not have disgraced the straw-yards of a Norfolk farmer. There reigned throughout the whole an air of thrift, carefulness, and comfort. Horses, cows, and oxen, all appeared to be enjoying as much happiness as equine and bovine natures are capable of, their stables lofty, clean, and well ventilated, their racks and troughs well filled

dusty, and it was no light task to labour uphill on foot, each with his proportion of the apparatus. The pleasant air and bright photographic light were, however, truly refreshing. On reaching the Cross, we pitched our tent among some ruins in a corner of the open space, beside which there was a clear spring, with a plentiful supply of water. The villagers inhabiting the few bare granite cottages around, soon came to their doors, and afforded me the means of making a selection of figures. As soon as I had distributed a few sous amongst them, models thronged in from behind the cottages, both boys and girls, highly picturesque, in the plenitude of dirt and rags and bright faces, and I began to fear that our picture would be overcrowded with numbers. To get rid of the superfluity without offence, I adopted the expedient of placing them on either side of the field of view, so that, without encumbering our picture, they had the satisfaction of thinking that, they were all in it. For our stereograph we had first a lively girl, who jumped up on to the base of the Cross, and a boy

with clover-hay and turnips, and, as the consequence of all this, their skins sleek and their ribs well covered.

From the farmyard I strolled into the garden, where fruit, vegetables, and, above all, flowers, were in the greatest abundance and beauty. All this thrift and comfort I ascribed to the principle of the association of labour. When the workman is also part proprietor, it is wonderful how much energy he throws into his work. There is no waste. Every man works for the common good as if he were working for himself. To this, no doubt, was owing the wealth of the medieval abbeys.

At two o'clock the porter went to tell the friar to whom was assigned the care of visitors, that I wished to see the establishment. Presently a person appeared, habited like those I had already seen, and led me through the dormitories and halls, which were all exquisitely clean and well ventilated. In one of these were some patients, shod with brushes such as we use for polishing dining-tables, skating about on the floor, and seeming to enjoy the fun vastly. I did not feel any desire to look at the maniacs; but in a large pleasure-ground I saw some of the harmless patients of the better class, walking about and gesticulating, or moping under trees—a melancholy spectacle.

In answer to my inquiries, my conductor informed me that this was the public lunatic asylum of the department, and that it was entirely conducted by an order of friars called Les Frères de St. Jean de Dieu, of which order he himself was a brother. The department contributed a certain sum to its maintenance. But, besides the pauper lunatics, the order was

squatting beneath her, with another girl against the opposite buttress. Then I led the *grand'mère* of the village, and set her down on a dung-heap, which elicited a peal of laughter, for she was making an oatmeal cake, the *galette*, and laid it wet upon her lap. Lastly, I stopped a barefooted farm-lad who was passing with a light cart, and picked out two of the best-looking of the boys to jump into it. Mr. Taylor meanwhile had climbed a hedge in the rear, and planted his camera on an elevated position in a field, close to which a circle of flails was descending with sharply reiterated strokes upon the threshing-floor. Stereograph No. 90 was now taken, with the Cross and group of living figures nicely defined, and with the lofty churches of Dinan faintly indicated in the distance.—*L. R.*

allowed to take persons of a higher class, for whom their friends paid. The Superior resided in the house, and all the offices connected with the care of the lunatics, of the farm and of the household, were filled by friars. The physician, the surgeon, the apothecary, the miller, the farmer, the gardener, the keepers, were all friars; and when the irksomeness of any employment seemed to tell too heavily upon the health and spirits of one, the Superior immediately set him to some less exhausting work, and another stepped into his place. How delightful it must be to one of these poor devoted men, after having been obliged to perform all sorts of disgusting offices for idiots and maniacs, to be transferred for a month or two to the farm or the garden; and how salutary must be this vicissitude of employment to both their minds and bodies! But with every mitigation, their employment must be a dreadful one.

Catholic Christianity certainly possesses an enormous advantage in being at all times able to command the services of men who will do for love what other people can scarcely be got to do for money. Our gentlemanlike clergy answer admirably for the garrison duty of civilization, according to the diocesan and parochial system; but we cannot supply volunteers for the forlorn hope, or desperadoes who will march up to the citadels of vice, ignorance, superstition, and misery. Abroad, when there is any peculiarly disgusting work to be done,—the children of the poor to be taught, hospitals to be served, lunatics to be cared for and tended, or savages to be civilized,—men of exactly the right degree of refinement are always forthcoming, to do the thing cheaper, and better too, than we can get it done for the "almighty dollar." Why is this? I think our national character is at the bottom of it. We are a domestic people. We like our home comforts, and if ever an enthusiastic dream of self-denying philanthropy creeps over our minds, we think, "Why should I sacrifice my comfortable fireside and my hopes of success in my trade or profession? It is acknowledged that heaven may be won in any honest calling, and by any respectable Paterfamilias. What

is the use, then, of going to be stewed and eaten by cannibals, or to teach little children their letters, or to mitigate the sufferings of the sick and insane, when by doing so I cannot do *more* than win heaven? There are persons to whom a hundred a year is such an object that for the sake of it they will undertake any of these irksome tasks. I will therefore put down my name as a subscriber to the National School or the Lunatic Asylum, and perform the ordinary duties of my calling, as it is the duty of every Christian to do." This seems to be a common-sense view of the case; yet somehow it leaves a blank in our social system, the inconvenience of which is often felt.

From the Lunatic Asylum I took a short cut across the fields in search of the ruined château of La Garaye; but my guide, having stopped at every guinguette on the way, to drink a *chopine* of cider, was now considerably obfuscated, and I was obliged to hire a little girl to take his place, a proceeding at which he was much offended, and grumbled fiercely. The cabmen and guides who crowd about the traveller in Dinan, seem to be a very bad set, demoralized probably by the influx of English visitors. Not that our countrymen themselves are more immoral than other people, but that having generally more money than the natives, and being moreover given to a somewhat ostentatious way of paying all small services, they create a class of idle hangers-on, who subsist upon the casual profits of showing remarkable places, carrying luggage, or running messages.

Arrived at La Garaye, I was somewhat disappointed by its appearance. Some parts of the original château still remain; but it appears to have been classicized in the seventeenth century, and Vitruvian windows, and fireplaces on the model of Greek temples, are the chief objects that attract the attention. The builder of this portion is said to have been remarkable for the reckless dissipation of his life; but having been sobered by seeing his wife killed, or nearly killed, by a fall from her horse at the very gate, he endeavoured to atone for the excesses of his youth by the self-denying charity of his later

days. He went to Paris, not now to mix in the orgies of the great capital, but to study surgery in the hospitals; and returned to La Garaye to make it a kind of hospital for the poor and diseased. The Revolution, which swept away bad and good alike with the besom of destruction, destroyed this memorial of the crimes and the repentance of the lord of La Garaye, which now serves as a farm-house.

A noble avenue, planted on both sides with trees, led me back to the Brest gate of Dinan. Just as it widens out into a more spacious lawn, before turning off from the road, I observed a little wayside chapel, not more than ten or twelve feet high; and on looking through the *grille* in the door, I saw a little altar, vested all in white, on which was placed a statue of the Blessed Virgin and Infant Jesus, while the air was redolent of the perfume of the finest flowers, tastefully arranged in many-coloured masses before it. It was a pretty tribute to Divine mercy, and recalled to my mind Wordsworth's lines:—

> "I love, where spreads the village lawn,
> Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
> Hail to the firm unmoving cross
> Aloft, where pines their branches toss!
> And to the chapel far withdrawn,
> That lurks by lonely ways!"*

It was now four o'clock. My holiday was nearly expired, and the boat had already started for St. Malo. I therefore hired a carriage to take me to Dinard in time for the ferry-boat. But on my arrival it was already dark, and I found I was late for the boat. I remonstrated with the driver, who became very violent and abusive, insomuch that I refused to pay him. A crowd of horse-boys, cabmen, and sailors, who were standing about, immediately came to his assistance. I was hustled, and narrowly escaped being robbed; but I succeeded at last in reaching the inn, and, accompanied by the inn-keeper, went and lodged the fare and a complaint with the Mayor, who was just getting into bed. I have since been

* 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent,' xv.

called upon by the French Consul to verify my complaint on oath, but I have not heard the issue. If hard swearing will get the cabman off, I have no doubt he will escape condign punishment; for two or three of his comrades were ready to take their oaths to the most fabulous accounts of the transaction.

In consequence of this, I was late for the boat to Jersey next morning, and was thus detained in St. Malo for two days.

CHAPTER XIX.

CANCALE.

HORRORS OF BEING LATE.—FRENCH BENEDICKS.—"ANGLO-SAXON" IGNORANCE OF GASTRONOMIC PRINCIPLES.—DUEL BETWEEN A FRENCHMAN AND AN AMERICAN.—FÊTE AT ST. CAST.—BRETON BALLAD ON THE DEFEAT OF BLIGH.—THE ENGLISH DISCOMFITURE REFERABLE TO THE EFFECTS OF THE BRETON MUSIC ON THE WELSH SOLDIERS.—THE BAY OF CANCALE.—OYSTER-FISHERY.—ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.—RETURN HOME.

I HAD now returned to the point from which I had started,

> "Nor stopped till where I had got up
> I did again get down."

A glance at the accompanying Map will show that in the course of my tour I had traversed the departments of Côtes du Nord, Finisterre, and Morbihan, consisting of the ancient bishopries of Tréguier and St. Pol-de-Léon, and the counties of Cornouaille, or Kerne, and Vannes, or Gwennet. These comprise the whole of Brittany proper. Loire Inférieure, and a great part of Ile-et-Vilaine, are, in fact, French.

Most of my journey, as the reader will have perceived, was performed on foot, and nothing but anxiety to reach home by a specified time, and the unlucky accident to my boots, could have induced me to get into a carriage. Nevertheless I must own that in the diligences I occasionally met with odd or agreeable fellow-travellers, and it was perhaps as well to try both modes of locomotion. Having sacrificed my inclination, however, in my hurry to return, it was no small mortification to me to find that I must wait for two days at St. Malo. There was no boat to Jersey till Friday, and this was only Wednesday. Now waiting is a thing I abhor. It is

always associated in my mind with interviews with bishops and dentists. But there was no help for it; and I endeavoured to wile away the time by strolling about St. Malo and its environs. This enabled me to realize to the full how much the outward aspect of things depends on the observer's state of mind. Five weeks ago, with my holiday all before me, and my mind open to receive agreeable impressions, I had been struck by the beauty of this bay and of the towns and hamlets with which its shores are lined. Now, detained here against my will, St. Malo appeared to me a very prison. The little waves, as they broke out into laughter, no longer delighted me. The sea was now the obstacle which prevented my attaining the object immediately in view, and I hated it accordingly. How I pitied the unfortunate residents who were shut up from year's end to year's end in this deadly-lively place!

I had been strolling about the rough pavements of St. Malo and St. Servan and the environs, when I suddenly came upon the crossroads and wayside cross at Dinard, where, on my first starting, I had heard the *angelus* bell, and I welcomed the place as if it were an old friend. I had now seen all that was to be seen. My tour was over, and I had accomplished my object. But it spoke to me of the time when everything was still new and untried, when I was full of curiosity and expectation, and I loved it for doing so. Thus does hope ever exceed fruition, and thus do we recur with regret to days gone by, not because they were better than the present, but because we had then more faith in the future.

Tired by my stroll more than I should have been by a brisk walk of thirty miles, I returned to my hotel at five, and was glad when the bell announced dinner. It was a refuge from the torment of waiting. I did not feel inclined to talk to my neighbours, and tried to amuse myself by watching their motions and speculating upon their characters. Opposite to me were a married couple and their boy. French people never have more than one boy or girl. I had observed the entrance of the party. The gentleman marched in front,

with his eyebrows elevated, and his nose following his eyebrows; and having hung his hat upon a peg, with a defiant look, he scanned the table with an air of disgust, as if he could not find any place good enough for him to sit down at. At length, having selected chairs to his mind for himself, his wife, and little boy, he sat down, helped himself and partners with apparent loathing, and in the intervals of eating, darted looks of hatred and suspicion at the rest of the company, particularly at any wight whose eyes might wander towards the region where sat his fair one. She meanwhile displayed her ring-bedizened hands, which she evidently thought handsome, and seemed not all displeased to attract attention. He occasionally addressed her and the boy in gruff and monosyllabic words. I was determined to try what would be the effect of bearding the lion in his den, and as an experiment asked him some trivial question; upon which his eyebrows nearly touched the roots of his hair, and he replied, after a moment's pause, and in a most magnificent tone, "Monsieur, je ne sais pas!"

Unmarried Frenchmen are generally polite to strangers; but the married variety, of which I met several specimens at the tables-d'hôte, have all a general resemblance to my friend of to-day. They are "as jealous as a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen," even though the hen be the reverse of attractive, and they seem to imagine that the married state imparts a certain importance to them which calls for the assumption of a wonderful amount of dignity on their parts.

From the Frenchman exulting in the exclusive dominion over his brown fair one, my attention was drawn to an Englishman who was making terrible havoc with the elaborate creations of the *chef*. In French cookery, each dish, whether it be composed of meat or vegetable, is complete in itself. The waiter scrupulously changes your plate before handing you any new viand, that the flavour of one sauce may not become corrupted by the smallest admixture of another. But my countryman had no idea of such refinements in gastronomy. He had helped himself largely to some fish, to which

the *chef* had succeeded admirably in imparting the delicate aroma of an infinite variety of *fines herbes*. He then stretched across two officers, and seized a dish of hard eggs dressed in garlic sauce, and intended to stay the stomachs of those who wished for a *maigre* dinner. Of this he poured a quantity over his fish. He next added mustard and vinegar; and muttering something about there being no anchovy sauce, he crowned the whole with a quantity of potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel;* and finally threw himself upon the hideous compound, and proceeded to transfer it to his mouth with the point of his knife.

I was afterwards told by a Frenchman with whom I got into conversation, that a duel had lately arisen at Nantes out of this Anglo-Saxon habit of mixing up incongruous flavours, in which even we are excelled by the American branch of the great Anglo-Saxon family. A Yankee traveller, at a table-d'hôte, had thus heaped up his plate with a variety of incompatible dishes, when a Frenchman who sat beside him, and had been for some time observing his proceedings with wonder, at length with a look of bewildered stupefaction asked, "Pray, Sir, am I to understand that *that*," pointing to the heap, "is a dinner?" The Yankee saw through the Frenchman's affected simplicity, and replied, "Stranger, I guess you 're a goin' for to come for to try for to bamboozle me; but I calkalate I 'll soon wear you up to the stump, *I* will. Jist let me git you within fifty yards of the muzzle o' my rifle, and your friends 'ill find nothing left of you but a spot o' grease upon the wall." The duel took place that evening, outside the ramparts. The Frenchman was shot through the lungs, when the Yankee, struck with remorse, ran up, and stooping over his antagonist, asked him with emotion if there were anything he could do for him. "Yes," gasped the dying man, "there is. Tell me—was it really—really now—a dinner?" A gush of blood choked his utterance, his eye became fixed, and he died in ignorance of the mysterious fact.

It will be said, perhaps, that these specimens of the two

great divisions of Anglo-Saxondom were vulgar persons. Perhaps so; a practised London diner-out, or even perhaps an American of the highest class, would not display such ignorance of the immutable laws of gastronomy. Lord Macaulay or Washington Irving would know better. But this is not the point. It is not denied that the *highest* classes in England and America know how to eat and drink. But the remarkable thing is that *every* Frenchman, no matter what his rank in life, has an innate and intuitive perception of the καλὸν κἀγαθὸν in eating. At most inns in Yorkshire or Norfolk, you can obtain a beef-steak, a mutton chop, or a sirloin of beef, and a bit of cheese. This is good food, and no doubt sufficient to allay the cravings of the Anglo-Saxon stomach, but it is not *appétissant*. If you want sauce, it must be something compounded by yourself out of the poisonous mixtures sold in the pickle-shops. If you ask for soup, they bring you some thick, slimy decoction made of the gravy of several different kinds of meat, having the peculiarly nauseous flavour of stewed bones, which they seek to make swallowable by a quantity of spice, and an infusion of coarse strong wine. Even in such an out-of-the-way province of France as Brittany, on the contrary, there is, at every respectable inn, a *chef* who serves you up a soup which has just received from the meat its light and nourishing juices, and left the grosser parts behind, and is redolent of the refreshing perfumes of the garden; followed by fish, meat, and vegetables, in sauces exactly adapted to correct the coarseness, the dryness, or the insipidity of their several natures. But what is more, this *chef* can command, from among the shop-keepers of the country town and the off-scourings of the diligences, a company qualified to appreciate the genius of his creations. Every Frenchman in France, from M. de Morny to M. Mouton the *conducteur*, has a better idea of the eternal and unchanging laws of gastronomy than an Alderman of the City of London. He never confounds gross feeding with good eating. He knows that the stomach and the palate are closely connected; that, as in morals conscience is the faculty which enables us to choose

the good and refuse the evil, so in gastronomy, the function of the palate is to distinguish that which is salutary to the stomach from that which is pernicious, and that, when uncorrupted, the palate, like the conscience, never fails to perform its function satisfactorily. Nothing which is unwholesome can possibly be really good. And it is because this great principle, analogous to that in the æsthetic arts which declares that nothing which is inconvenient and unmeaning can be beautiful, is followed out in the French *cuisine*, that the French cuisine is, as it were, the rule of faith in gastronomy.

I found that the grand subject of conversation at St. Malo just now, was the fête which had been given to inaugurate the monument in memory of a victory obtained by the French over a detachment of English. In September, 1758, a corps of eight thousand men, commanded by General Bligh, was thrown upon the coast of Brittany, near a town called St. Cast, situated on a bay of the same name a few miles due west of St. Malo, for the purpose of creating a diversion in favour of our German allies on the Rhine. They were met by a French force under General Morel d'Aubigny, of the ancient Norman family of that name, and totally defeated. Three thousand men were slain or taken prisoners, and the rest with difficulty escaped to the ships.

A circumstance such as Thucydides would have delighted to record, but which seemed to the historians of the eighteenth century to be "beneath the dignity of history," is still preserved by the peasantry, embalmed in one of their traditionary ballads.

EMGANN SANT-KAST.

I.

The Bretons and the Saxons, neighbours, but not the less enemies on that account, were created and placed in the world to fight with one another for all time.

The other night, as I was sleeping, a trumpet sounded, sounded in the wood of Sal:—"The Saxons, the Saxons, the accursed Saxons!"

Next morning, when I got up, I saw the Saxons arrive; I saw their soldiers disembark, in their gilded arms and red coats.

When they were drawn up in battle-array on the shore, I saw the French advance to meet them, led by D'Aubigny with his sword drawn in his hand.

"Forward!" cried D'Aubigny; "not one of them shall escape us. Courage! come on, my brave children, follow me! steady!"

The French, to a man, replied to his appeal with a shout:—"Let us follow D'Aubigny foot by foot; he is a good fellow, and come of gentle blood."

When D'Aubigny was engaged, there was none, great or small, who did not wonder when they saw how he shed blood.

His hair, his face, and his clothes were covered with blood, with the blood which he drew from the Saxon as he pierced their hearts.

There he was, on the field of battle, his heart unmoved, his head erect, no more disturbed by the balls which whistled by him than if they had been corks.

II.

Then the men of Lower Brittany came on, and as they came they sang;—"He who has been thrice victorious, will be victorious ever.

"At Karnared the Saxon made a descent; they strutted on the sea under their swelling white sails.

"They fell upon the beach, struck down by our bullets, like wood-pigeons; of four thousand who disembarked, not one went back to England.

"They made a descent at Guidel, in the land of Gwennet; at Guidel are they buried, as they were at Karnared.

"In the land of Léon too they disembarked, opposite the Green Isle; the sea was red with their blood.

"There is not in the land of Breiz a hill, not a knoll but is made of their bones, which the ravens and the dogs have fought for, which the wind and the rain have bleached."

The Saxon soldiers, when they heard this song, stood fixed with wonder; so goodly were the melody and the words that they seemed like men enchanted.

"Soldiers of England, say, are ye tired, that ye stand still?"—"If we stand still, it is not because we are tired; but we are Bretons even like these."

Scarce had they spoken, when a cry was raised:—"We are betrayed! soldiers, let us fly!"

And the Saxons fled to their ships, and only three escaped.

III.

In this year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight, the second Monday of the month of the white straw (September), the Saxons were conquered in the land.

In this year, as before, they were put to flight. As the hail melts away in the sea, so the Saxons melt away in Brittany.

It is very remarkable that the air to which this ballad is sung is still popular both in Wales and Brittany. The three defeats of the English referred to in the ballad took place in 1486, in 1694, and in 1746. It is needless to say that they were none of them of much importance, and certainly not to be compared with Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt.

The following account of the transaction, given to M. de Saint-Pern by the grandson of an eye-witness, will be seen to differ slightly from the ballad of which I have given a translation.

A company of Bretons from the neighbourhood of Tréguier and St. Pol-de-Léon were advancing to attack a detachment of Welsh, who came on to meet them, singing one of their national marches. The Gallo-Bretons stopped in astonishment; the air was one of those which are heard daily on the heaths of Brittany. Electrified by the sounds which spoke to their hearts, they yielded to the enthusiasm of the moment, and intoned the national *refrain;* when the Welsh in their turn halted in astonishment. The officers on both sides gave the word of command to fire, but it was in the same language, and produced no effect upon the men. Their hesitation, however, did not continue long; emotion triumphed over discipline; the men on both sides threw down their arms, and the descendants of the ancient Celts knit again upon the field of battle the bonds of brotherhood which had united their forefathers.

It would be worth while to ascertain whether the Welsh Fusileers, or any regiment recruited in Wales, really were engaged in this expedition. The tradition is curious, and cannot well be without foundation, since it in some degree detracts from the glory of the victory.

The next day I determined to employ in visiting the bay of Cancale. It is situated at about seven miles and a half to the east of St. Malo. The road was not interesting, and the view was confined; but at the village of St. Colomb, called after the celebrated Scottish saint, St. Columba, whose island, I-Columb-kille, elicited the noble and well known rebuke of materialism from Dr. Johnson, I observed something which I could not at first explain. In ranges of sheds were fixed certain circular frames, which revolved after the manner of those in the print-shops in the Strand; only instead of being hung with prints of fascinating young ladies, they were covered with large leaves. By smelling one of these I disco-

vered that they were tobacco-leaves, which are thus dried in the sun. I afterwards learned that tobacco is a regular crop along this coast.

Cancale itself is a large fishing-town, composed of steep, narrow, and tortuous streets. Having threaded some of these, I suddenly found myself on the summit of a magnificent range of cliffs, at the foot of which the tide was tumbling in. The bay of St. Michel lay before me; and having bought a dozen of bursting ripe green figs for three sous, I seated myself on a green bank to eat my luncheon and enjoy the view. In the distance was the Norman coast stretching away to the east, with Granville scarce discernible. Out to sea were numerous blue islets, and nearer the shore, to the north-east, towered the castle-crowned cliffs of the Mont St. Michel itself, in the midst of the flood. The tide was out, and discovered a number of rectangular enclosures of stones, among which, for fully a mile along the shore, was a dense mass of human beings, running about like ants when you have kicked their ant-hill to pieces. Is it possible that these are bathers? thought I. I inquired, however, and was told that the supposed bathers were in fact oyster-fishers. The rectangular enclosures were oyster-beds. Meanwhile the sea was rapidly advancing, and the fishers, consisting of men, women, and children, to the amount of several thousands, swarmed up the cliffs laden with baskets containing the delicate booty, which was destined to be carried by steam to Paris, to whet the appetites of Parisian *gourmets*.

Presently the hubbub subsided, and the last stragglers had left the sands and the cliffs. The day was lovely; the waves were breaking crisply upon the yellow sands; the fresh breeze, loaded with the perfume of the wild thyme and the gorse, fanned my face; the distant capes and islands and the castle of St. Michael's Mount glittered in the afternoon sun, as I made my delicious and refreshing luncheon of green figs. Seeing, smelling, hearing, tasting, feeling—those *cinque-ports* of the soul, as South wittily calls them—were each and all at once open to receive an agreeable visitor from the outer world,

and all welcomed him cordially to the feast. But evening was coming on, and I must tear myself from the delicious scene, and return to St. Malo.

Next morning, at seven, I again embarked in the 'Venus' for Jersey. The excitement of the fêtes of Cherbourg had now passed away, and the passengers were chiefly English, those untiring travellers. I have already observed that it is impossible to go anywhere without meeting some one you know. Here on the quarter-deck of the 'Venus' was a friend whom I had been intimate with ten years ago in Yorkshire, and a party of ladies, with whom I was acquainted, on their return to Jersey. Arrived at St. Heliers, I found some more friends, with whom I spent the rest of the day in driving about the little island paradise, with its small houses, small parks, small fields, small gardens, small cows, and gigantic cabbage-stalks. Everything, except the cabbage-stalks, put me in mind of those neat little dwarf-plants, in dainty little scarlet pots, which one sees in Covent Garden. At seven I embarked in a screw steamer, and there being no berth disengaged, slept, or tried to sleep, on the floor, immediately over the screw, holding on all the time to avoid being rolled to the other end of the cabin. Arrived at Brighton, my knapsack was passed through the custom-house in an instant, I jumped into an express train, was whisked up to London Bridge in the same space of time as would be required for traversing five miles in Brittany, astonished a cabman by addressing him in French, was jolted down in the Eastern Counties to my Bœotian retreat, where I arrived late on Saturday afternoon, having thus barely accomplished my five weeks' tour within the allotted time.

CHAPTER XX.

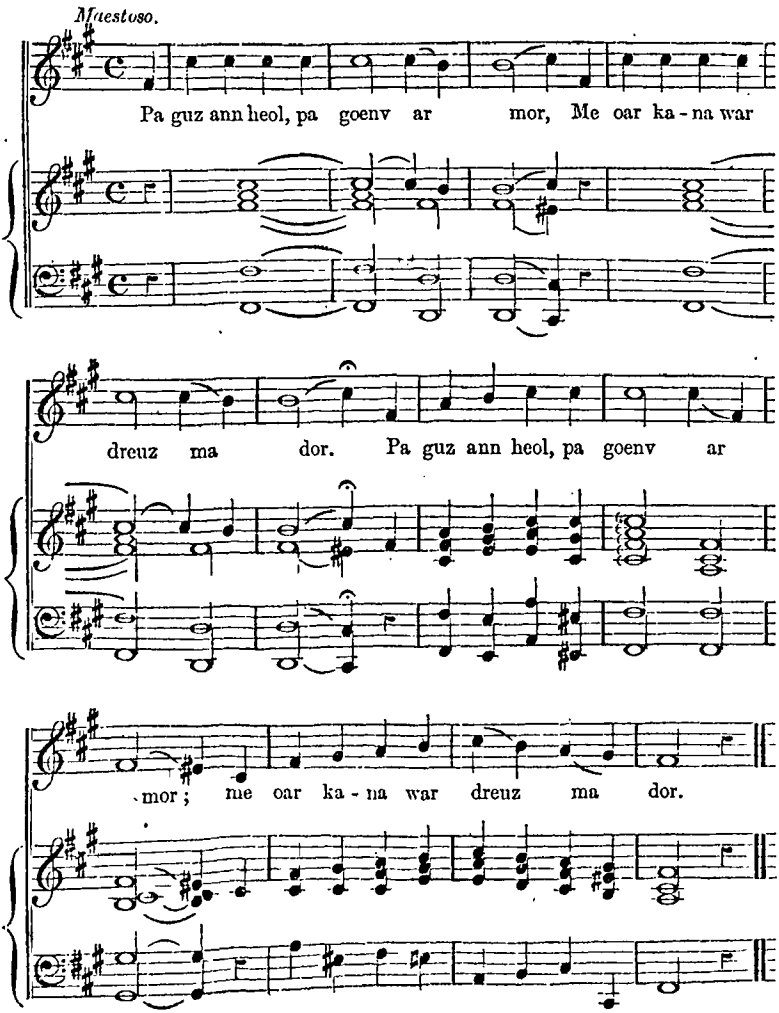
NATIONAL MUSIC OF BRITTANY.—THE PROPHECY OF GWENC'HLAN.—THE CHANGELING.—BARON JAOUIOZ.—THE BATTLE OF SAINT-CAST.—JENOVEFA RUSTEFAN.—THE LABOURER.—THE CHOUANS.—THE FEAST OF MIDSUMMER.—THE SHEPHERDS' FESTIVAL.—THE CHILDREN'S LESSON.—ANN ALIKÉ.

I HAVE spoken of the national music of Brittany so often in the foregoing pages, that the reader may possibly feel a desire to judge of it for himself. I propose, therefore, in this closing chapter, to give a selection of Breton airs, still sung by the peasantry. But the mere melody of an air generally conveys so imperfect an idea of its effect to ordinary hearers, that I have added the accompaniments for the pianoforte, as published in an appendix to M. de la Villemarqué's 'Barzaz-Breiz.' Underneath the notes the reader will find the original Brezonec words. If he be a Welshman, this will give him the means of ascertaining for himself whether Welsh and Brezonec be essentially identical or not; and at any rate these poems will be acceptable to that large class who love to trace the affinities of words in different languages. The literal English translation which follows will show the spirit of the poems, and the mutual adaptation of music and words to one another.

The first example is called 'The Prophecy of Gwenc'hlan.' Popular tradition asserts that Gwenc'hlan was one of those Bards who was a Demosthenes to his countrymen against some Danish or Norman Philip. He therefore became an object of hatred and persecution to the oppressor, who having at length obtained possession of his person, put out his eyes

and threw him into a dungeon to die. Out of the depths the poet poured the following imprecation on his murderer. It begins, the reader will observe, with a sustained wail of agony, and closes with a triumphant strain of gratified revenge, which the bard was able, by his prophetic faculty, to realize even in the very abyss of his wretchedness.

DIOUGAN GWENC'HLAN.

(IES KERNE.)

Maestoso.
Pa guz ann heol, pa goenv ar mor, Me oar ka - na war
dreuz ma dor. Pa guz ann heol, pa goenv ar
mor; me oar ka - na war dreuz ma dor.

I.

Pa guz ann heol, pa goenv ar mor,
Me oar kana war dreuz ma dor.

Pa oann iaouank me a gane;
Pa'z onn deut koz, me gan ive.

Me gan enn noz, me gan enn de;
Ha keuziet onn koulskoude.

Mar'd eo gan-in stouet ma bek,
Mar'm euz kenn ne ket heb abek.

Evid aoun me n' am euz ket,
Meuz ked aoun da vout lazet;

Evid aoun me n'am euz ket;
Amzer awalc'h ez onn-me bet.

Pa vinn ket klasket, vin kavet;
Ha pa'z onn klasket ne'z onn ket.

Na vern petra a c'hoarvezo:
Pez a zo dleet, a vezo.

Red eo d'ann holl mervel teir gwes,
Kent evid arzao enn-divez.

II.

Me wel ann hoc'h'tont doc'h ar c'hoad,
Hag hen gwall-gamm, gwallet he droad;

He vek digor ha leun a c'hoad,
Hag he reun louet gand ann oad.

Hag he vorc'higou tro-war-dro,
Gand ann naoun braz o sorc'ho.

Me wel ar morvarc'h enep tont,
Ken a gren ann aot gand ar spont

Hen ken gwenn evel ann erc'h gann;
Enn he ben kerniou argant.

Ann dour dindan han o firvi,
Gand ann tan daran euz he fri;

Morgezeg enn dro d'han ker stank,
Hag ar geot war lez eur stank.

—Dalc'h mat ta! dalc'h mat ta! morvarc'h,
Darc'h gand he benn; darc'h mat ta! darc'h!

Ken a risk er goad ann treid noaz!
Gwas-oc'h-was! darc'h ta! gwas-oc'h-was!

Me wel ar goad evel eur waz!
Darc'h mat ta! darc'h ta! gwas-oc'h-was!

Me wel ar goad hed penn he c'hlin!
Me wel ar goad evel eul linn!

Gwas-oc'h-was! darc'h ta! gwas-oc'h was!
Arzaoi a ri benn arc'hoaz.

Darc'h mat ta, etc.

III.

Pa oann em bez ien, hunet dous,
Kloviz ann er c'hervel, enn nouz

He erigou hen a c'halve;
Hag ann holl evned euz ann ne

Hen lavare dre he c'hervel:
Savet prim war ho tiou-askel.

Ne ket kik brein chas he zenved,
Kik kristen renkomp da gaouet.

—Morvran goz leo; lavar d'i-me
Petra c'hoari gen-oud azo?

Tal ar penn-lu c'hoari gan-in
He zaoulagad ru a fel d'in;

He zaoulagad a grapann net,
Abek d'az re en deuz tennet.

—Na te, louarn, lavar d'i-me
Petra c'hoari gen-oud aze?

—He galon a c'hoari gan-i,
Oa ken diwir ha ma hani.

E deuz c'hoantaet da lazo,
E deuz da lazet a bell zo

—Na te lavar d'i-me, tousek
Petra rez azo 'korn he vek?

Me a zo ama' nem laket,
C'hortoz he eno da zonet.

Gan-i-me vo tra vinn er bed,
Enn damant glan oc'h he dorfed

E kever ar Barz na jomm ken
Etre Roc'h-allaz ha Porz-gwenn.

THE PROPHECY OF GWENC'HLAN.

(DIALECT OF CORNOUAILLE.)

I.

When the sun sets, when the sea swells,
Then I sing at the threshold of my door.

When I was yet a youth, I sang;
Now that I am old, I sing still.

I sing by night, I sing by day;
And yet I am in grief.

If my head be sunk on my bosom, if I be in grief,
It is not without a cause.

It is not that I am afraid;
I am not afraid to die.

It is not that I am afraid;
I have lived full long.

When they shall not seek me, I shall be found;
And when they shall seek me, they shall not find me.

It matters little what may happen;
What is to be, will be.

All must die three times,
Before they sink into eternal repose.

II.

I see the wild boar come from the wood;
And he is very lame; he is wounded in the foot.

His mouth gapes, and is full of blood;
And his crest is white with age.

And he is surrounded by his young,
Which grunt with sore hunger.

I see the sea-horse coming against him,
So that the sea-shore trembles with affright.

He is white as the glittering snow;
He bears on his front, horns of silver.

The water boils under him,
At the fire of the thunder of his nostrils.

Sea-horses surround him,
As thick as the blades of grass on the margin of the pool.

—"Well done! well done! sea-horse!
Strike him on the head! strike hard, strike!

The naked feet slip in the blood!
Harder still! strike! harder still!

I see the blood flowing like a river!
Strike hard! strike! harder still!

I see the blood rise as high as his knees;
I see the blood like a pool.

Harder still! strike! harder yet!
Tomorrow thou shalt take thy rest.

Strike hard," etc.

III.

As I lay softly sleeping in my cold grave,
At midnight I heard the eagle call.

He called to his eaglets,
And all the fowls of the air.

And as he called he said:—
—"Rise quickly upon your two wings.

It is not putrid flesh of dogs or sheep,
It is Christian flesh we want!"

—"Ho! thou old sea-raven, tell me,
What dost thou clutch there?"

—"I am clutching the head of the captain of the host,
I must have his two red eyes;

I tear out his eyes,
Because he tore out thine."

—"And thou, fox, tell me,
What is that thou holdest there?"

—"I hold his heart,
Which was as false as my own.

Which longed for thy death,
And made thee die long ago."

—"And thou, toad, tell me,
What doest thou there at the corner of his mouth?"

—"I have set myself here
To await his soul as it passes away.

It shall dwell in me while I live,
To punish him for the crime he has committed,

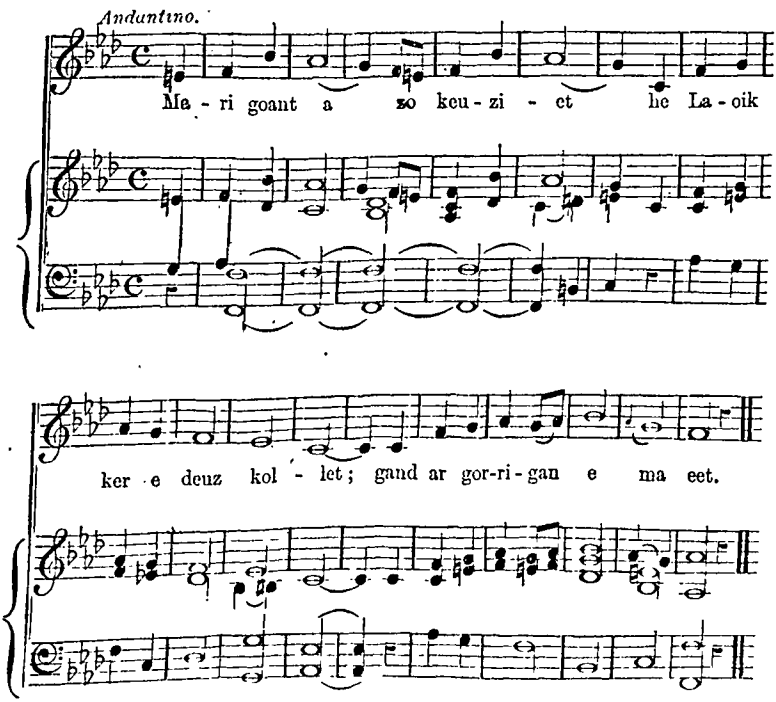
Against the Bard, who no longer lives
Between Roch-allaz and Porz-gwenn."

This ballad must be attributed to a very early period, probably not later than the sixth or seventh century. Gwenc'hlan is still a Pagan, believes in the Druidical doctrine of metem-

psychosis, and three several deaths before final annihilation; is a fatalist, and exults in the fact that the eagles and cormorants shall gorge themselves on the flesh of Christians.

The next specimen is very characteristic of what is called "National Music," that is to say, of music which has lived in the mouths of men from times before all music was reduced to only two modes, the Major and the Minor. The subject of the poem is a favourite with all the Celtic and Teutonic nations. An example may be found in Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' iii. 337.

AR BUGEL LAECHIET.

(IES KERNE.)

Mari goant a zo keuziet;
He Laoik ker e deuz kollet;
Gand ar Gorrigan e ma eet.

—Pa'z iz da vid dour d'ar stivel

Va Laoik leziz er c'havel;
Pa zeuiz dar ger a oa pell;

Al loen-man enn he lec'h laket,
He vek ken du hag eunn tousek,
A graf, a beg, heb ger e-bet;

Ha bron bepret 'ma kas kaouet,
Hag enn he zeiz vloaz e ma eet
C'hoaz ne ma ket c'hoaz dizonet.

Gwerchez Vari, war ho tron erc'h,
Gand ho kredur tre ho tiou-vrec'h,
E levenez 'm oc'h, me enn nec'h.

Ho mabik sakr c'hui a virez,
Me ma hini me a gollez.
Truez ouz-in mamm a druez!

—Ma merc'h, ma merc'h, na nerc'het ket;
Ho Laoik ne'd eo ket kollet,
Ho Laoik ker a vo kavet.

Neb ra van virv e gloren vi
Evid dek gonideg eunn ti,
A lak ar c'horrig da bregi

Pa 'n deuz prezeget flemm-han, flemm;
Pa eo bet flemmet ken, a glemm;
Pa eo klevet, he lammer lemm.

—"Petra rit-hu aze, va mamm?"
Lavare ar c'horr gand estlamm,
"Petra rit-hu aze, va mamm?"

—"Petra rann ama va mab-mi?"
Birvi a rann er blusken-vi,
'Vit ann dek gonidek va zi."

—"Vit dek, mamm ger, en eur blusken!
Gweliz vi ken gwelet iar wenn,
Gweliz mez ken gwelet gwezen.

Gweliz mez ha gweliz gwial,
Gweliz derven e koat Brezal,
Bis koaz na weliz kemend all."

—"Re draou a welaz-te, va map;
Da flap! da flip! da flip! da flap!
Da flip! "potr koz! ha me da grap!"

—"Sko ket gant-han, lez-han gan-i;
Na rann-me droug da da hini,
Ma brenn* er bro-ni gan-e-omp-ni."—

* This is an ancient title which has no longer any meaning in Breton. It was Latinized in the name of Brennus, which was really the title, not the name of the Gaulish chief.

Mari d'ar ger pa zistroez,
He bugel kousket a welez,
Enn he gavel, ha sioul ez.

Hag out-han ker kaer pa zelle,
Ha da voket d'ean pa ee,
He zaoulagod a zigore.

Enn he gavazez 'n em zave,
He ziouvrec'hik d'ei astenne:
—"Gwall-bell onn bet kousket, mamm-le!"

THE CHANGELING.

(DIALECT OF CORNOUAILLE.)

The fair Mary is in sore affliction,
She has lost her dear little Laoïk;
The Korrigan* has carried him away.

—"I went to the well to draw water,
And left my Laozoïk in his cradle;
When I came home, he was far enough away;

And in his stead was left this monster.
His face is freckled like a toad's;
He scratches, he bites, and says not a word.

He is always asking to suck;
He is more than seven years old,
And he is not yet weaned.

O Virgin Mary, on thy throne of snow,
With thy Son between thine arms,
Thou art in joy, I in sorrow!

Thou keepest thy Holy Child,
But I have lost mine.
Have pity on me, O Mother of Pity!"

—"My daughter, my daughter, grieve no more.
Thy Laoïk is not lost,
Thy dear Laoïk shall be restored.

Whosoever pretends to cook a dinner in an egg-shell
For ten labourers of one house,
Forces the Korrig to speak.

When he has spoken, whip him, whip;
When he has been well whipped, he cries;
When he has been heard to cry, he is quickly carried away."

—"What art thou doing there, my mother?"
Said the Korrig in amazement;
—"What art thou doing there, my mother?"

* See *ante*, p. 108.

—"What am I doing here, my son?
Why, I am cooking a dinner in an egg-shell
For ten labourers of my house."

—"For ten, mother mine, in one egg-shell!
I have seen the egg before seeing the white hen,
I have seen the acorn before the oak.

I have seen the acorn and I have seen the trunk,
I have seen the oak in the forest of Brezal,
But I never saw anything like this."

—"Thou hast seen too much, my son."
Da flap! da flip! da flip! da flap!
*Da flip!**—"Little old crone, Ha, ha! I have a grip of thee now!"

—"Strike him no more, give him back to me;
I do no hurt to thy son;
He is our chieftain (*Brenn*) in our country."—

When Mary came home,
She saw her son sleeping
In his cradle, so softly!

And as she looked upon him with delight,
And was going to kiss him,
He opened his eyes.

He sat up,
And stretching out his two little arms to her,
—"Oh, mother, what a long time I have been asleep!"

In Glamorganshire, M. de la Villemarqué observes, a similar ballad is, or was, till lately, current. It differs in some unimportant particulars from the Breton version, but retains the curious stanza, beginning, "I have seen the acorn before I saw the oak," etc.; from which he justly argues that the ballad must date back to the seventh century, that is to say, to the time when the Bretons of the continent and the island were one people. What is still more extraordinary, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who lived in the twelfth century, places the same words in the mouth of Merlin.†

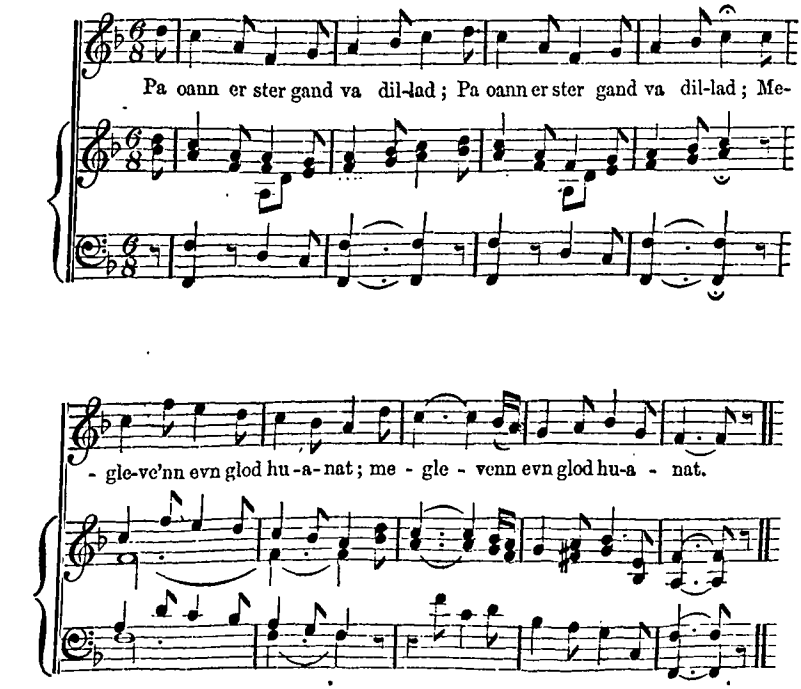
We now come to a touching domestic tragedy. The melody seems, by its measure, to call before the mind's eye the Breton peasant girl, rocking herself in mute despair, as the

* This is an excellent example of the figure called onomatopœia, of which the Germans make so much use in their ballad-poetry.

† Vita Merlini Caledoniensis, p. 47.

manner of Celts is, while she recalls in succession the beloved objects of her native village. Louis, Baron of Jaouioz, to whom, as it appears, poor Tina was sold, is a celebrated character in the history of the fourteenth century. He followed into Brittany the Duc de Berry, whom Charles V. sent thither in 1378, in conjunction with Bertram Gwesklen, against John of Montfort. He afterwards took a distinguished part in the wars of the Low Countries. Here he appears under the odious aspect of a medieval Legree.

BARON JAOUIOZ.

(IES KERNE.)

Pa oann er ster gant va dillad,
Me gleve'nn evn glod huanat.

—" Tinaïk mad, ne ouzoc'h ket ?
D'ar Baron Jaouioz oc'h gwerzet."

—"Gwir e ma mamm pez m'euz klevet?
Ha da Jaouioz kouz onn gwerzet?"

—"Ma merc'hik pa our, ne ouzonn ket;
Digand ho tad her goulennet."

—"Ma zadik, d'in-me leveret,
Ha da Loeiz Jaouioz on gwerzet?"

—"Ma Merc'hik ker, ne ouzon ket;
Digand ho preur her goulennet.

—"Ma breur Lannik, d'in leveret,
Ha d'ann otrou-ze m'onn gwerzet?"

—"Ia! d'ar baron c'hui zo gwerzet,
Ha mont kuit timad a so red;

Ha mont kuit heb-dale zo red;
Ho pae zo digemeret:

Hanter kant skoed enn arc'hant gwenn,
Ha kemed-all enn aour melen.

—Ma mammik, d' in me leveret
Pe re dillad a vo gwisket?

Va brouz ru, pe va brouz gloan wenn,
Ha e deuz gret va c'hoar Elen?

—"Gwisket ann dillad a gerfet,
Va merc'h, kement-se na vern ket:

Eur marc'h du zo e toull ann or
O c'hortoz ann noz da zigor,

O c'hortoz da zigor ann noz;
Eur marc'h sternet oc'h ho kortoz.

II.

Pell euz ar ger ne oa ked cet,
Pa glevaz ar c'hleier sonet.

Neuze n'em lakaz da wela:
—"Kenavo d'id Santez Anna;

Kenavo d'hoc'h kleier va bro,
Kleier va farez, kenavo!"

Pa dremenaz lenn ann Anken;
Tud varo welaz, eur vanden;

Gwelaz tud varo, eur vanden,
E lestrigou, gwisket e gwenn.

Gwelaz tud varo kena-ken;
Rez he c'halon strake he dent.

Pa dremenaz traoniou ar Goad,
Ho gwelaz d'he heul o lampat ;

Kemend e devoa kalonad,
Ken a zarraz hé daou lagad ;

Kemend e devoa kalonad,
Ken a gollaz he skiand vad.

III.

—" Tapet eur gador, hag azeet,
O c'hortoz vo dare ar boet."—

Ann otrou oa e tal ann tan,
Hag hen ken du evel eur vran.

He varo hag he vleo gwenn-kann,
He zaou-lagad 'vel daou skod-tan.

—" Setu ama eur femelen
E ma onn pell-zo oc'h hi goulenn !

Deomp-ni, va merc'h, war ma brizou,
Deomp-ni da ober va rannou.

A gambr e kambr deut-hu, va c'hoant ;
Da gonta 'nn aour hag ann argant."

—" Gwell ve d'in but e ti va mamm,
Da gontar sklop da dol enn tam."

—" Deut-hu gan-in d'ann traon d'ar zel,
Da danva gwin ker c'houeg ha mel."

—" Gwell ve d'in eva dour ar prad,
Demeuz a ev ronsed va zad."

—" Deut-hu gan-in a stal da stal
Da brena'r pawisk da vragal."

—" Gwell ve d'in eur vrouz liennet,
Mar ma mamm e defe he gret."

—" Deomp-ni brema d' ar vestiri,
Klask brodou da lakat enn hi."

—" Gwell ve d'in ann nahenen wenn,
A c'hourie d'in va c'hoar Elen."

—" Hervez ar c'homzou a leret
Aoun am euz n'am c'haret ket."

Me gar ve bet eur gor em zeod,
Enn amzer e m'onn bet ker sod,

M'onn bet ker sod euz da brena,
Pa n'em frealzez gant netra.

IV.

—"Diwar ho nic'h, evnigou kez;
Me ho ped da zelaou va moez:

C'hui ia d'ar ger, me na eann kot;
C'hui zo laouen, me glac'haret.

Va gourc'hemennou a refet
D'am holl vroiz, pa ho gwelfet.

D'ar vammik e deuz va ganet,
Ha d'ann tad en deuz va maget;

D'ar vammik a deuz va ganet,
D'ar belek koz neuz va badeet.

Kenavo d'ann holl a larfet,
Ha d'am breur e ma pardonet.

V.

Eunn daou pe dri miz goude-ze,
A oa he zud enn ho gwele.

Enn ho gwele, ha kousket dous,
Endro demeüz a hanter-nouz.

Na diabarz na mez, neb trouz:
Toull ann or klevzont eur voez dous.

"Va zad, va mamm, enn han Doue,
Laket pedi evid on-me;

Pedet ive, ha gret va c'hanv:
Edi ho merc'h war ar vaz-kanv."

BARON JAOUIOZ.

(DIALECT OF CORNOUAILLE.)

When I was washing at the river,
I heard the Death-Bird* complain.

—"Good little Tina, do you not know it?
You have been sold to the Baron Jaouioz."

—"O mother, is it true, what I have heard?
Is it true that I am sold to the old Baron Jaouioz?"

"My poor little girl, I know nothing of it;
Ask your father."

—"My dear father, tell me, is it true
That I am sold to Louis Jaouioz?"

* A small grey migratory bird which appears in the fields in winter, and utters a melancholy note.

—"My dear child, I know nothing about it;
Ask your brother."

—"O brother Lannik, tell me, is it true,
Am I sold to that lord?"

—"Yes, thou art sold to the Baron,
And thou must go immediately.

Thou must go without delay;
The price has already been paid.

Fifty crowns of silver so white,
And as many of glittering gold."

—"Mother dear, tell me,
What clothes do you wish me to put on?

My red gown or my white woollen one,
Which my sister Ellen made for me?"

—"Put on what clothes thou wilt,
My daughter; it matters not much:

There is a horse at the door
Waiting till night falls.

Awaiting the moment when night falls,
A horse all caparisoned is ready."

....

II.

She was not far from the village,
When she heard the bells ringing.

Then she began to weep:
—"Farewell, Saint Anne!

Farewell! bells of my country;
Bells of my parish, farewell!"—

When she was passing by the lake of Anguish,
She saw a company of the dead;

She saw a company of the dead,
In little boats, and clothed in white.

She saw the dead in crowds;
Their teeth rattled against their breast-bones;

As she passed through the valley of Blood,
She saw them rush after her in pursuit.

Her heart was so full of sorrow,
That her eyes were shut.

Her heart was so full of sorrow,
That she knew not where she was.

III.

—"Take a seat, and sit down,
While we are waiting for dinner."

The Baron was seated beside the fire,
And he looked as black as a raven.

His beard and his hair were hoary white,
His two eyes like two red coals.

—"Truly this is a girl
That requires much asking!

Come, my girl, that I may make you
Count my riches one by one.

Come, my pretty one, from chamber to chamber,
And count my gold and silver."

—"I had rather be in my mother's house
Counting the chips to throw into the fire."

—"Let us go down to the cellar
And taste the wine sweet as honey."

—"I had rather drink of the pool in the mead,
Of which drink my father's horses."

—"Come with me from shop to shop,
To buy a holiday mantle."

—"I had rather have a linen petticoat,
If it were made for me by my mother."

—"Come then to the wardrobe,
For a wreath to adorn thee withal."

—"I had rather have the white garland,
Which my sister Ellen wove for me."

—"If I may judge by thy words,
I fear thou lovest me not.

Would that I had had a cancer in my tongue,
The day that I was mad enough,

Mad enough to buy thee,
Since nothing will console thee."

IV.

"Dear little birds, stop in your flight, I beseech you,
And listen to my voice.

You are going to my village, but I go not;
You are happy, but I am full of sorrow.

Greet for me the friends who dwell
In my parish, when you see them.

The good mother who gave me birth,
And the father who bred me up;

The good mother who gave me birth,
The old priest who baptized me.

Say farewell for me to all;
And say to my brother, that I forgive him."

V.

Two or three months after,
When her family were all in bed,

Were all in bed, and fast asleep,
About the time of midnight,

When all was still within the house and without,
They heard a gentle voice at the door:—

"O my father, O my mother, for the love of God,
Let prayers be said for me;

Pray for me, and put on mourning:
Your daughter is in her herse."

It is curious to observe how largely indebted great and celebrated poets are to the untaught utterances of nameless peasants. The most pathetic of Burns's lyrics are only amplifications of themes supplied by the traditional songs of Ayrshire ploughmen; and there can be little doubt that to this poetical embodiment of the home-sickness of the Breton peasant, Beranger owes the idea of his exquisite song called 'Les Hirondelles.'

The above ballad is very characteristic of Breton manners. Tina first hears the news of her sad fate at the village laundry by the river's brink, where, in the fourteenth century, as at the present day, the women assembled to wash and talk. She is sold by her brother to the powerful French baron. Those were times when crimes were not enveloped in decent euphemisms. But the sale of Tina is not in fact a question of formal slavery or villenage and serfdom. The law has nothing to do with it; it is a family arrangement. But even in a country so demoralized as Brittany must have been at this

period, by frequent foreign invasions, the parties to the contract are obliged, in deference to public opinion, to carry on their proceedings under the cover of darkness. Tina is carried off from her father's house by night.

The religious element in the national character is strongly brought out. Smarting under the sense of cruel wrong, suffered from the brother from whom she might have expected protection, poor Tina utters no complaint.

> "So was hire herte schett in hir distresse,
> Whan sche remembred his unkyndenesse."*

But when she hears the bells of her village for the last time, the fountain of her tears breaks forth, and she weeps. It is said, that during the Revolution, nothing excited more general consternation among the people, than when their bells were torn from the church towers to be melted into artillery.

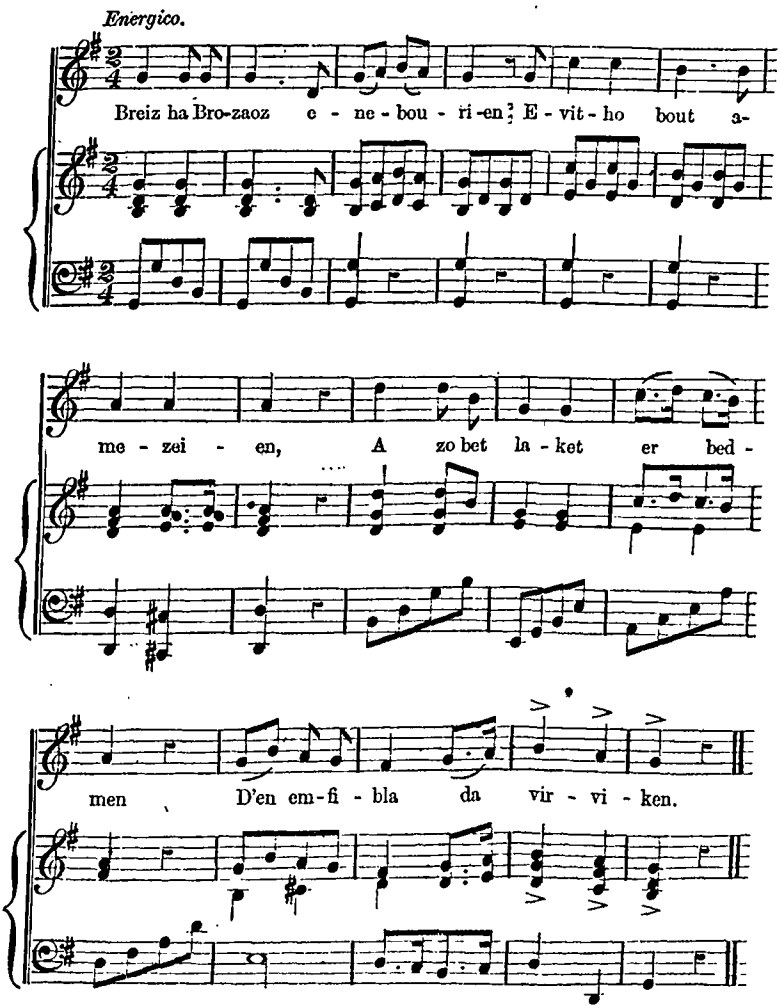
But as she pursues her weary journey, and thinks of the life of infamy to which she is doomed, it seems to her that the ghosts of her ancestors rise up from the lake and cry shame upon her.

In all the splendour of her master's castle, everything still speaks to her of the village in her native Brittany, of her parents, and the old priest who baptized her. As she feels death approaching, she sends her adieus to the friends of her youth, and forgiveness even to the brother who was the author of her ruin. And when she passes from the scene of her disgrace, her ghost returns to the home where she spent her youthful days of innocence, to ask for all that her parents can now give her—their prayers.

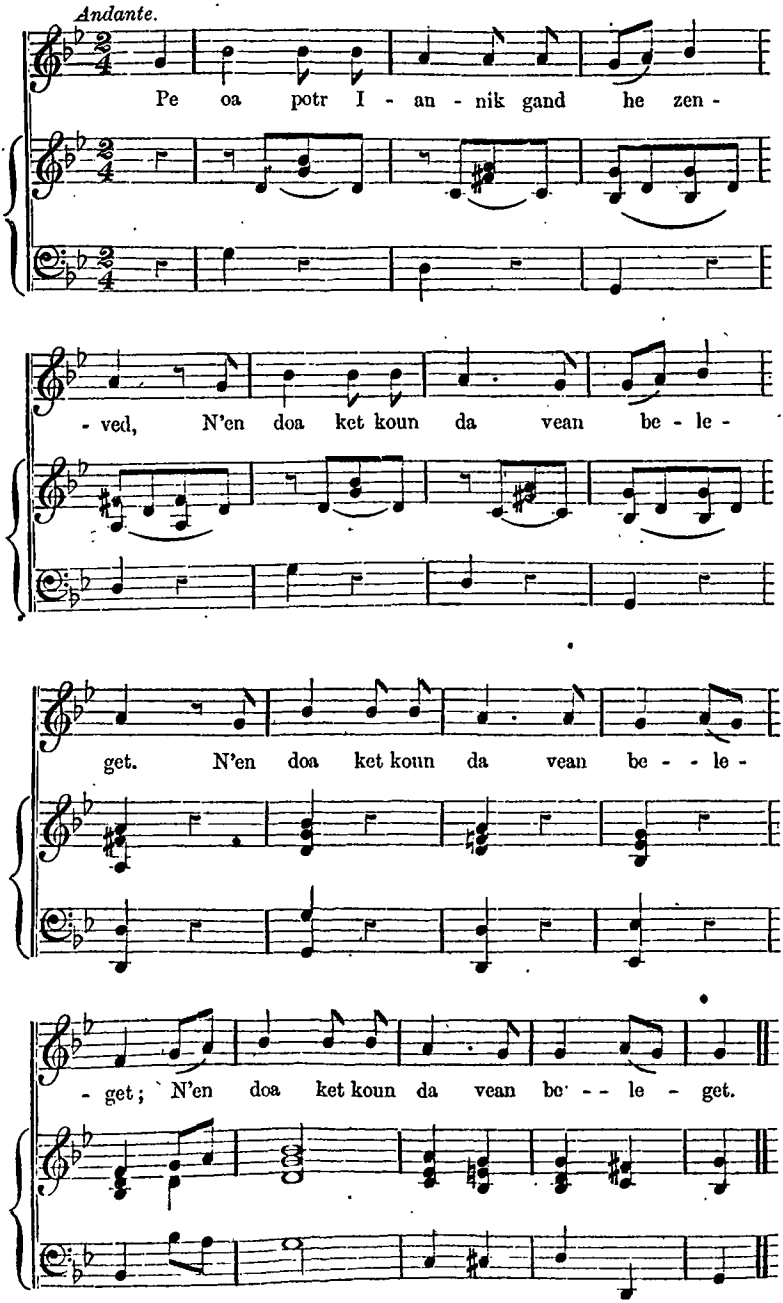
Translated into English, the diction of this ballad seems bald, yet the thoughts are free from all taint of vulgarity. When clothed in their original Brezonec, and accompanied by the pathetic air to which they are sung in those assemblies for spinning which have been already described, they must have a powerful effect upon the Breton imagination, appealing as they do to so many national and social sympathies.

* Chaucer, 'Man of Lawes Tale.' Annotated ed. vol. ii. p. 40.

The melody to which 'The Battle of Saint Cast' is sung, and which still lives among the Welsh, is here given; but as the words have already been quoted,* they are not repeated.

EMGANN SANT-KAST.

The next piece is 'Genovefa Rustefan,' of which the reader has already seen a translation, or rather a paraphrase.

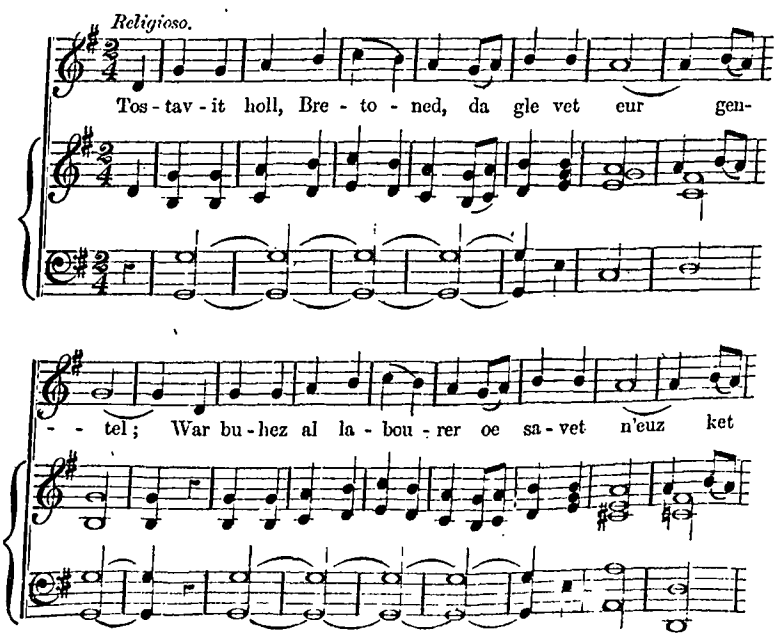
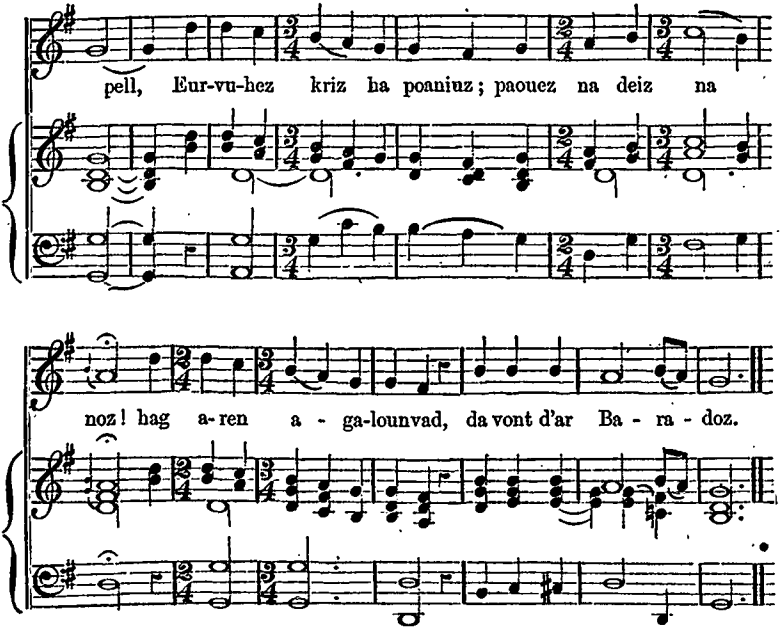
* See *ante*, p. 308.

JENOVEFA RUSTEFAN.

Andante.
Pe oa potr I - an - nik gand he zen -
- ved, N'en doa ket koun da vean be - le -
get. N'en doa ket koun da vean be - - le -
- get; N'en doa ket koun da vean be - - le - get.

Of the peculiar cadences of Breton music a remarkable example may be observed in the F-natural in the twelfth bar. A person who knew only the modern modes would be inclined to make it sharp; but this would utterly spoil the whole character of the melody.

'The Labourers' sounds more modern. But how Celtic are both words and music! Where the Teuton would curse and ban, the Celt, while deeply feeling his hardships, accepts them as the necessary conditions of his life, and consoles himself by letting his imagination run upon another world. At the same time it must not be supposed that the Breton peasant is lazy and idle. Brittany, though subdivided into little farms of from twenty to sixty acres, is now the best cultivated province in France.

AL LABOURERIEN.

(IES LEON.)

Tostavit holl, Bretoned, da glevet eur gentel:
War buhez al labourer eo bet great n'euz ket pell,
Eur vuhez kriz ha poaniuz; paouez na deiz na noz!
Hag a ren a galoun-vad, da vont d'ar baradoz.

Al labourer a labour, n'euz forz e pe amzer,
Kouls dindan ar ienien ha dindan ann domder;
Pa vez erc'h, grizil, kurun, avel, glao, skourn, kazerc'h,
En he bark, o labourat, daoubleget, hen gwelfec'h

A labourer zo gwisket peurvuia gant lien;
Na vez ket treset bemdeiz, evel ar vourc'hisien,
He zillad zo truillennet, gand ann douar saotret,
Re ker, a renk he gavout, a skop ouz he welet.

Dishenvel meurbed eo stad ar paourkeaz labourer,
Dishenvel diouc'h stad ann dud pere a chom e ker;
Re-ma ho deuz kik, pesked, ha bara gwenn bepret;
Al labourer tammou iod, bara seac'h, dour bervet.

Al labourer renk pea, pea e peb amzer,
Pea tellou d'ar roue, beb bloaz, teir pe beder;
Ha pa renk pea he vestr, ma n'eo prest ann arc'hant,
Foar e reer gand he zanvez; aman ann nec'hamant.

Da bea c'hoaz en deveuz obidou d'ar person,
Evel ma'z eo ar c'hustum, kement-se zo gwirion;

Rei ho c'hest d'ar veleien, aluzen d'ar beorien ;
Hag, evit na faziint ket, gwir d'he zervicherien.

Al labourer, goude-ze, a vezo tamallet ;
Gand ann dud euz al lezen a vezo piz skarzet ;
Enz he nebeud a vadou e vezo diouret
Hag, he zanvez o vonet, n'euz ger da lavaret.

Ha mar c'hoarv d'ezhan konta he arc'hant, a-wechou,
Arc'hant en deuz dastumet gant kemend a boaniou,
C'hoarzin a ra ar geriz oc'h hual anezhan,
Ha, mar' geller, he gigner, oc'h ober goab out-han.

Enn divez al labourer, baleet leac'h ma karo,
E vezo drouk-prezeget, kalz tud hen disprijo ;
Ha koulskoude, ma teufe da zonjal ann dud-ma :
Diwar breac'h al labourer m'ar bed-holl o veva.

Setu hor buhez, siouaz ! hor buhez kriz meurbet ;
Hor stad a zo truezuz, hor stereden kaled ;
Hor stad zo poaniuz meurbed ; paouez na diez na noz !
Renomp-hi a galoun-vad da vant d'ar baradoz.

THE LABOURER.

(DIALECT OF LEON.)

Come near, ye dwellers in the country,
Listen to a song which has been lately composed on the life of the labourer,
A life hard and painful ; no rest day nor night.
But he bears it all patiently, that he may inherit paradise.

The labourer works in all weathers,
As well in the cold as in the heat of the day.
Whether it snow, hail, thunder, blow, rain, or freeze,
You will see him in the field, bent double at his work.

The labourer is mostly clad in sackcloth ;
He is not fine on the work-day, like townspeople ;
His clothes are tumbled and dirtied with mud ;
The townspeople, who however stand in need of him, are disgusted when they look at him.

There is a great difference between the condition of the labourer,
And the condition of those who dwell in towns.
These feed every day on meat, fish, and white bread ;
The labourer, on porridge, dry bread, and dish-water.

The labourer must pay, pay in everything.
Pay to the king yearly three or four different taxes ;
Then when he has to pay his landlord, if the money be not ready,
His goods are sold cheap enough. Here is the grief !

He has besides to pay the parson for dirges,
Custom requires it; it is right.
He must give the priest his due, and the poor their alms;
And, that they may not fail him, he must give his men their wages.

And after all this, the labourer shall be sued,
He shall be devoured by lawyers,
Depoiled of his little goods;
And, when he sees himself thus plundered, he can still say nothing.

And if he should sometimes count his money,
The money which he has saved with so much care,
The townsmen laugh at him and hoot him,
And, if they can, they take it from him, and laugh in his face.

Finally, the labourer is abused wherever he goes;
Many despise him;
And yet, if they would consider,
It is the labourer's arm that supports the world.

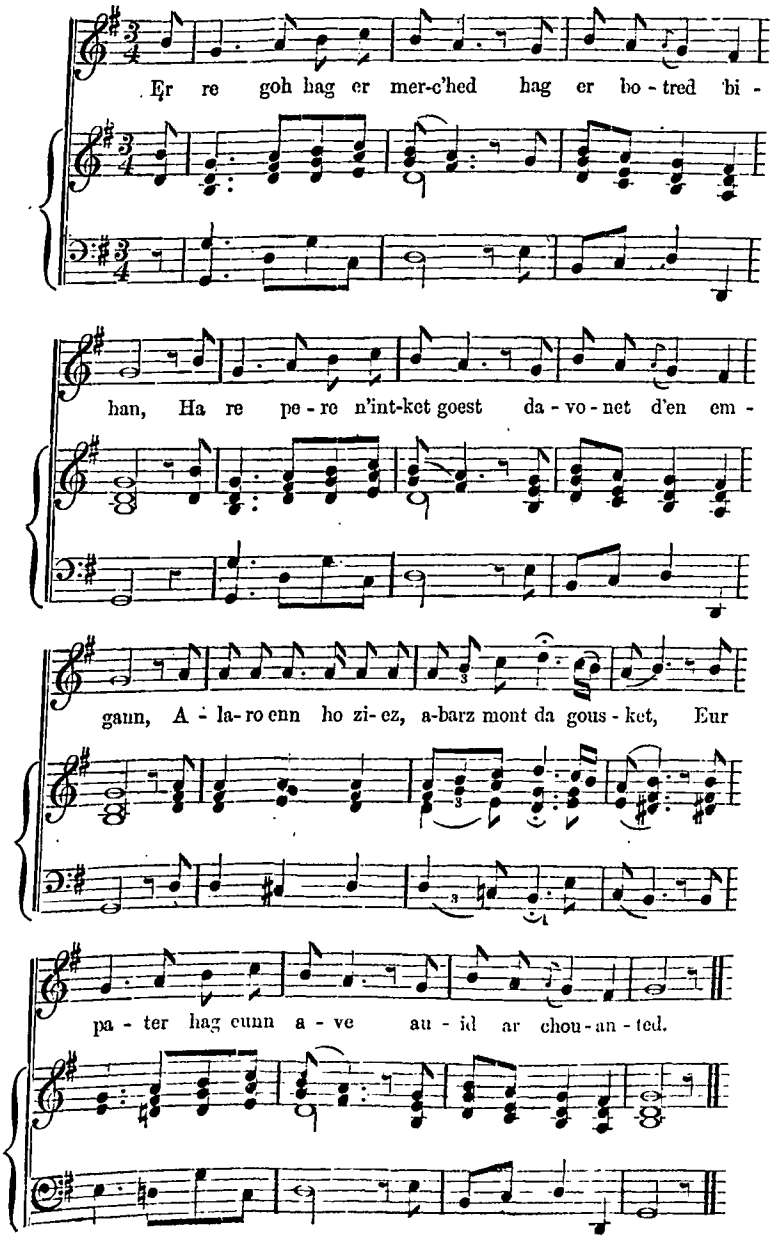
Such is our life, alas! our hard life:
Our lot is miserable, our star unlucky;
Our condition full of care; rest neither day nor night!
But let us bear it with patience, that we may inherit paradise.

Perhaps the word "labourer" hardly expresses the meaning of the original. From the context it appears that the class whose wrongs are described is rather that of the small yeoman or tenant-farmer.

'Ar Chouanted,' which shall be our next selection, brings out the heroic element in the Breton character. The family of the Cadoudals were Bretons; Tinteniac was a Breton; and no province of France, not even excepting La Vendée, made a more determined and heroic resistance to the tyranny of the Revolution. The following ballad commemorates a signal victory obtained by the Chouans. In July, 1795, Champeaux, the republican general, at the head of three thousand men, surprised a corps of Chouans near Coatlogon. The Chouans were commanded by Tinteniac, whose death is here commemorated; but the victory is said to have been owing chiefly to the presence of mind and promptitude of Georges Cadoudal.

AR CHOUANTED.

(IES GWENNED.)

Religioso.

Er re goh hag er mer-c'hed hag er bo-tred bi-
han, Ha re pe-re n'int-ket goest da-vo-net d'en em-
gann, A-la-ro enn ho zi-ez, a-barz mont da gous-ket, Eur
pa-ter hag eunn a-ve au-id ar chou-an-ted.

Er re goh, hag er merc'hed, hag er botred bihan,
Ha re pere n'int ket goest da vonet d'en emgann,
A laro enn ho ziez, abarz mont de gousket,
Eur *pater* hag eunn *ave* euid ar chouanted.

Chouanted a zu tud vad, a zu gwir grechenion,
Sauet de zifenn hon bro klouz el hun beleion;
Mar skoont ar tal hon tour, m'hou ped digouret d'
Done else, me zud vad, digoro d'hoc'h, eunn de.

Julian bleu-ru a laro d'he vamm goh ur mitin;
—"Me ia me ged Tinteniak, pe monet a blij d'ein."
—"De deu vreur dez me losket, ha te me losk eue!
Mez mar plij d'id de vonet, ra de renai Doue!"—

Pe zeie er chouanted, ez a bob korn a Vreih,
A Dreger, hag a Gerne, hag a Wenned ileih,
Er re c'hlaz digoueh get-he, e maner Koatlogen,
Ez a gosteeu Bro-c'hall, tri mil enn ur vanden.

Chetu enn heur e sonein, chetu enn heur sonet,
Me emgafemp, eur weeh c'hoah, ged er c'hoh zoudarded.
Bec ar-n-hoc'h, potred a Vreih, bec'h ar-n-hoc'h ha gwelemp!
Mar m'ann Diol enn-tu get-he, ma Doue enn tu gen-emp.

Ha pe oant deit de grogein, hen darc'he el ur goah:
Get he bop e vuzul vad, get hen meit he benn-bah,
He benn-bah hag e chaplet ez a Zantez-Anna,
Ha kemed e dosteie, a oa pilet get ha.

Ha toullet ker oa de dok, ha toullet he jupen,
Ha loud hag he vieu troc'het, ged eunn tol a zabren,
Hag er goed a zivere demeuz toull he goste;
Ha n'arzaoue e tarc'hout, hag oc'hpenn e kane.

Ken n'hen gweliz ket mui tamm, hag he weliz endro,
Hag hen tennet a goste didan ur wenn dero,
E wilein leih he galon, chouket get han he benn,
En entreu Tinteniak por adrez ar he varlen.

Ha pachiue enn emgann ar dro enn nozeoh,
Chouanted a zidoste re ieuang ha re goh,
Hag a denne hou sokeu, hag a lare else;—
—"Chetu ma goneit gen-emp, hag hen, siouah! marue."—

THE CHOUANS.

(DIALECT OF VANNES.)

Let old men and women and boys,
And all who cannot go out to fight,
Say, in their houses, before they go to rest,
A *pater*, and an *ave*, for the Chouans.

The Chouans are good men, they are true Christians;
They have risen to defend our country and our clergy;

If they knock at your door, open to them I beseech you;
God shall in like manner open to you one day, my good people.

Julian, he of the red hair, said one morning to his old mother:—
"I must go and join Tintchiac, for I desire to go."
—"Thy two brothers have left me too;
But, since thou must go, go; and God speed thee."

As the Chouans came in from every part of Breiz,
From Landreguer, and Kerhe, and especially from Gwennet,
The Blues* overtook them at the Manor of Coatlogen,
Coming from the side of France, to the number of three thousand.

The hour is striking, the hour has struck,
When we shall again engage with these miserable mercenaries.
Courage, children of Breiz, courage, and let us see!
If the fiend be on their side, God is on ours!

When they came to fighting hand to hand, he (Julian) struck like a man;
Each of them had a good gun, he had nothing but his knobbed stick.
His knobbed stick and his chaplet of St. Anne,
And whosoever came near him, was soon struck down at his feet.

His hat was all pierced, and pierced was his vest,
And half his hair was cut off by a sabre-cut,
And the blood flowed from his wounded side,
But still he fought, and as he fought he sang.

And then I saw him no more, and again I saw him;
He had gone aside and was under an oak,
And he was weeping bitterly, his head stooping
Over poor M. de Tinteniac, who lay across his knees.

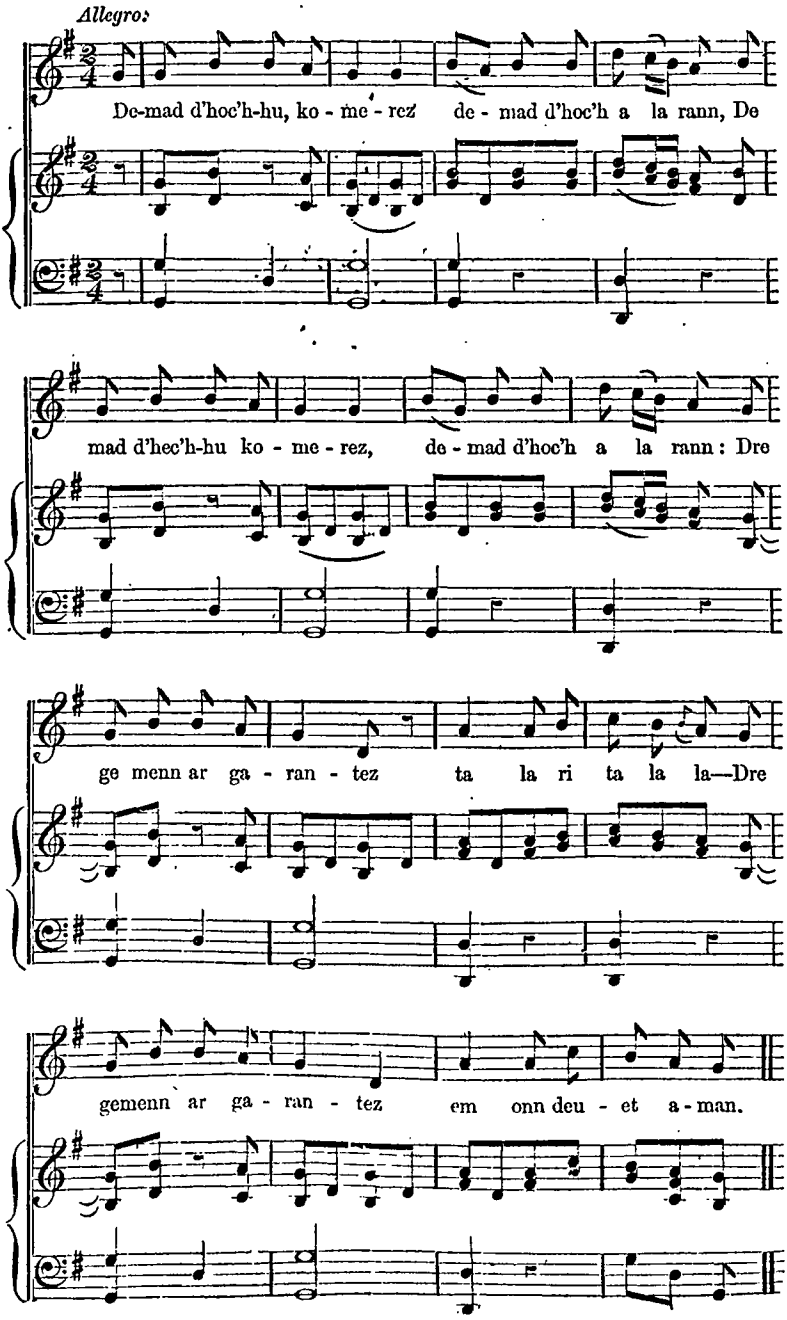
And when the battle was over, towards evening,
The Chouans came near, old and young,
And they took off their hats and said:—
"Behold, we have won the victory, but, alas, *he* is dead!"

This fine song is said to have been written by a young miller of the parish of Ploemeur, is found in the dialects both of Vannes and Cornouaille, and is popular in both dioceses. It is characteristic of the Breton love of song for Julian to sing as he fights, and puts one in mind of Taille-Fer at the battle of Hastings.

The words of the Fest ar Miz-Even have been given already.† The following is the light, joyous melody to which they are sung:—

* The name by which the republican soldiers were known.

† See *ante*, p. 183.

SON FEST MIZ-EVEN.

Allegro.
De-mad d'hoc'h-hu, ko - me - rez de - mad d'hoc'h a la rann, De
mad d'hec'h-hu ko - me - rez, de - mad d'hoc'h a la rann: Dre
ge menn ar ga - ran - tez ta la ri ta la la—Dre
gemenn ar ga - ran - tez em onn deu - et a - man.

Our next specimen is connected with a pretty custom. In autumn a festival is held in every parish in Breiz for the especial pleasure of children between nine and twelve years old. It is called La Fête des Pâtres, the Festival of the Shepherds, because the little flocks of six or a dozen Arcadian-looking sheep are always tended by children of this age. The place of meeting is generally the most extensive common in the parish; and hither parents bring their children of both sexes, together with all sorts of good things, such as butter, milk, fruit, pancakes, and sweet things. A large table-cloth is spread on the heath, and the children have a good feast. When the repast is over, some old grandfather sings the following moral song:—

KENTEL AR VUGALE.

(IEZ KERNE.)

Didostait ama, bùgale,
Da glevet eur gentel neve,
A zo bet savet evid hoc'h:
Kemêret poan d'he ziski bloc'h.

Pa zihunet enn ho kwele,
Roet ho kalon da Zoue,
Gret sin-ar-groaz, leret goude,
Gant fe, ha spi ha karante:—

Leret:—"*Me ra doc'h ma Doue,*
Ma c'halon, ma c'horf, *ma ene:*
Gret ma vinn den *mad, ma Doue,*
Pe mervel kent ma teui ann de."*

Benedicite, kent ar pred,
Ha grasou, goude, leveret;
Marteze ne po boed bepred,
Mar ne p'euz sonj deuz ho laret.

Laret a ra ann enigou,
Gludet er c'hoad war ar brankou,
'Vid eur greun ed 'vid eur prenvik,
Evid eul lomm gliz, eul lommik.

Ha pa eet da warn ho loened,
Kemeret eur wialen red;
Hag ha-pa eo red ho distroi,
Gand ho kwialen distroit-hi.

Ne wall-bedet morse gat-ho;
Mar be re kis laret d'eho:—

"Bait-hu! bait-hu! loen divergon,
Ne laret ked ieod ar person.

Boed al louarn, loed ar morvran,
Da gorf-te ne ve morse lan,
Mez mar gelann erru gen-hoc'h,
Ne werzo ker ma fazou d'hock."

Pa welet eur vran o, nijal,
Sonjet d'ann diaoul ken du ker fall;
Ha pa welet eur goulmig wenn,
Sonjet d'hoc'h el ker mad, ker gwenn.

Sonjet a zell ouz hoc'h Doue
Evel ann heol deuz lein ann ne;
Sonjet ho laka da vleunia,
'Vel ann heol roz-gwe Komana.

Ha pa gomzet oc'h tud ho ti,
Laret:—*ma breur, ma c'hoar;* ha *c'hui;*
Komzet ann eil deuz egile
Gand honestiz ha karante.

Enoret, bugale, doujet
Ann noblanz, ann duchentiled;
Enoret ann dud a iliz,
Komzet out-ho gand honestiz.

Na dremenet na borc'h na ker
Lec'h a vo Jezus, hor Salver,
Heb he adori a galon,
Hag ugent de po a bardon.

Ar zakramant pa he gefet,
Heuliet han hammed-ha-kammed:
Gand roue ar zent hag ann ele,
Vijec'h bet e gwir enn de se.

Da c'houel ar zakramant meulet,
Ar re vo fur a vo laket
Da dol't bleuniou kaer dirag hen,
O c'hortoz ma tollint enn nen.

Enn noz, abarz mont da gousket,
Lar ho pedenno a vo red,
Ma teui eunn el gwenn deuz ann ne,
D'ho tiwall ken e teui ann de.

Chetu bugale ann dro-vad
Da vevo e Kristenien vad.
Sentet eta diouc'h ma c'hentel,
Ha c'hui rei eur vuhe zantel.

THE CHILDREN'S LESSON.

(DIALECT OF CORNOUAILLE.)

Come near, my children,
Come and hear a new song,
Which has been made especially for you.
Take pains to remember it.

When you awake in your beds,
Offer your heart to the good God;
Make the sign of the cross, and say,
With faith, hope, and love:—

Say:—O my God, I offer to thee
My body, my heart, and my soul.
Grant that I may be a good man, O God,
Or that I may die before my time.

The blessing before meals,
And grace after, say them;
Perhaps the time may come when you will have nothing to
If you neglect to recite them. [eat

They recite them,
The little birds perched upon the trees of the wood,
For a grain of corn, for a little worm,
For a drop of dew, a little drop.

When you go to keep your sheep,
Take a wand of brown willow;
And when the hour comes to lead them back,
Lead them back with your wand.

Never swear at them;
If they run away, say thus to them:—
"Go, go, wicked beasts,
Steal not the parson's grass!

Food for foxes! food for cormorants!
Your belly is never full!
If I catch you,
You shall pay dearly for my race!"

When you see a raven flying,
Think that the fiend is as black;
When you see a little white dove,
Think that your guardian-angel is as mild, as white.

Think that God sees you
As the sun from the height of heaven;
Think that God makes you bloom,
As the sun the wild roses in the forest of Comana.

When you speak to the inmates of your house,
Say :—*My brother, my sister ;* say, *you.*
Speak one to another
With civility and charity.

Children, pay honour and respect
To the nobles and the gentry ;
Respect the clergy ;
Answer them with politeness.

Pass by no town or village
Where Jesus, our Saviour, is,
Without entering the church and praying to Him with all [your heart,
And you will win twenty days' pardon.

When you meet the holy sacrament,
Follow it step by step :
You will have been truly on that day,
In company with Him who is King of men and angels.

On the Festival of God,
Those who shall have been very good will be chosen
To strew flowers in His way,
Until they shall strew them before Him in heaven.

At night, before going to bed,
Say your prayers,
That a white angel may come from heaven,
To guard you till the morning.

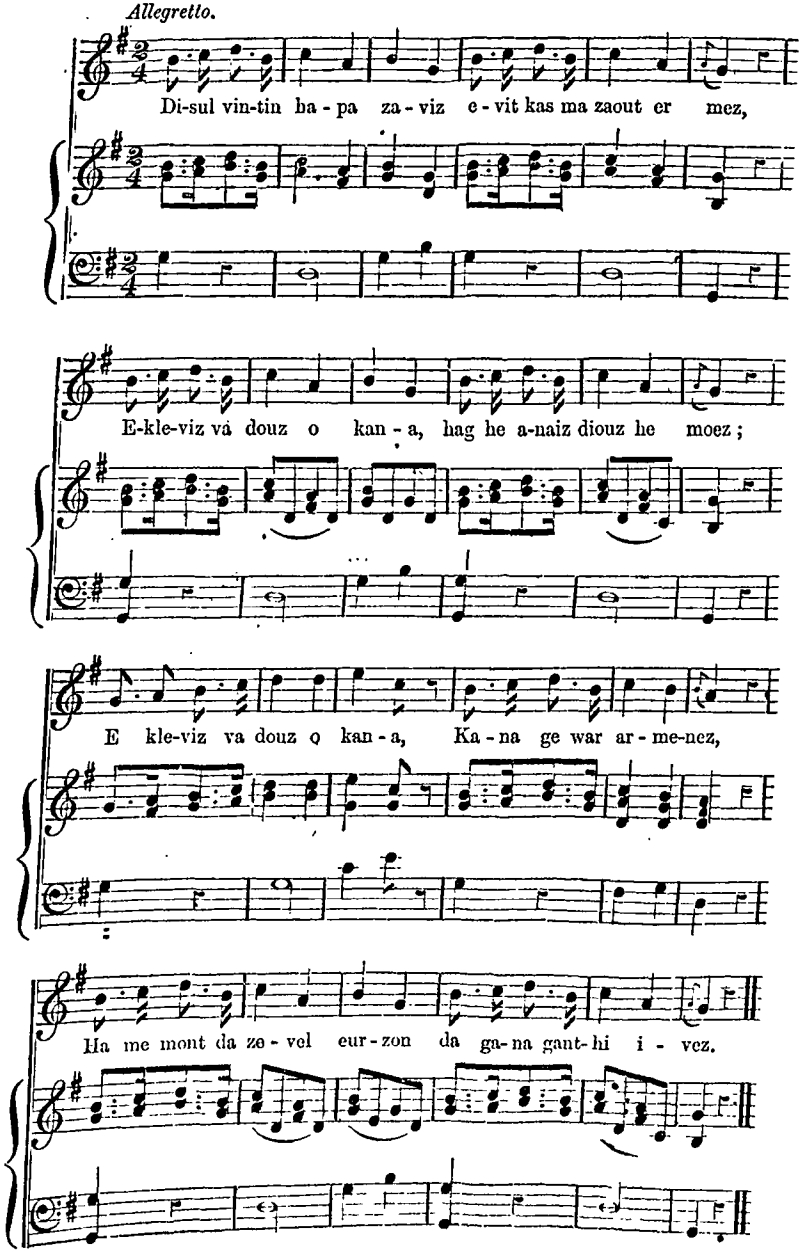
This, my dear children, is the true way
To live like good Christians.
Put my song in practice then,
And you will lead a holy life.

There is something very comic in the moral teacher giving the children a safe formulary for abusing their unruly animals. They must not swear at the run-away sheep, but they may call them "Food for foxes!" Here and there a nugget of true poetry glitters among the clay; as where the children are told to think that God makes them bloom as the sun the wild roses in the forest of Comana; and again, when the little birds are represented as singing a grace for a grain of corn, a worm, a drop of dew.

The song ended, the little shepherds and shepherdesses dance upon the green while the old people look on. At sunset they all return home with their parents, singing another very ancient song, called

ANN ALIKE.

(IES KERNE.)

Allegretto.

Di-sul vin-tin ha - pa za - viz e - vit kas ma zaout er mez,
E-kle-viz vá douz o kan - a, hag he a-naiz diouz he moez ;
E kle-viz va douz o kan - a, Ka - na ge war ar - me-nez,
Ha me mont da ze - vel eur - zon da ga-na gant-hi i - vez.

Disul vintin hapa zaviz evit kas ma zaout er mez,
Ekleviz va douz o kana, hag he anaiz diouz he moez,
Ekleviz va douz o kana, kana ge war armenez
Ha me mont da zevel eurzon da gana gant-hi ivez.

Ar c'henta gwech emm euz gwelet Mac'haidik-koant, va mestrez,
Oa o'ch ober he fask kenta ebarz iliz ar parrez,
Ekreiz tre barz iliz Fouesnant, etouez ar vugale:
D'ar pred-ze e doa daouzek vloaz, ha me daouzek vloaz ive.

Even ar bleun melen balan, pe vel eur rosennik-gwez,
'Vel eur rozen gwez 'touez al lan, oa etre-z-ho, va mestrez:
Tra oan bet gand ann offeren nemet sell't out-hi na renn;
Seul vui-oc'h-vui out-hi zellenn, seul vui-oc'h-vui plije d'en.

Me 'm euz eur ween e liorz va mamm a zo karget avalou,
Hag eun dachennik c'hlaz dindan hag eur voden tro-war-drou;
Pa zeuio va dousik-koantik, va muia-karet d'am zi,
Ni a ielo da zisheolia, va dous ha me, dindan-hi,

Ann aval ruan a dapinn, hag eur boked rinn' vit hi,
Hag eur rozinil a garann e likinn ivez enn hi,
Eur rozinilik gwall c'hoenvet, abalamour d'am enkrez,
Rag n'em euz ket bet c'hoaz gant-hi eur bouch a wir garantez.

—"Tavit gand ho son, va mignon, tavit prim, gand ho komzaou;
Ann dud o vont d'ann offeren zo enn traon ouz hor selaou.
Eur wech-all pa zeufimp d'allann, ma vimp non unan hou daou,
Eur bouchig a wir garantez a roinn-me d'hoch'h . . . eunn pe zaou."

THE SHEPHERD'S CALL.

(DIALECT OF CORNOUAILLE.)

On Sunday morning, when I got up to lead my cows to the mead,
I heard my sweet one singing, and I knew her by her voice;
I heard my sweet one singing, singing gaily on the mountain,
And I made a song to sing with her.

The first time that I saw little Margaret, my sweetheart,
She was making her first Easter Communion in the parish church,
In the church of Fouesnant, with the girls of her own age;
She was twelve years old, and I was twelve too.

Like the yellow blossom of the broom, or like the white honeysuckle,
Like a honeysuckle in the midst of a bush on the heath, my fair out-shone them all;
All the time that Mass was going on, I continued to gaze upon her;
And the more I gazed, the more I loved.

I have in my mother's orchard an apple-tree laden with fruit,
At its foot a green grass-turf, and around it a thicket;
When my sweetheart, my well-beloved comes to see me,
We will go, my sweetheart and I, and seat ourselves under its shade

The rosiest apple I will cull for her,
And I will make her a posy, and in it a marygold, a flower I love,
A withered margyold, for I am in sore affliction;
For I have not yet had from her one kiss of true love.

"Hush! dearest, sing no more, hush!
The people going to Mass are listening to us in the valley.
Another time, when we come to the heath, and when we are alone together,
A little kiss of true love I will give thee . . . one or two."

The Aliké is a general favourite with the young people in Brittany, who do not confine its use to their annual festival. The origin of the name is this. The young shepherd, as he keeps his flock, sees a little white-capped, bare-legged shepherdess tending her sheep on an opposite hill. He mounts a hillock or climbs into a tree and intones:—

Ali! Ké! Ali! Ké! Ali! Ké!
Ho! Come! Ho! Come! Ho! Come!

He then addresses the little girl by her name, and adds Lé, Hearken! If she will not hearken, she replies,—

N'eann ked dé!
Forsooth I will not come!

But if she assents, she cries,—

Me ia, ie!
I come, yea!

Then the youth sings the song called the Aliké.

How all this illustrates the pastorals of Theocritus! Why, it is better than whole pages of Valckenaer and Toupius. But it is surprising how many coincidences may be traced between the customs of the Greeks and Romans and those of the Bretons of the present day. Since writing the account of the Kernewote wedding, I happened to find, in Quintus Curtius, that the custom of a bride and bridegroom each tasting of a loaf solemnly divided between them,* may be traced so far back as to the marriage of Alexander the Great and Roxana. Here is the passage:—"Insperato gaudio lætus pater (Oxyartes) sermonem ejus (Alexandri) excipit, et rex (Alexander) in medio cupiditatis ardore jussit afferri, patrio more, panem, (hoc erat apud Macedones sanctissimum coëun-

* See *ante*, p. 159.

tium pignus,) quem divisum gladio uterque libabat. Credo eos, qui gentis mores condiderunt, parco et parabili victu ostendere voluisse jungentibus opes, quantulo contenti esse deberent."* "The father (Oxyartes) receives his proposal rejoicing at this unhoped-for good fortune; and the King (Alexander) in the ardour of his love, according to his country's manner, ordered a loaf to be brought (this among the Macedonians was the most sacred pledge of those who were newly married), and after it had been divided with a sword each tasted of it. I believe that those who framed the customs of the nation, by this sparing and easily procured food, desired to show those who were joining their means, with how little they ought to be content." The symbolism of the ceremony might be carried out still further. It might be suggested, for instance, that the *dry bread*, divided by the *sword*, typified and represented, generally, the condition of married life. The addition of the generous wine, in the Breton version, destroys *this* point. But, at all events, the customs evidently flow from some common source in the remote wilderness of prehistoric times, and they most significantly illustrate the power possessed by symbolical ceremonies of preserving both themselves and the esoteric doctrines which they embody. Such a ceremony as this would find no place in the system of the modern Turks. The tasting of a common loaf by the newly married was a standing witness, not only to the hardihood and frugality of the Macedonians, but to the social equality of the sexes in the matrimonial contract, and to their vow of life-long partnership at the same board. It is recorded, by the merest chance, that this was an old custom when "the great Emathian conqueror" was wedded to his barbarian bride two thousand two hundred years ago; and lo, it reappears in the wedding-festivities of the Kernewote peasant in the nineteenth century! Historians may misrepresent, and their histories may be torn up for waste paper; but a traditional ceremony tells no lies and lives through the changes of dynasties and the wreck of empires.

* Q. Curtii Rufi De Gestis Alexandri viii. 10.

I might have given many more examples of Breton ballad-poetry and music; but these are enough, I think, to afford the reader some idea of their character, and to justify what I have said of the merits of both. To me it appears that they are superior to the Scottish in the range of the subjects which they treat of, and in elegance of poetic feeling. In rugged strength and in depicting the more tragic passions they are perhaps inferior. But this is just what might have been expected from the geographical positions of the two countries, and from the circumstances of their respective inhabitants. As the land of the Cymri abounds with the traces of Roman roads, baths, and theatres, so the Roman civilization, which tarried for a while among them, has left its traces in their national character and literature. When the Teutonic nations of the north were living in wicker huts and getting drunk on beer swilled from the skulls of their enemies, the Gauls and Bretons of the Roman provinces were treading on tessellated pavements, and enjoying, in theatres built after the fashion of imperial Rome, the witticisms of Plautus and Terence. Most of the outward forms of this old civilization were swept away by the invasions of the northern barbarians; but the traditional poetry of Provence and of the "Gentil Bretons," tinged as it is with classic elegance, remained, "monumentum ære perennius," in the memories and mouths of the people.

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